

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART,
AND POLITICS.

VOL. XXXVII.—FEBRUARY, 1876.—No. CCXX.

CONFESSION OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

CAN life anywhere else be like life in the Ancient City? Upon the first day thereof we are ready to swear you, Nay. Upon the one hundred and fifty-first I think we say, Amen.

With a kind of ingenuity of adaptability which one cannot call anything but maternal, the calm, queer little old town adjusts herself to our various whims and wants. Heraclitus has his wood-pile; and when one is exiled from home with nothing to do, it is impossible to overestimate the sanitary effects of being obliged to keep a wood-pile, more particularly in St. Augustine, where, if you *don't* like to burn wild pine so long that it won't go into the fire-place and so big that it sets the chimney on fire after it has got there, you can select tame oak with the bark on, or even, if you are very fastidious, can have it soaked to the stout heart from the last of those show-ers which "never fall in Florida."

Heraclitus, I say, has his wood-pile; not to mention the queer little market which one must visit at six o'clock of the morning, or starve; the market down in the antique plaza, by the far-famed old sea-wall, which looks like a caricature of a Grecian temple, and has for me (who never go to market) but one kind of antiquity and one sort of fame: there-in was whipped the last slave who was publicly struck in the city.

The Disciple takes me to see her one day. I find an old woman, with stout arms akimbo, and a quiet face on which I look in vain for traces of her bitter past; she sports superbly a Scotch plaid turban, and even her name is Venus!

And who is The Disciple! Ah, never mind! St. Augustine knows her—for of course she is a woman. In the capacious chamber of her heart the rich and the poor meet together, for the Lord is the maker of them all. I say not she is the only disciple in St. Augustine, for as I tell you it is a godly city; I only say she takes me to see Venus.

But, dear me! I left Heraclitus on his wood-pile; you are always leaving something somewhere, in St. Augustine,—your hat, your gloves, your last specimen of coquina, the pen with which you were to write the volume on Southern Life, your head itself. I wonder how the native St. Augustinians keep their souls! To natures sprung from the lazy, golden weather it seems as if it might be so easy to misplace a little thing of that sort. And yet perhaps it were actually too much trouble to lose it. Or perhaps one reacts, from very atmospheric pressure, into the somewhat rigid sense of responsibility which seems to govern life in the beautiful city. We feel it, I think, before we are residents of a day's experience. Must we not teach the negroes?

Copyright, H. O. HOUGHTON & Co. 1876.

Should we not convert the Catholics? Can we not cultivate the natives? And surely I go twice to "meeting" where on the spur of the Northern conscience I go once. But if I were a negro, should I learn anything in such weather? And who would want to lose faith in the Pope while the sun is shining as it shines to-day! And what can a native care for a high standard of culture, who may gather shells of gold and purple, rose and pearl, forever, upon the singing beaches? "Who would be a king if he could be a peddler?" And so the days and chances slip.

But still I left Heraclitus on his wood-pile. And the soul of Ma Dame is blessed with verandas; verandas upon which the orange-blossoms will fall by and by from ardent and close-hanging boughs. And Our Sister will be sisterly, wherever she is. St. Thomas hath the mighty wilderness, and that gun which Heraclitus irreverently calls the life-preserver. He means that it never kills anything. We always explain the jokes in our party. For Merle, she has her own unlimited resources, not to mention the verandas and Ma Dame. And I—I have St. Augustine.

But what is life like in St. Augustine? It were difficult as life itself to say.

We construct tremendous plans for a winter's work. The book boxes are emptied upon our parlor tables with an awful emphasis. Reams of fair, unwritten paper stare at us with eyes in which is no speculation; and the photographs of unanswered correspondents hang around my bureau like those memoranda of religious duties which fair saints pin upon their mirrors. We confidently begin by shaking our rash heads at the sailing-question or even at a whist-party, and are fain to consider the kindly hospitalities in which the little city abounds as so many fair-faced temptations to lure us from the straight and narrow path of the laboring woman who has come South to get well, to be sure, but who believes that nobody ever yet got well except by being worked to death. But, O demure and witching little city! behind the veil of a nun do you hide the face of

an irresistible though irreproachable coquette?

Somehow, the blank paper lies folded blankly still; and to mar its white face were a kind of imbecile effort, to be repented of before it is made; but it is a comfort at least to *look* so learned as that parlor table does; and as for the dear faces over the bureau—why, in St. Augustine one learns to love an absent friend exactly in inverse ratio to the number of letters which one writes to him.

Wisely said the great saint from whom this perplexing little town was named, "If you do not ask me what time is, I know; but if you ask me, I know not."

I write "at midsummer, when the hay is down." From the precision of life in a New England home my recalling thoughts wander perplexedly to the confusion of life in a Florida jaunt. What *did* we do? From the Northern summer to the Southern summer I turn in incoherent inquiry. There was too much summer. I was right to begin with. A year without a winter turns one's head. Sternly I gather the fair, departed time, like the plates in a magic lantern; shift them, one by one, upon a reflecting and reflective surface. And what in resolutely gazing have I saved to see?

I see a glimmer of long mornings in which we wander lazily to the old fort, just running over after our walk from breakfast at "the best" hotel, which, as I have never yet to my knowledge puffed anything or anybody in my life, perhaps I may be excused for saying has too pretty a name to be lost. We wander on then from the Magnolia to the shore, quite sure that we will stay ten minutes before returning to finish the chapter in Spencer, or begin the essay upon The Effect of Ancient Spanish Superstitions upon the Infant Colored Mind.

It is quite as likely to be I, as we. I like to be alone upon the fort. Beautiful, dreadful, massive thing! I like to play with it as ignorantly as a baby with an encyclopædia. I am grieved when "the season" sets in, and the tourist who knows things stands in groups with his wife and daughters, discoursing of the

bastion and the demi-lune, of the ramparts and the dungeons, of the exact inscription upon the old, old coat of arms above the door (though I don't think he called it the door), which seemed so pretty till I heard him talk about it. I don't want to be instructed about that fort. It spoils it all to know anything about it. It is enough for me that I was never in a fort before, and that this (unless it be the ruin on Matanzas) is the oldest in the country, and that from its summit I can see the magnificent line of breakers over the bar, which shelters St. Augustine so tenderly that she sits almost like an inland city, widowed alike from the traffic and the terror of the sea. I am content to sit ignorantly down upon the cannon-balls, and find out that they are shells; to peer unintelligently about the marvelous nooks and crannies and cells, which all have names of their own if one cared to ask them, but where I can only think that life and death have met in awful conflict in awful times; to creep, shuddering, after the not very sweet-tempered old sergeant, into the dungeon which was discovered in eighteen something, where the rock fell in and revealed the skeletons of human creatures hung to the walls in iron cages, starved in sight of food and water, and barred from the breath of heaven by solid masonry. But it matters little to me whether the Catholics did it or did n't do it. I care only to get away and up the mighty broken stairway to the clear space where I can forget that blood ever flowed over the grass-grown stones, or that mortal cries ever stabbed the silent, amber air. Here one can almost rest. I creep into the shadow of a turret with my Browning. Perhaps, turning the leaves idly, I read:—

' Oh days of sin,
With your turrets and your towers and the rest!
Shut them in! '

But by and by the book drops helplessly down upon the shawl of many colors, which I brought from sheer Southern barbaric sense of hue, just to see the inscrutable sunlight caress it where it lies upon the old gray stone. Even Robert, the husband of Elizabeth, has no voices

for me when Fort Marion speaks. I slip in and out among turret and tower and broken loop-hole and battered bastion, bewitched to think how easy a matter it were to step a little near and nearer—to stand erect as I do this moment upon the daring edge—just to drop quietly off—

I am fairly proud of myself that I retreat in good order, and that Ma Dame's sweet smile will not be frozen to-day about dinner-time as one rushes in to break to her the news that at the foot of the western rampart they found—Nonsense! But I wonder no more that all the famous towers of the tourist's Europe are guarded in anticipation of impulses as nonsensical.

I retire an unbroken phalanx, and betake myself sharply, as if that could hold me in, to the tropical shawl and the tropical Browning.

Below me, in the sunny sand, groups of dusky little children shout for very joy of their young breath. Sad-faced, narrow-browed Minorcans bask, chattering, in front of doorless and windowless coquina ruins which they call home. The cracker's wagon, drawn by a starving horse, crawls patiently over the flats, going home to the wilderness with its supply of "grits," by which the cracker meaneth hominy; and the cracker's gaunt family, staring dully up at me, do not find themselves tempted to leap over from Fort Marion. Beyond, swaying like feathers in the strong current of the river, little boats of pleasure-seekers toss merrily. Against the warm horizon, as glad and innocent as babies, the fair and terrible Florida breakers leap upon the silver sand. And still beyond—

"If you *want* your dinner," observes Merle, appearing in sudden and bold relief at the top of the great stairway, "or if you *prefer* to give up your seat to a perfectly ravenous party who came in by the last omnibus, and have vowed, permanents or no permanents, to be fed or die"—

Ah me, for the essay on Spanish Superstitions!

Slide the magic lantern once again! And now I see a wonderful shimmer of

long, long afternoons in which we will all go a-sailing in a "yacht." Everything bigger than a dug-out is a yacht, in St. Augustine. The first time we are invited to join the party of the Northern gentleman who has "engaged the yacht for the day," I think how grand we are. But I never am allowed to feel grand very long in this world; something always happens to it. My mortification is not unexpected, though severe, when I clamber down from the little wharf into a sail-boat with calico cushions, an oil-cloth on the floor, and a funny, two-sided flat bottom, upon which we flap crazily hither and yon against the rising wind.

But our yacht answers to the sound name of Elizabeth, and to her is the manly young skipper so loyal that in ten minutes we forget even the shark question itself. At first sight, the shark is a terrible blow to the romance of sailing in St. Augustine. In orthodox Northern waters, a possible accident has its actual charms. In the clear depths of emerald and golden death, how blessed to be lost! It were, after all, so peaceful and so slight a thing. But here — I struggle to forget the man-eater, six feet long, who was captured near the wall this very morning; and even the comfortable porpoises make me shudder; they whirl, shining brown wheels, about us, and remind me of the living creatures which Ezekiel saw.

We sail, and sail. The little town grows distant enough to soften through all its pretty outlines; islets of shining sand drift by us, on which the silver gulls and the blue-black herons, the homelike "sand peep" and the beautiful, unhomelike shells, have it all to themselves. Ah, what shells! Incredible that they should be selling for large prices by the quart, like candy in the Boston shops. They lie brilliant, vital, it seems sentient, beneath our touch, like flowers. We beach the Elizabeth upon the silver bar, and wander like children among them. At first I object to gathering them, as I do to rifling a garden; and to the last, I find myself turning out of my way to avoid stepping upon

the perfect and rich-tinted things; as if they had blood and could be hurt.

And now I find out what coquina is. I thought I knew when I purchased, on the second day of my arrival, a coquina match-safe at the curiosity shop, which for some unexplained but undoubtedly scientific reason did *not* hold water for the roses with which kindly St. Augustine keeps my lodgings glorious.

They tell me there are coquina quarries where one may dig forever for this beautiful composite of shell and sand; but I care little for the quarries; I would rather take home a broken bit from a house aged one hundred and fifty years, or one of the inimitable statues made therefrom by the colored native "sculptor" who is so happy in his art, or the vase that should have held water, as aforesaid.

Beneath our feet, as we wander to and fro under the great eyes of the breakers, masses of soft color streak the sand where my poor shells have been ground by wind and weather to colored powder, — red, umber, amber, and snow. Perfect and untouched upon the cool opacity of the background rest exquisite contours, as tiny and as delicate as blush-rose leaves. Here are the tints which we are wont to credit to the imagination of an artist, granting him at least the originality of having spread the rainbow upon his palette, and modified it to suit himself; the shy reserved shades of which nature is sparing: golds as subdued as if they but half made up their minds to become silver; silver reticent as frost; pearl which knows how to keep the secret of its reflections as pearl only can; violets pale as if saddened in a Claude Lorraine; rose as delicate as that half-detected blush which modesty itself suppresses and drives quickly into placid pallor; and that spotless cream-like white which is so much whiter for being warm.

We gather them tenderly; it seems a sort of rudeness to crush them into flapping pockets. I collect mine in the great royal crimson scallop shell which I find at high-water mark, among the weedless drift-wood.

"Yes," observes Our Sister sympathetically to the sentiment, "the young ladies take home those red shells to bake oysters in for supper-parties."

Perhaps she does n't mean it. I forgive her. But baked oysters!

Did they tell us that the beach was forty miles in length? To us it seems as if this sea-shore might stretch, like that from which little Paul's mother sailed, "all around the world." Our feet rustle bewildered through the glittering sand. It blows before us into rifts and drifts, like dry, unchilly snow. Since to-morrow is Christmas, let us make believe—it would require small effort of the fancy—that we sit upon a freezing field at home. But my palmetto hat blows in the wild, warm wind across my confused vision; the white linen dress-hem is dragged in the gleaming surf; on the little islands "sweet fields stand dressed in living green;" in my hand a magnificent cloth-of-gold rose, fresh-plucked from a generous garden, droops royally. We shake our heads and are perplexed. We can neither make a fancy like a winter, nor believe it when we have made it. There is no winter! There never was.

We sail home in thoughtful mood. Perhaps we are sad or homesick, or perhaps we are only confused. Or it may be that we are thinking of Christmas. At all events, it is growing a serious matter, and, drifting by some gorgeous and unfamiliar colors which beautify the ledge of Anastasia Island below the striped light-house like the barber's pole, one of us breaks silence with a sprightly manner, to observe,—

"What is that beautiful orange growth which adorns the shore?"

"I think," replies St. Thomas, confidently, "that it is coral."

Ma Dame, less confidently, but still with the sweet spell of the romantic hour upon her, suggests that it is "a shell formation."

"Coquina?" I ask, dropping a semitone, but true to the sentiment still.

"Oyster-shells!" says Merle, who always will break any spell that is not stone-china. It is not until we have

fairly recovered from this bruise, which takes time, that it occurs to me to ask the non-communicative skipper what the beautiful object of so much wasted sentiment may be. Laconic and long to be remembered is the skipper's answer:—

"Mud!"

Is even the mud, then, so beautiful in Florida? And surely he were a wise man who, cruising in strange waters, may always in a world like this know mud from coral even in the calm sunset of a Christmas Eve.

Still we sail: homeward to the home-like little city; and behind it, all the west is flaming. The grand outlines of the fort loom against the cloudless color, calm with the unuttered and unutterable passion of antiquity. The old cathedral tower points a peaceful finger to the skies, signaling in the great deaf-mute alphabet of churchly architecture certain old words which fall as calm as the now drooping winds upon the petty passions and perplexities of human story: "*Behold, like a vesture shalt thou roll them up and they shall be changed; but thou endurest.*" Even Merle has ceased to look for oysters; we do not glance at one another's faces, and it is long since we have spoken. The west is dying purely as we walk, mutely still, upon the gray old seawall, home; and in the little streets the people in the little shops are preparing to keep Christmas Day.

"But you don't say how we got stuck in the mud, and were an hour getting off the boat!"

And does she think I would spoil my sunset or my Bible-verse for *that*?

And now I see a procession of gray and golden twilights, in which I am not happy unless I go "all alone by myself" to see them light the barber's pole upon the island, or to watch the fiddlers at their supper on the beach. Probably the scientific mind would not be content to know that the fiddler is of the genus crab, and there allow its useful information, like Dr. Hawes's young men, to "pause." But I am content, quite. The fiddler looketh like a little devil-fish, and eateth with his hands, and cruncheth horribly beneath your feet, for he is

too many not to be stepped on, walk you never so tenderly. These facts interest me in the fiddler. I perch myself upon a log below the fort, where the little black babies are making the most of their civil rights at playing see-saw, and watch the creatures — the fiddlers, not the babies — feed themselves upon the sand with the table manners of the best society. Particularly am I interested in the fiddler because he lives by himself, each one in his own den, dug within the silver sand. Was it disappointed love, or ascetic melancholy? Did he sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, and, lodging, was he happy?

Ah, there! sudden and glorious breaks against the reflected colors of the eastern sky my great Anastasia light. Did somebody tell me that it was to be seen from off the awful Florida coast four hundred miles? Or was it four hundred miles that ship came in on purpose to look at it? It is plain that the fiddlers work sadly upon the unscientific mind.

I turn my back upon Anastasia in disgust, and wander off upon the deserted beach, paving my way with the agonies of fiddlers as I go. There is a gray field in which some unfamiliar dead brush lifts itself sparsely to the water's edge; wonderful to me because of the rattlesnakes which are to be in it in March; a desolate spot. From sheer waste of the sense of desolation, I cross and recross it, looking for the rattlesnakes despite the almanac, and turning to glance over my shoulder at the fashionable outlines of the few Northern pleasure-seekers left on the sea-wall and ramparts, cut against the glow the solemn light-house makes.

Beyond the dead field there is a lifeless creek; on the border of the creek I know an old deserted boat. Grim is the pleasure in defying that malaria which "never is found in St. Augustine." I creep into the old boat and defy the world to find me; the very fiddlers have lost track of me; even Anastasia has turned her shining face away. It grows dusk; is dark. Birds, whose names I do not know, chirp and whistle in the nearest cypresses and oaks; little

white flowers, like our innocence, but they call them the forget-me-not, twinkle in the grass; the odorous, warm twilight shuts me in.

A thousand miles from home —

Have the fiddlers found me? Did Anastasia call? Was that a rattlesnake? Whatever the reason, I think it suddenly very dark; the rain which never falls in Florida has set in, weakly; the old boat is damp; I am wet, if I choose to think so; I clamber out and hurry back.

The beach is black, and, but for the booming of unseen surf, were deadly still: the fort frowns, a solid shadow. Anastasia only smiles through the rain, grave, calm, faithful, like a friend who knows no moods, and in whose nature is "no variability, neither shadow of turning."

A thousand miles from home —

The marsh ponies come over as I walk by; poor little starved ponies, turned out to board themselves. What Floridians keep them for, Heaven knows! It takes them all day to find enough to keep their meek souls in their gaunt bodies, and I never observed that they ever went anywhere or carried anything. These creatures wade over from somewhere in the now rising tide. Two of them are standing drearily, nose to nose, in the quickening storm, as I come up to them. One, turning, scans me dully, comes down a step or two, and pathetically puts out his face to be caressed. Bless him! I don't know which one of us is most conscious of giving a bit of needed sympathy. I hate to leave that pony in the rain.

It seems lighter, perhaps, where the rich and broken outline of the city gates is lifted against the little quiet churchyard, where the happy inmates sleep under crosses of white shells. Shall we too ever, *ever* sleep as quietly?

The drizzle is a storm now, and the people have put up their wooden shutters and all the street is dark. One little girl has forgotten to put up her shutters. She is braiding palmetto; everybody braids palmetto in St. Augustine; she thinks it is the fault of the man in New York city, somehow, that the braid

brings but ten cents this winter, and that by hard labor she can twist only two braids a day. The pine knot in her fire-place is just lighted, and all the little barren room is hung with cloth of gold. She sits in the wooden rocking-chair, and rocks violently to and fro. As I stop to look in at her she breaks into a flat, strung voice, and braiding, rocking, sings, —

“There 's no place like home,
Sweet home!”

And now sets in the freezing life of the Terrible Winter. It looms over the country like a Titanic iceberg; even fair Florida sits shivering in the shadow of its chill.

At least, Floridians shiver. We are only cross. There is no suspicion of a frost; and on the hotel bill of fare, tucked among the roses and red pinks, the thermometer is reported for the day as smiling at forty degrees. But the splendid sun has withdrawn the light of his countenance from us; and from that dreadful river, where St. Augustine is so happy that it does not live, we hear wild rumors of dank and deadly fogs in which the Northern invalids sit ghastly, comparing notes of their diseases, about the hotel parlors.

Of course we thank Heaven, as is quite proper, that we are not upon the river. But nevertheless, and notwithstanding, we are cross. Our invalids pale down, and are sure that it was a great mistake to come to Florida. We count the weeks till we may safely venture to Aiken, Charleston, Philadelphia, home, —

“Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world”

over which St. Augustine penitently presides. We put on warm dresses and overcoats. Heraclitus renews his woodpile. We sail no more to beach the Elizabeth among the bruised and vivid shells. We keep much in-doors, and are astonished to discover how tired people may get of one another when they are there and cannot help themselves.

It is now that I will become wise, and scour St. Augustine for some new thing. I visit the old convent, where ten sisters sit making lace at two prices,

the Catholic price and the Protestant; the barracks where the company is stationed (I never to this day have found out what for), and whence every evening, at the hour of the signal gun, floats over the city the same unsparing little dancing-tune; the colored Sunday-school where The Disciple is omnipotent; the obscure houses of the sombre Spanish Catholic natives, where That Other Disciple (though a heretic) is known and loved.

One day I wander into the cathedral to matins. Here a serene old bishop sits in purple velvet, among tissue-paper roses and unlimited gilt paper. Here are those rare specimens of art which all good Northerners flock to see; they are painted by the architect, we are proudly told. Critical expression fails me before these pictures. It is necessary to go to St. Augustine to appreciate them. Here the colored brethren, welcomed through the front door, sit in goodly numbers. Here, calm above the altar, rises the effigy of the city's patron saint, and golden are the letters in which is spanned above his head the prayer which I slip out repeating reverentially, —

“*Sancte Augustine! Ora pro nobis!*”

Now, moved by that instinct which leads us to grow wise as we grow sad, I begin to search for useful information, in a fitful and depressing manner.

One day I ask my ingenious native dress-maker, who can put many a Northern “fit” to shame with her shrewd shears, if she has ever traveled towards the North.

Traveled? She has never been to Jacksonville; has never visited Tocoi; has never seen the *St. John's River*. Why, nobody does in Augustine. Folks can't afford it. Most of them never have been out of the city. They just stay around, and live — and die.

One day, again, I waylay a small boy in the streets, and ask him what the people live on, around here. Unhesitating is that small boy's reply, —

“Fish, and strangers!”

And once I propound to a dusky friend of mine a few antislavery conundrums, the first that I have ventured

upon since I walked beneath the shadow of the Confederate monument, which bears the holy words, Our Dead. Perhaps I never understood, before, that *they* have *their* dead too — God help us all!

"Florida, have you always lived here?"

"Yes, ma'am" (no "missus" now; scarcely a relic of the old dialect left), "I lived with my owner till peace. Me and my husband had different owners."

"Were they good to you?"

"Good as most of 'em — yes; I've got nothing special to complain of. I learned my trade with 'em — got so much out of 'em; I an't left to shift and starve like some is."

"Where is your husband now?"

"He's in Georgia. He was owned in Georgia. He used to come and see me twice a year. I s'pose he thought I'd foller him after peace, but I was n't going running after *him*! I s'pose he'd got settled there, and it's a good ways off; but" — the woman's heart breaks through the woman's pride — "but after peace *he might have come*!"

A Good Samaritan takes me one day to see Aunt Patty. Aunt Patty sits at the door of the neat little shanty whence she will be carried in due time to that good Old Woman's Home which St. Augustine is delighted to honor. She is very, very old.

"That," says the Samaritan, "was once one of my goods and chattels. Aunt Patty, Aunt Patty! do you know me?"

But Aunt Patty winks and blinks blindly up. She does not know him. She is so near, now, the borders of that calm country in which they need neither wars nor rumors of wars to break the shackles of immortal souls, that she has forgotten that she was ever "owned." Aunt Patty does not recall the kindly smile or the gentle tone which once were law to her. She does not remember, cannot tell. She only wonders, — who is the lady? and the lady leaves her wondering still.

One week, two, three, and still we sit sunless and unamiable. People se-

lect these days to die in, apparently. One morning I am summoned to the window to see the queerest little negro funeral. The most famished of marsh ponies drags the old wagon in which the coffin rests. The immediate mourner boasts a crape veil and a white pocket-handkerchief. The more distant sufferers file by, just in from "the country," in country simplicity: the women wear men's hats or white turbans; the men sport exhausted stove-pipes, and stare importantly around. Nobody cries, and the whole thing is like a Fourth of July procession of the Antiques and Horribles.

Another day I hear sudden music, and looking over into the dull street — ah me! the funeral of a soldier from the little garrison: only a private, what great matter? He lies in an open express-wagon. Apparently there is no coffin, though I may be wrong; he is wrapped in the true flag, and as they turn the corner towards the burial-ground, the truant sun struggles through the gray atmosphere and lights the grand old colors up. But his comrades, as they follow him, play that little dancing-tune; I suppose it is the only one they know. The wagon jogs to it grotesquely, yet sadly, somehow, too. I shut the window and get away. I think it even sadder than a dirge.

These are the days in which the Florida wilderness grows so great, so suffocating, so sad a matter. I see in it the beauty of desolation, the dreariness of peace. Beyond the pale colors of the San Sebastian River it stretches calm, purple, eternal; miles of waste wherein, I fancy, —

"No man is nor hath been since the making of the world."

Depths of poison, pitfalls, death, yet how beautiful with the shades of orange and of cypress and of pine; how calm with the consciousness of health in hidden lakes and springs; how grand the sweep of its gray hairs above its lofty head! Plainly, the Florida wilderness comes of an "old Southern family." No such gray heads in your Yankee forests, you may be sure.

But I am weary to the heart of it. In the sleepless hours when "that dog" in which the South abounds makes night perpetually hideous, and when the St. Augustine rooster crows *every* time the dog barks, I pace my room and love not the mellow Southern moon for revealing the horizon's uncanny outlines. Rather would I meet the clear eye of Anastasia, beneath which the restless waters of the harbor are now at peace. All night these two—the Great Desert and the Great Light—confront one another across the unconscious city. Perhaps they *must* be grave, these sleepless hours, for again there come to me certain solemn words, which slip confusedly together: *The voice of one crying in the wilderness: I am the light of the world.*

Twenty-one, twenty-three, twenty-five days without the sun! Now, fair and terrible as an army with banners he breaks at last upon us. The light of day has a new meaning, a fresh depth, clear to the core, burning and transparent as topaz, blessed as a late and unexpected joy. The dear old fire-places whose golden hearts we have almost won, we think, by long study and loving in the twilights of the clouded days, are deserted now without a pang; pale with neglect, their ardent faces shrink away, and we remember them no more, for joy of the eternal passion of the holy sun. Now the pretty toilettes at the hotel dinner are of white again. Now the Minorcan children bask again from dawn to dark upon the sand, and amuse me by flinging the expression, "Oh, you *Spaniard!*" as a term of reproach across their quarrels. Now the young girl, my neighbor with the voice, awakes me every shining morning with the same confident assertion, —

"Oh how happy we might be!"

And how I wish that somebody would give her a cottage by the sea, and let her try it; yet I like the trustful little song, somehow, and should miss it if she left the birds to sing alone. The mocking-bird is abroad now, and he takes up the same refrain. Let the birds and girls believe it, say I, as long as they can! One can half believe it one's self, listen-

ing, half awake and half asleep, as over the budding grape and blossoming violet, and through the mingled perfumes of the white and yellow jasmines which fill the room, the serene young words persist in floating up, —

"Oh how happy, oh how happy we might be!"

And now the orange-buds throw off their long reserve and cast themselves wildly, for very love, beneath the feet of the pure-souled sunbeams, which, "without fear and without reproach," have patiently bided their time. Now the very edges of the orange-leaves glitter like fine arrows, and the scarlet pomegranate muses of a bud. Now the tea-roses of blush and amber, perfect like none other, clamber in riotous exuberance over the garden where grow four hundred varieties of the flower; and the famous tree, *der einige* the country over, fourteen feet in height, and thick across the trunk like a cypress, flames with blossoms. Now, over the walled garden of the good Protestant priest the cloth-of-gold roses nod to me like stars; and the priestess for love of the stranger without her gates will not pluck the stars from her floral heaven; they shall fall and "die silently of their own glory."

And now we are in no hurry to go home; we are not so tired of one another as we thought we were. We will stay and see the Colored Homes, and see the Colored School (everything is so sharply prismatic in St. Augustine), and see where the priests were murdered once; and sail the North River after scallop shells; and make the promised speeches in the Sunday-school, which for cleanliness and conduct puts to shame any Northern mission-school I ever saw; and sit at the feet of the father of the city to learn all good things both of the soul and of the body of St. Augustine, and grow statistical and happy.

And now it is impossible to believe that at home the East River is frozen stiff; that people are perishing in snow-slides; that the thermometer in Indiana runs to forty-two degrees below; that the world is dying of pneumonia. This is the wildest of fiction, and all owing somehow to the fact that the New

York Times is four days old when it gets to us.

And now I will jaunt it down the river for a glimpse at the beautiful Mandarin home which the good heart of a great woman has made famous. Swift, fair hours in the little cottage, perched like a bird's-nest so near the heart of the live-oaks that the leaves drift in upon me as I sleep — rare hours! — you are not the world's, but mine.

But still I think I like not the St. John's River, and come back to the Ancient City with something of the thrill of those to the manor born. And now, like broken dreams the last weeks stir and fade.

Those nine thousand visitors whom St. Augustine, a little city of two thousand souls, contrives by the modern miracle of the loaves and fishes to keep fed and happy during "the season," slip away imperceptibly like melting ice. In the curiosity shops, where the beautiful Southern birds — gorgeous sacrifices consumed on the altar of Northern feminine vanity — drop their glorious plumage, the crowds dwindle from evening to evening; the rarest duck and the whitest heron, the bluest jay, the most dazzling red-bird, and the purest of the royal rose-curllews have been "selected" away; the rage for orange-wood canes is abating; and the man who keeps one hundred baby-alligators alive in boxes smiles upon a fast-decreasing stock in hand. We are told that we can send these creatures North by mail. But righteous fear of Mr. Bergh constrains us.

We find in Florida a time-honored proverb: "Carry *one* live alligator North, you'll never carry another;" so we content ourselves by estimating, on the more simple principles of political economy, the amount saved in the matter of board-bills by being an alligator and not eating anything from January till March. I have my reserved doubts upon this latter point, I plainly confess. I observe that there are two kinds of alligators: the kind that wriggles, and the kind that does n't; and I maintain that that superior sunniness of temper-

ament which admits of wriggling under such circumstances would not decline a bit of fresh meat or a drop of water. Most of the alligators, however, suffer under great depression of spirits, and have the air of people in recent affliction, to whom it were a sort of insult to suppose that they could have an appetite. On the whole, I like the alligator better when he has passed through that process of dental surgery which results in savage gold-tipped jewelry, and the unearthly whistle with which the small boy delights to yelp about the hotel piazzas.

But still we linger. One by one the hotel tables are folded up, but we do not start. The gentlemanly landlord regretfully gives us notice that he must close the house next week; but still we stay. Was there not a snow-storm but yesterday in Savannah? And how bewitching is the little city with her grave and quiet face. We stroll about the deserted streets, enchanted with their calm. One day we wander over the shops and riotously exhaust the morning in the selection of a single cane. Another day we are inspired, and will buy gray moss enough at twenty-five cents a bushel to stuff a mattress with at home; for you'll never be romantic about that moss again, when once you've found out what mattresses it makes. And still another day we will wait, to drive across the beach of the San Sebastian, where there ought to be alligators in the mud, and musingly away over flats of the Spanish bayonet into the purple, poison heart of the beautiful swamps. And oh, for one more golden moon beneath which to see the breakers on the north shore throw up their bewildered arms in half-lights, like one of Turner's gray pictures! in which to stand mute upon the unbroken beach, within the rockless shore, before the even sea, against the low, unclouded sky, —

"Till where earth ends and heaven begins,
The soul shall hardly know."

It is in these days that it begins to be whispered about that "the schooner has n't come." For once a month from New York city there steals out a little schooner

which provides the St. Augustine harbor with supplies, and but for that schooner St. Augustine would fold her hands and starve. The St. Augustine grocer is half a day's journey from Jacksonville, but he deals with the schooner; and for that schooner he will pause, if he must pause, till the problem of future punishment is settled. Indeed, the schooner may play him false and go to the bottom of the Atlantic; but for her with a confidence worthy of so glorious a cause is the St. Augustine grocer found

"Waiting — waiting still."

Twice in succession the schooner has been wrecked this year. But what of that? St. Augustine can trust. The luxuries, not to say the comforts, of life gradually disappear from the market, and the necessities acquire enormous prices, but still the veritable St. Augustinian is calm.

Brown sugar appears upon our generous hotel table: "The schooner has n't come." One wishes a lemon to make hot lemonade for the invalids, or to sweeten one's temper upon the homeopathic law: "The schooner is n't in." You ask for a glass of ice-water: "The schooner is expected next week." At your peril, break a kerosene lamp chimney, or recklessly strike two matches at a time, — till the schooner comes.

In our morning walks we come upon groups of men, whispering with awe-stricken faces at corners: "Thought they'd sighted her last night, but it was a mistake. She has n't come."

A wild rumor runs through the town that the last cracker was sold yesterday for ten cents. I appeal to my grocer. It is true, there are no crackers — the schooner has n't arrived.

There are no sweet potatoes — the schooner is delayed. Milk goes up to the Northerner's price, twenty-five cents per quart, on account of the schooner. And now, ghastly lips take up the report before which even St. Augustine shivers: there is no hominy! The very hominy comes from New York city, and the schooner —

The town is in a state of siege. The grocers close their shops and take their

families on picnics to the North Shore. There is nothing to sell.

Life comes to a pause. The pleasures of slow starvation assume vivid colors to the imaginative mind. We seek the acquaintance of that enterprising man who is currently reported to have salted down three billions of the pretty little wise, red Southern ants for beef-steak in the hotels next winter, and converse with the alligator man as to the feasibility of getting out of the city by mail, in little boxes with a hole to let the air in.

One afternoon it is breathlessly whispered that "some apples have come to town from Jacksonville." I rush to the apple store and pay a price which it would ruin my reputation for veracity to relate, for a dozen little russets; and we are safe for one day more.

Merle has but just suggested that we telegraph North for means of transporting the bodies home, as it would be impossible to procure a coffin in the city should one require it before the schooner were in, when the cry, "A sail! — a sail!" is echoed from street-corner to street-corner, and St. Augustine, peaceful, triumphant, gaunt, and satisfied, swells and surges to the old sea-wall to be fed.

The schooner has come!

And now at last we will surely sadly turn our faces northwards. It grows too warm for anybody but the fiddlers. Ma Dame takes fond farewell of her tea-roses, and I wander alone for the last time to commune with Anastasia on the darkening beach. I see that we pack our trunks in bitterness of soul, and are fain to stay forever where we are. I see that we regretfully take leave of the kindly strangers whom one short winter seems to have converted into time-worn friends.

And while my thought turns swiftly from this hospitable face to that, he from whom no crying need of this little world was ever turned away unsatisfied, he on whom it leaned for counsel, and whose memory it will arise to bless, the father of his city, a thousand miles from her loving heart, lies dead.

And now I see that the sun, hot and red, has set for the last time for us, upon the Florida wilderness. Too tired to be sentimental over it, too warm to watch it, we think only that it will rise to-morrow — and that, after all, the world is wide.

Perplexedly we rise to-morrow with the dawn. We check our baggage at the door for Boston. We check our tears up-stairs in self-defense. But I see the sweet face which has made home for us strangers in a strange land a little blindly, and scarcely know whether Ma Dame speaks to me or not, or who they are who wave good-by to us from here

and there, or who it was that from the roadside has put white roses into my hand through the omnibus window, as we ride away.

The ancient Spanish monument upon the plaza dims from sight; the warm, bright sea beyond grows pale; the orange groves waver, and all the familiar outlines flit. We rattle over Maria Sanchez — who is a river — so prosaically hard that we forget to look our last at the cathedral tower, beneath which blazes the city's faithful prayer, day and night which heart and lips go out from her repeating: "*Sancte Augustine! Ora pro nobis!*"

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

UNDER MOON AND STARS.

FROM the house of desolation,
 From the doors of lamentation,
 I went forth into the midnight and the vistas of the moon;
 Where through aisles high-arched and shady
 Paced the pale and spectral lady,
 And with silver footprints spangled the deep velvet turf of June.

In the liquid hush and coolness
 Of the slumbering earth, the fullness
 Of my aching soul was solaced; till my senses, grown intense,
 Caught the evanescent twinkle,
 Caught the fairy-footed tinkle,
 Of the dewfall raining softly on the leafage cool and dense.

The sad cries, the unavailing
 Orphans' tears and woman's wailing,
 In the shuttered house were buried, and the pale face of the dead;
 From the chambers closed and gloomy
 Neither sight nor sound came to me,
 But great silence was about me, and the great sky overhead.

As a mighty angel leaneth
 His calm visage from the zenith,
 Gazed the moon: my thoughts flew upward, through the pallid atmosphere,
 To the planets in their places,
 To the infinite starry spaces,
 Till despair and death grew distant, and eternal Peace drew near.

Then the faith that oft had failed me,
And the mad doubts that assailed me,
Like two armies that had struggled for some fortress long and well,
Both as by a breath were banished;
Friend and foe together vanished,
And my soul sat high and lonely in her solemn citadel.

Peace! and from her starry station
Came white-pinioned Contemplation,
White and mystical and silent as the moonlight's sheeted wraith;
Through my utter melancholy
Stole a rapture still and holy,
Something deeper than all doubting, something greater than all faith.

And I pondered: "Change is written
Over all the blue, star-litten
Universe; the moon on high there, once a palpitating sphere,
Now is seamed with ghastly scissures,
Chilled and shrunken, cloven with fissures,
Sepulchres of frozen oceans and a perished atmosphere.

"Doubtless mid you burning clusters
Ancient suns have paled their lustres,
Worlds are lost with all their wonders, glorious forms of life and thought,
Arts and altars, lore of sages,
Monuments of mighty ages,
All that joyous nature lavished, all that toil and genius wrought.

"So this dear, warm earth, and yonder
Sister worlds that with her wander
Round the parent light, shall perish; on through darkening cycles run,
Whirling through their vast ellipses
Evermore in cold eclipses,
Orphaned planets roaming blindly round a cold and darkened sun!

"This bright haze and exhalation,
Starry cloud we call creation,
Glittering mist of orbs and systems, shall like mist dissolve and fall, —
Seek the sea whence all ascendeth,
Meet the ocean where all endeth:
Thou alone art everlasting, O thou inmost soul of all!

"Veiled in manifold illusion,
Seeming discord and confusion,
Life's harmonious scheme is builded: earth is but the outer stair,
Is but scaffold-beam and stanchion
In the rearing of the mansion.
Dust enfolds a finer substance, and the air, diviner air.

"All about the world and near it
Lies the luminous realm of spirit,
Sometimes touching upturned foreheads with a strange, unearthly sheen;

Through the deep ethereal regions
 Throng invisible bright legions,
 And unspeakable great glory flows around our lives unseen;

“ Round our ignorance and anguish,
 Round the darkness where we languish,
 As the sunlight round the dim earth’s midnight tower of shadow pours,
 Streaming past the dim, wide portals,
 Viewless to the eyes of mortals
 Till it flood the moon’s pale islet or the morning’s golden shores.

“ O’er the world of sense forever
 Rolls the bright, celestial river:
 Of its presence, of its passing, streaks of faint prophetic light
 Give the mind mysterious warning,
 Gild its clouds with gleams of morning,
 Or some shining soul reflects it to our feeble inner sight.”

So by sheen and shade I wandered;
 And the mighty theme I pondered
 (Vague and boundless as the midnight wrapping world and life and man)
 Stooped with dewy whispers to me,
 Breathed unuttered meanings through me,
 Of man’s petty pains and passions, of the grandeur of God’s plan !

And I said, “ Thou one all-seeing,
 Perfect, omnipresent Being,
 Sparkling in the nearest dewdrop, throbbing in the farthest star;
 By the pulsing of whose power
 Suns are sown and systems flower;
 Who hast called my soul from chaos and my faltering feet thus far!

“ What am I to make suggestion?
 What is man to doubt and question
 Ways too wondrous for his searching, which no science can reveal?
 Perfect and secure my trust is
 In thy mercy and thy justice,
 Though I perish as an insect by thine awful chariot-wheel!

“ Lo! the shapes of ill and error,
 Lo! the forms of death and terror,
 Are but light-obstructing phantoms, which shall vanish late or soon,
 Like this sudden, vast, appalling
 Gloom on field and woodland falling
 From the winged, black cloud-dragon that is flying by the moon!”

Downward wheeled the dragon, driven
 Like a falling fiend from heaven;
 And the silhouettes of the lindens, on the peaceful esplanade,
 Lay once more like quiet islands
 In the moonlight and the silence;
 And by softly silvered alleys, leafy mazes, still I strayed,

Till, through boughs of sombre maples,
 With the pale gleam on its gables,
 Lo! the house of desolation, like a ghost amid the gloom!
 Then the thought of present sorrow,
 Of the palled, funereal morrow,
 Filled anew my heart with anguish and the horror of the tomb.

And I cried, "Is God above us?
 Are there Powers that guard and love us,
 Pilots to the blissful havens? Do they hear the tones of woe,
 Death and pain and separation,
 Wailing through the wide creation?
 Will the high heavens heed or help us; do they, can they feel and know?"

Ah! the heart is very human;
 Still the world of man and woman,
 Love and loss, throbs in and through us! For the radiant hour is rare,
 When the soul from heights of vision
 Views the shining plains Elysian,
 And in after-times of trouble we forget what peace is there.

J. T. Trowbridge.

MANMATHA.

ONE day the breeze was talking of grand and simple things in the pines that look across the lower bay at Sandy Hook. The great water spaces were a delicious blue, dotted with the white tops of crushed waves; to the left, Coney Island lay mapped out in bleached surfaces, while beyond and seaward, from the purple sleeve formed by the hills of the Navesink, the Hook ran a brown finger eastward. A hawk which nests among the steep inclines of Todt Hill shot out from a neighboring ravine and hung motionless, but never quiet, in the middle distance.

Birds and beasts will make closer approach to a person clothed in garments of a dun color; therefore it was not odd that the hawk should not notice my presence on the pine needles near the crest of the hill. After steering without visible rustle of a feather through the lake of air before me, he stooped all at once, grasped a hedge-sparrow that had been shaking the top of a bush

far down the slope, and, rising, bore it to the low branch of a pine not far from my resting-place.

The sun had fallen in a Titanic tragedy of color beyond Prince's Bay. The fierce bird, leisurely occupied in tearing to pieces the little twitterer, was a suitable accompaniment to the bloody drama in the clouds. Watching keenly, I gradually began to picture to myself the sensation of walking unseen to the murderous fowl and suddenly claspng his smooth back with both hands. How startled he would be! But in truth the thought was only a continuation of another that had been floating through my mind while the hawk was wheeling. Unconsciously I had been mumbling to myself from the Nibelungen, —

"About the tameless dwarf-kin I have heard it said,
 They dwell in hollow mountains; for safety are
 arrayed

In what is termed a tarn-kap, of wondrous quality;
 Who hath it on his body preserved is said to be
 From cuttings and from thrustings; of him is none
 aware

When he therein is clothed. Both see can he, and hear
According as he wishes, yet no one him perceives "

The magic cloak, the tarn-kap, I reasoned, with my eyes on the cruel bird, was only a symbol after all, something physical to make real what we cannot readily conceive! But suddenly — could my wish have been felt? — the hawk gave a hoarse croak of fright, dropped his prey, and, springing heavily into the air, was gone.

He had not looked at me, he had not seen or heard me, nor could I see, far or near, the slightest cause for his terror. But — I heard! Sh-sh-sh — I was aware of a light step in the needles under the tree he had left. Straining my eyes to watch the ground, surely, surely, in a line passing close to my couch, the needles and thin grass were pressed down, as if by a weight applied at even distances! I had remained motionless as a figure of stone, but when a tuft of hepatica, blooming late where the shade was deepest, fell crushed near my hand, I reached out. Unluckily I was too conscious, too much ashamed at my own folly to act decisively. I did not grasp, I reached out — and touched a living thing.

On such occasions there arises at first an exuberance of joy; then comes doubt. I had long debated the possibility of invisibles. As far back as I can remember, elfin tales produced an awful wonderment upon my youthful imagination. On long May nights have I not often stolen from the house to watch for elves? A moon after a rain was to my thinking the best for such mysterious beings, when everything was hazy with an imperceptible mist, when the dogwoods had flooded the landscape with sheets of reflected white, and some one was drawing one veil after another slowly past a golden shield in the sky. On such nights, more than once, a boy might have been seen creeping on tiptoe through the open woods, over the great clearing, to the hill-top, where, if anywhere, brownies must play; but none did he espy, nor did the chance-flung cap ever fall upon his eager, outstretched hands.

And if in later years the subject still fascinated me, it made me feel what the grown man realizes always more clearly, that fables and fairy tales rest on a solid groundwork of fact. Why, when so many other legends have been verified, should this universal tradition of vanishers and invisibles prove entirely false?

It occurs to one very soon that animal life does exist of so transparent a texture that to all intents and purposes it is invisible. The spawn of frogs, the larvæ of certain fresh-water insects, many marine animals, are so clear of texture that they are seen with difficulty. In the tropics a particular inhabitant of smooth seas is as invisible as a piece of glass, and can be detected only by the color mingled in its eyes. At first reflection a thousand instances arise of assimilation of animal life to their surroundings, of mimicry of nature with a view to safety. Why, then, by survival of the most transparent, should not some invisible life hold a secure position on the earth?

Pondering thus, I had been startled not a little by coming now and again on facts that seemed to bear this out. Strange tracks through untrodden grass suggested footsteps of the unseen. Flattened spaces of peculiar shape in the standing rye, where human beings could not have intruded, looked marvelously like human visitation. Or I lay concealed and watched the crows in a roadside field. What was it caused them to look up suddenly, and flap away on sooty fringed wings? No bird, beast, or man came. Then the rats scampering about under a dock, like so many gaunt Virginia swine: all at once came a flurry of whisking tails, and they were off! Yet I had not stirred, nor did anything move on the dock above. Nevertheless all seemed to realize a common danger, a noise of some kind, — perhaps a step? Again, you sit like a block while a snake basks unconscious in the sun, and may watch many hours without event; but sometimes it happens that he raises his head, quivers for an instant his double tongue, and slides off

the stump into a bush. At such times put your ear to the earth. Do you not, distinguish—or is it all imagination—a sound, a brushing?

It availed me little, then, that I should have considered the subject, or have even gone the length of debating how a man might attain invisibility. Now that I had a tangible proof of the existence of such beings, I was crushed by misgivings. Like many a man before the supposed impossible, I questioned my own sanity. As to the impression, however, the object I had touched or fancied I had touched was at once hard and soft, smooth and rough; I recalled it as each of these in turn, for it was moving, and at the moment of contact bounded away as if at the shock of a galvanic current. To my excited mind the dusky woods were becoming oppressive, and so, like the hawk, but slowly and pondering, I betook myself home.

Who that has walked or run through autumn woods at night has not sometimes looked curiously over his shoulder at the sound of following steps? It always proves to be dry leaves whirled after you in your rapid course; but this evening my gait was slow, and the leaves of last year were hard to find; nor could I account, except on the ground of nervous illusion, for the pattering that followed in my rear. Yet there it was, albeit so gentle that had I not stretched every sense to the utmost I am confident no sound would have penetrated to my consciousness. And it was evident that I was thoroughly imposed upon by it, for when the small, irregular pond was reached, which, with a cypress-scattered hillock, occupies the highest point of the main hill to the westward, I stopped a moment to consider. How, thought I, will this unseen attendant cross a piece of water? Throwing off my shoes I waded over a shallow arm of the pond, and sat down to watch. Presently in the twilight two wedges of ruffled water were discerned advancing swiftly across the surface,—just such tracks as serpents make in swimming,—a light touch was heard on the bank, and all was still. But then a sudden disgust, unreasoning

and childish, mastered me completely; a wave of doubt greater than before filled me with disdain of my own imbecility, and I hastened through the orchard to my home, and flung myself into an arm-chair near the window.

The place I had selected long ago as a quiet refuge was a low veranda farmhouse, hidden away from north winds under the crest of a hill, and crept over by many rods of honeysuckle. Events had so affected me that I considered nothing left in life but an alternation of hard work and of utter retreat from humanity, and had predisposed me in favor of the ancient apple orchard, and the meagre vegetable and flower garden, which alone remained of a former farm. The barns, the plowed lands, and the fences had disappeared. Only a heavy stone wall with flagged top, which protected the garden from the road, reminded one of a former powerful owner. From the veranda no house was visible; the eye had to travel many miles across the flat lower country to the bay before the distant ships recalled a busy world.

Here, beside myself, lived no one save Rachel, a woman whose Indian origin made it impossible to guess her age. Although she claimed for herself the purest descent from an Indian tribe of a region a hundred miles to the eastward, and although her features were not without strong marks of her claim, yet in strict truth she was so much mixed with African blood that with most persons she would pass for a negress. Rachel had a talent for cooking breakfasts and suppers from little apparent supply; she was taciturn to speechlessness, hence our intercourse was never marred by discord; and while her box was kept supplied with strong tobacco, a slender meal of some kind was never wanting, which was served in silence.

For two years Rachel and I had lived in this silent, limited partnership. My home was cool and soundless as the grave, a place in which the mind could stretch its shriveled wings, where everything could be done mechanically and without fear of a sudden jar into disa-

greeable reality. When of an afternoon I stepped from the hurrying world into the first quiet woods on the way to my home, a great door swung to behind me and another life began, in which not even Rachel's figure and swarthy, heavy-featured face broke my meditation.

This night, however, before the meal was served, the kitchen door opened and my housekeeper's inscrutable dull eyes rolled around the walls of the room; then it closed. What had happened? Why on this night had Rachel noticed my arrival? At supper I broke our unspoken compact and addressed her.

"Rachel, what made you look in just now? Has anything happened?"

The woman made no reply, yet there was evidence in her manner that she was groping for an answer. Presently to a second demand she made a reply that startled me:—

"Heard two of you."

So another ear had detected the steps as well as my own! Then the being, whatever it was, must be in the room, possibly at my elbow; or, seated perchance on that chair before me, was regarding me steadfastly! Except for the excitement bred of a new sensation, it was not a pleasant thought; nevertheless, I pulled a second chair to the table and filled a second plate with food; then, with my eyes fixed on the plate, continued the meal. It was all in vain. Nothing further was seen or heard.

This was my first definite encounter with that unseen which I would have called a spirit had I been a spiritualist. But I could not force myself to the gross materialism of calling this invisible existence a spirit, for tangibility was a quality I could not associate with pure spirit, and I had touched it.

Having once followed me, it seemed thenceforth to take up quarters in my house, at least for the evening and morning hours of the day, and strange as it was I soon learned to regard the presence of a third person as an established fact; indeed, I came to believe that in some instances a faint breathing might be detected. Nevertheless I would

not leave anything to the possibilities of imagination, but was always experimenting, with a view to prove still more clearly that there was no illusion possible. To this end a brass and steel rod, fitted between the floor and a projection from the wall, was connected with an indicator which moved in a large arc when the slightest touch shook the floor. By this means my ears were reinforced by sight.

I also began systematically to conceal from the unknown guest the fact that I suspected its presence; but at last the point was reached where, to protect my own reason, it must be settled whether it was all a series of illusions or a sober truth.

For by dint of thought a scheme had been perfected, and on a Sunday morning, when as usual Rachel had disappeared, no man has ever known whither, when, according to its custom, the strange visitant had also, to all appearance, withdrawn,—on a Sunday morning I hastened to put my plan in action. On the main floor in the rear of the house was a chamber, into which the sounds had sometimes intruded, which was small, bare, and lighted by one deep window looking directly out on the orchard. This window I had grated strongly with heavy wire on the outside, where the orchard hill rose steeply from the house; and over against the window, in the wall between chamber and dining-room, was a high closet, in which I had stored a strong net, such as fishermen use for their seines. Fastening stout wires to the ceiling from one end of the room to the other, to be used for slides, and rigging several small blocks above the window and near the floor, I stretched the necessary ropes from closet to blocks and back again, laid everything ready for instant use, cleared the room of furniture, and awaited events.

There was no fear of interruption from Rachel, for during the years we had lived together I had never seen her on a Sabbath. Every Monday she was at her post, although laboring under some excitement, which showed itself in mutterings and a certain wild gesture that I

had learned to attach no importance to. There was no fear that I should not have the invisible to myself.

Evening came to close a sultry day with growls of distant thunder and sudden flares of light behind Navesink Hills; the bushes drooped languidly; only the tree-toads were clamorous, and their jubilee was a mournful one on every side. I was sitting by the west window with my head on my breast, and, now that the crisis had come, almost apathetic to the presence itself, when its approach took place. It seemed to stop near my chair, as if it regarded me closely. I had been before in singular predicaments, but it seemed to me this was the most trying. I felt that I must look very pale, but with an affectation of indifference I arose, walked across the room, and entered the bed-chamber. In a moment I understood that the unseen had likewise passed the sill and had entered the room; then I slammed the door, locked it, and put the key in my pocket.

Everything had been made ready to cope with a material and not a supernatural being; still it was purely a venture, and at no previous time had there seemed so little hope of success. Nevertheless not a moment was lost in hauling out the net and placing it in position across the room so that it hung straight, filling the space between wall and wall, and ceiling and floor. Then I began to draw it down the room by means of the ropes, and on the axis of the chamber, so that its edges passed smoothly along ceiling, walls, and floor. The anxious moment was at hand.

All the running gear had to be worked evenly; at the same time every nerve was strained in order to detect the slightest bulge in the upright net, should it come in contact with a tangible body.

Until three quarters of the room had been sifted nothing occurred. Then I saw the edge against the left-hand wall carefully drawn aside; to spring forward and close the opening was the instinctive work of a second. Terror combining with a fierce delight lent me an extraordinary force; I drew with convulsive power on the ropes. Every moment an

invisible hand seemed to lift the net at some point, but each attempt was luckily frustrated. At last the movements ceased, and I drew the net flat against the farther wall. With feverish haste my hand traveled over its entire surface; the net was scanned in profile for the impression of a body, but there was none. The game had escaped or lay withdrawn in the deep window-seat.

Now came a moment for breath, and for reflection. Again the cynical cloud of doubt folded me in. Dupe of my own morbid imagination, I should stand convicted of monomania in the eyes of any reasonable being who should see my actions. Then it was best, was it not, to tear the net away; or should I deliberately pursue to the utmost a plan begun? Never before had I so clearly felt a dual existence urging to opposite courses of action, as if the body's instinct commanded an advance, while the mind assailed the whole proceeding with ridicule. But for all that it was a good sign that I began to feel a slight awe at the near possibility of a discovery. For I retreated to the door, unlocked it, and stood irresolute; then returned again to the window, without strength to come to a decision.

But while I pondered, a low, chuckling noise startled me, and Rachel stood by my side, erect and with features full of energy, her dull eyes blazing, and her short, straight hair tossed about; in her hand she brandished with exultation a carved rod hung with bright claws, and shells, with lappets of fur and hair; and at her and it I gazed with speechless amazement. Had she too gone mad? She took a few steps, as if in a rude dance, and shook the stick, and while her eyes glared into mine she nodded her head to the time.

"Bad spirit!" she muttered. "I have known, I have heard. But this is strong Wabuno."

As she shook the talisman, which clinked and rattled like the toy of a devil, I snatched the medicine stick from her hand and motioned her to the door. Thither she retreated, muttering words of an unknown tongue, and when it

closed upon her I flung the stick angrily on the floor. But hope had come, and decision as well, although from a despised quarter; I was resolved to finish the undertaking at all hazards.

The wild flames of the distant storm still lighted everything at intervals with now greater and now less intensity. When the sheet lightning flashed strong, the square cage formed by the wire outside the window-seat and the fish-net within stood out clear against the northern sky. With dilated pupils I began to examine the inclosed cube of air. During one particularly long and vivid flash, — there, in that corner, was there not a heap, a translucent shape indistinguishable in quality or form? It was enough. Swiftly as wild beasts when they spring, I raised the net, leaped into the window, and grasped toward the corner where I thought I saw the mass.

A thrill runs through the nerves of an entomologist when he puts his hand on a specimen unknown, undescribed. The hunter trembles when he espies in the thicket the royal hart whose existence has been called a fable. My emotion was all of this, intensified; nearer, perhaps, to the feeling of the elected mortal who has discovered a new continent. For I had discovered a new world.

Had I not cause for exultation? I sat on the window-seat in the alternate light and darkness, with one hand clenched, the other arm curved in the air; my left held fast a slender wrist, while my right was cast about a pair of delicate shoulders; the invisible but tangible figure was crouched away in the smallest corner of the window.

With awe I now realized that my capture was a woman. The delicate molding of the shoulders and hand was proof enough, but I also felt on my arm a light flood of the silkiest hair. This was a shock to one who had lived apart from women for several years, who had good cause to expect nothing but disaster from their influence. For a moment the impulse was strong to release the captive; luckily reason prevailed, and I tightened my grip on the frail prize, whose frame was shaken with sobs and

whose bearing denoted the most abject despair. I gave many timid reassurances by word and hand before the sobs came slower and fear began to loose its hold. As she raised her head I took occasion to pass my right hand lightly over her face. Rendered sensitive by strong excitement, my palm read her features as the blind read the raised print of their books, and of this at least I was sure: the features were human, straight, the eyes large; a full chin and a mouth of unspeakable fineness were divined rather than felt by my flying touch, but I found no trace of tears.

After this I do not know how long we sat. It seemed peaceful and homelike, so that I wondered how it was possible to forget wonder so quickly. A protective warmth toward the creature whose soft breathing came and went slower and slower near my face took a quiet hold on all my senses. At last the gentle head drooped like a tired child's, the delicate shoulders heaved in a long, peaceful sigh, and to my amazement the strange captive fell asleep in my arms.

So while she slept I sat motionless and thinking, thinking. Who was she? whence and of what order of beings? What was her language; how and how long did she live? Was she really alive in our sense of the word, that is, human with the exception of her transparency? and was her shape like that of ordinary mortals, or did she end in some monstrosity like a mermaid? Such were the questions agitating me when interruption came with a knock at the door. My captive awoke and instinctively started away, at the same time giving a low, articulate cry; but I held her firmly, and called to Rachel to bring me a certain relic of slavery which had been brought from the South. I had profited by the discovery my prisoner's awakening had furnished: the invisible, I argued, could articulate, then why should she not understand and speak the language of the people among whom she was found? Accordingly a few rapid questions were put to her, which were unanswered. Then I bethought me of a

proof that at any rate she understood my words.

"My dear child, it is mere perverseness in you to refuse an answer. I am sure you understand. You are in my power for good or evil, and if you refuse to speak I must consider you worthy of the following treatment: you shall be made an example to the crowd of the reality of invisible life."

Under cruel treatment of this kind, conjecture became certainty; I felt her shudder at the idea, and she laid her hand appealingly on mine. This was all I wanted; speech was now a mere affair of time.

Rachel entered with the rusty handcuffs and handed them to me as if she were conscious and acquiescent in what I did. Not a feature moved, only her eyes shone with inner excitement, in a way I had seen before, while I clasped one link about the unseen wrist.

"Pardon," I whispered, "I do not know you yet. I cannot trust you."

My daily work ceased. To the few inquiries from the great city Rachel had evasive answers ready; they were soon over, and I was left to experience the fascination of a beautiful woman whom I had never seen nor could hope ever to see. To be sure, in certain lights and under certain angles of reflection an indistinct outline of a medium-sized girl, which told of pure contours, could be made out, but this was like following the glassy bells that pulsate far down in the waves of northern seas, or the endeavor to catch the real surface of a mirror. Moreover, the slim captive herself resented any attempt to gain acquaintance with her through the eyes. But by degrees the reserve which had taken the place of her terror melted away before gentle and respectful management, and from her own lips I learned much concerning her marvelous race, before the love which presently overwhelmed us put an end to the cooler interests of reason. Thus she astonished me by speaking of her race as widely spread through almost every inhabited land. They never work or educate their children; their food, which is chiefly in liquid form, is taken

from the stores laid up by human beings, and their education is gained by continual contact with mortals. While their passions would seem to be calm, their only laws relate to the observance of secrecy as to their presence on the earth. To secure this end they meet at stated periods and renew their solemn vows, keep a watch upon each other, and disperse again to a settled or wandering life, but one always dependent on the labors of other beings. This alone would explain the paramount importance attaching to secrecy. And as it is impossible always to keep all hint of their existence from human beings, the penalties for disclosure in the latest days have increased to far greater severity than were used in simpler ages; Manmat'ha could not be brought to tell me the fate which awaited her should it be discovered that she had revealed the great secret of her nation, and the very quiet with which she gave me to understand how vast the danger was impressed me more than the most violent words.

It must have been the pain that the thought of any harm befalling her produced in me, which opened my eyes to the strength of my passion. The time for questions had passed, and the days were long only that we might love. One day glided after another unheeded, while we strolled about the neighboring woody hills to catch a broad glimpse of the sea from this point, or to examine in that swampy valley the minute wonders of life in plants and insects. At an early stage of our intimacy I had begged to free her wrist from the hand-cuffs, but she had implored me to continue at least the appearance of slavery, to serve, in case of need, as a partial excuse for violation of her vows. This did not prevent her daily disappearance during the middle hours when the sun was strongest; but these absences only served to give a time for reflection on her beauties and to involve me deeper in the love which now mastered all my thoughts. There was one subject which was long in broaching, but when the necessary courage was summoned, found in Manmat'ha neither objection nor response.

She did not comprehend its force. The subject was our marriage.

I had resolved on legal marriage, even if it were necessary to be content with only one witness to the ceremony; that witness could be no one except Rachel. My housekeeper had regarded my preparations and subsequent conduct with a consistent interest and without the least shadow of surprise, and once I remarked that she had caught sight in the twilight of a cup raised without hands; yet no hint fell from her lips to make me feel she was intruding in my affairs. The old blur was in her eyes; the only change in manner was her treatment of me: she regarded me with a kind of awe. And after it had proved abortive to tell her something and not all, because the pleasure of unbosoming myself of so much love was too great to restrain, I found Rachel not only full of faith, but even surpassing me. She looked upon Manmat'ha as a supernatural being, and plainly invested me with reflected holiness. Some sort of worship she thought due to Manmat'ha, while I, as high priest and mortal consort, was entitled to a share; and indeed it was with some difficulty that I persuaded her not to show her faith by uncouth rites. It was as if her life had been a preparation for some such affair as this, and found her enthusiastic, but not astonished.

Our favorite resort was the couch of pine needles looking south from the hillside where we first met. The same hawk, to me the most blessed of birds, would often sail as before in the middle distance, or night-hawks would cut their strange curves in the evening sky. Far out beyond, sea-gulls, mere specks of white, would wheel and plunge into the bay, and at our backs the woodcock, shy enough in any other presence, would whirl fantastically through the woods. All nature was the same, but I was no longer its solitary admirer, for I held in my arms a gentle framework of delight such as no other man before or since has known. She was finer than the finest silk, smoother than the smoothest glass, as if the rays of light, falling on

the amazing texture of her skin, found no inequalities from which to reflect.

One evening we had been drawing in long breaths of that delight of which the woods and the great bowl of landscape before us were so full, and I had been trying to convince Manmat'ha of the importance of the marriage ceremony. "What," I asked with some trouble in my heart, "what will they do to you in case members of your nation discover your position? I do not mean to ask you what you would not tell me before, but what would be their first step?"

"They would imprison me somewhere under a guard," said Manmat'ha. "It would be many months before a tribunal could be collected together, and still longer before I should be judged. What my fate would be then, it is not well to say."

Had I desired, there is little doubt that I could have compelled Manmat'ha to tell me all she knew, for I had found that my will was much the stronger. But what was curiosity to the delight of warming her into responsive love? When I now covered her delicious lips with kisses, she returned the pressure instead of merely suffering me, as at first, with a mild surprise.

"My first love and my last!" I whispered. "They shall not get you from me while I am alive, if they will only give us warning; but if they rob me of you, I shall follow your trace and rescue you, if it be to the bottom of the sea!"

Manmat'ha laughed a pleased laugh. We both started at an echo, a moment after, which seemed to come from the lower hill, below where we sat. There was no echo possible in that direction.

"Manmat'ha!" I whispered, "tell me quickly! Is some one coming?"

She sat apparently unable to speak, but trembling and cold to the touch. I had enough presence of mind to take her up and place her on the other side of the pine, on the ground, and throw my coat carelessly over her. As once before I heard passing steps, but now my more practiced ear caught them distinctly. They came lightly up the steep

hill and stopped a moment at a little distance from the tree. With eyes fixed on the ocean I waited in an agony of suspense, assuming the most unconscious air of which I was capable. The steps hesitated only a moment; then they passed lower and lower into the upper wood. For half an hour neither of us moved; at last, taking heart, we stole home.

The event set me thinking. If at any moment we were liable to be discovered and separated, the marriage must take place at once. A consumptive hastens his wedding, a wounded tree is quick to bear, and the fright we had experienced taught me how slight was the thread on which my happiness hung; but *Manmat'ha* was calm with a maidenly content with little, which I was ready to call indifference in my hasty resentment at even a suspicion of opposition to my plan.

When we entered I could tell by the unfailing sign of Rachel's eye that she was agitated. Later in the evening I heard her chanting in a discordant undertone an ancient formula of her savage ancestors, and therefore it was with some misgivings that I called and informed her that to-night she was to be the sole witness, by touch, if not by sight, of the lawful ceremony of wedding between *Manmat'ha* and me. She listened in an awestruck silence, and left the room abruptly. As no calling was of any avail, we were compelled to wait her pleasure, which I did with great impatience; and when at last she did return, it was in a shape grotesque almost beyond recognition. Her face and arms were painted white and red in broad bands of coarse pigments; an old embroidered robe fastened over one shoulder, with a close-fitting skirt of buckskin, formed her whole attire. She had put feathers in her hair, and with flaming eyes shook her favorite talisman, the medicine-stick. At one bound she had returned to her ancient state of savagery.

Finding *Manmat'ha* regarding her with interest, I did not oppose the fur-

ther proceedings. It struck me that it was not displeasing to my invisible love to receive divine honors even in this wild rite, so I held my peace.

The moon had risen, and gave light to the room through window and open door; flooded by its rays, Rachel moved slowly across the room, uttering in guttural tones a broken chant whose meaning I might have once interpreted, but could not now. On a different occasion I might not have been an entirely unsympathetic observer of the singular sight, but here passion had overcome curiosity. I was an impatient lover. With my arm about *Manmat'ha*, and filled with earnest emotions, I could not help a feeling of disgust at the monotonous discord and frantic gestures of the last of a superstitious race.

"This must end, *Manmat'ha*," I groaned. "I can wait no longer."

As I spoke, the Indian woman grew ungovernable in wild excitement.

"They are on you! They are here!" she screamed.

I felt *Manmat'ha* stiffen in my arms with deadly terror. Resistless hands dragged us apart and held me absolutely motionless in spite of the deadly agony which filled me, while *Manmat'ha*'s stifled shriek arose from midway across the room.

"Rachel!" I cried. "For God's sake, Rachel, bar the door!"

My cry roused the woman from a stupor; she sprang to the door. I heard the noise of many light feet, the sound of a blow, a heavy fall; then a deep silence came.

Bounding from the spot to which unseen hands up to that moment had pressed me, I sprang from the room and followed into the night. The earth reeled past me in my swift flight, until I suddenly stopped myself to ask where I was going. Where, indeed? As well follow the wind. Wild as was the hope that moved me to return, I hurried back again to the house: Rachel, alone, clad in her poor Indian finery, the medicine-stick broken by her side, lay stretched out dead in the moonlight!

Charles A. De Kay.

PHIDIAS TO PERICLES.

So the old crew are at their work again,
Spitting their venom-froth of calumny,
And Menon's is the voice that now gives cry, —
A poor weak tool for those who lurk behind,
Hid in the dark to prick him to their work;
For who so blind as not to recognize
The hand of Cleon, the coarse demagogue,
Who rails at all to gain a place himself;
And scurrilous Hermippus, and the rest
Of that mean pack we know so well of old?

'Tis sorry work, for which high-minded men
Must feel contempt, or pity at the least.
Menon I hoped at first would merely prove
An honest tool, bewrayed to a false charge
But honest in his purpose, though too free
In quick aspersion, taking little heed
To seek for truth, and careless where he struck
And whom he wounded; but since still he clings
To his foul calumny, and stoops to pick
Even from the gutter aught that serves his turn,
I give him up. Let him go with the rest.

Yet those who urge him on I rather scorn;
And for this charge now boldly cried at last
Into the public ear, I give him thanks.
So long as scandal, like a slimy snake,
Crawled on the grass, and hissed, and darted out
Its poisonous fangs in ambush, none could tell
Where it was creeping; now it shows its head,
And we may crush it like a noisome thing.

High as man stands when at his godlike heights
Of valor, honor, justice, and large thought,
The noblest shape the gods have ever made,
He in his lowest vices is more low
Than any wretched reptile on the earth.
We do dumb creatures wrong to liken them
To some mean talking creatures, who spit forth
Their envious venom, and with poisonous tongue
Of foul detraction sting their fellow-man.
Beasts have not these mean vices — only men.

You, Pericles, and I, do what we will,
Are guilty, both of us, of one offense
That envious natures never can forgive —
The great crime of success. If we were low
They would not heed us; but the praise of men

Lavished on us in Athens, right or wrong,
 Rouses their anger. They must pull us down.
 What can we hope for better than the fate
 Of Anaxagoras, Miltiades,
 Themistocles, or any, in a word,
 Of those who in our Athens here have stood
 In lofty places? It was crime enough
 For Aristides to be called "The Just."

And yet some consolation lies in this:
 'Tis the tall poppies that men's sticks strike down;
 'Tis at fruit-bearing trees that all throw stones.

There are some natures so perverse, they feed
 And batten upon offal; unto them
 Nothing is pure or noble, nothing clean,
 On which they do not seek to cast a stain.
 They, like the beetle, burrowing in the dark,
 Gather 'mid mold and rot their noisome food,
 And issuing into sunlight roll their ball
 Of filth before them, deeming it the world;
 Honor and truth, fair dealing, upright aims,
 Bare honesty, to them are only shams,
 Professions, catch-words, that a man may use
 To gull the world with, not realities.
 Is there a tree that lifts into the air
 Its glad green foliage: there like cankered pests
 These vermin crawl and bite. Is there a fruit
 That glows and ripens in the summer sun:
 There speed these wasps to buzz and sting and stain.
 Whence come into their minds these hints and taunts
 Of fraudulent and evil practices
 They cast at other men with such free hands?
 Are they not germs spontaneously bred
 Of their own natures—germs of evil thoughts,
 Of possibilities, if not of facts,
 That in themselves might ripen into deeds?
 In the clean nature no such growth is bred;
 What is repulsive to our inner sense
 We deem impossibilities to all.

Let me not be unjust: this paltry few
 Who in our Athens do their dirty work
 Are bad exceptions to the better rule
 Of honest and high-minded men, who scorn
 Such arts to rise, ungoaded by the spur
 Of envy, deeming the world wide enough
 For all like brothers heartily to work.
 And I would fain believe that even they
 Who use these arts and spread these calumnies
 Are troubled by remorse in better hours,
 And feel the sting of conscience, and abjure
 These lies that come like curses home to roost.

Because we will not strike our hands in theirs,
Drink with them, haunt with them the market-place,
Use their low practices to court the rich,
Hint falsehoods, that we dare not frankly say,
Flatter and fawn for favors, sneer at all —
Even those we publicly profess our friends —
We are aristocrats forsooth; we lift
Our heads too high, we are too proud; a thing
Which is a shame for one in Athens born.
We should be hand and glove with every one.
Well! let us own we are too proud, at least,
To court low company; too proud to rise
By any step that treads a brother down;
Too proud to stoop to defamating arts;
Too proud to sneer, to crawl, to cringe, to lie!
And if in Athens we select our friends,
Is this forbidden to a freeman here?

So, not content with throwing stones at you,
My noble Pericles, they cast at me
Their evil scandals. 'T was impiety
Because I wrought your figure and mine own
Upon Athena's shield; then, worse than this,
Our fair Aspasia they aspersed, and slurred
My honor and your own, as well as hers.
Now, since these shafts have struck not to the white,
A grosser scandal, hoping that at last
Some mud will stick if but enough be thrown;
So Menon cries, "This sculptor whom you praise
Has stolen for his private use the gold
The state confided to him, to encrust
This statue of Athena." 'T is a lie!
An evil, wicked lie; as well you know,
My Pericles. I see it in your smile.
Yet, were it not that, with small faith in men
Like those that watch us with an evil eye,
I feared some accusation like to this
(And you yourself forewarned me of the same),
I had perchance been reft of all clear proof
Against this libel. As it is, I smile.
Each dram and scruple of the gold was weighed.
'T is movable; and in response I say,
Let it be taken off and weighed again.
If in the balance it be changed a hair,
The fault be on my head. It will not change!

Thus far, O Pericles, well though I knew
Such calumnies were whispered secretly,
I would not stoop to answer them, secure
In my own honor, scornful of the crew
That uttered them, and holding it a loss
Of simple dignity to make response.
One does not stride forth in the market-place

To vaunt one's honesty, or cry aloud
"I do not lie and steal, though curs do bark."

But here's a public charge of theft urged home,
With show of false facts and pretended proof,
And so I speak; I ask for trial now,
Lest to the ignorant, who know me not,
Mere silence wear the false mask of consent.

But what avails it? Baffled in their aim,
They will retire a moment, to return
With some new scandal, which will creep and crawl
At first in whispers, dark and vague, and then
Take shape, grow stronger, and at last lift up
Its public hissing head. These cunning lies
Will serve their purpose, save to honest men;
The noble and the just will stand by me;
The envious rabble cherish still the lie.
Yes; for a lie will hurry to the bound
Of twilight, scattering its noisome seed,
Ere tardy Truth can lace its sandals on
To start in chase. Besides, great Truth is proud
And confident, disdaining to pursue
Through its vile drains and slums the eager lie
That loves a whispered word, a foul surmise,
And in reply to Truth's calm honest voice
Winks, hints, and shrugs its shoulders with a laugh.
Ten thousand ears will hear the audacious lie,
One thousand to the refutation list,
Ten of ten thousand will believe stern Truth.

True, the last ten outweigh, as gold does dross,
The other thousands; but one does not like
One's clean robes to be smirched by dirt and mud,
Even though the mud brush off. Posterity
Will do us justice? Yes, perhaps, or no.
So long as men are men 't will be the same,
Or now, or thousands of long years from now.
And it is *now* we live. Our honest fame,
To be enjoyed, must compass us about
Like ambient air we breathe—pure, without taint.

What matters it, when I am turned to dust,
When all emotions, joys, loves, passions, hopes,
Are vanished like a breeze that dies away,
And all that I am now,—these hands, this heart,
This spirit,—nay, the very friends I own,
And all that lent this life its perfect charm,
Are past and over; ah! what matters it
What in the future men may say or do?
Whether, disputing o'er my grave, at last
They call me good or bad, honest or vile?

What joy can any verdict give me then,
 When I myself, and all who love me now,
 And all who hate or envy me as well,
 Will be but mute insensate dust, whose ear
 No word of blame can reach, no word of praise?
 And yet, even then, although it matters not,
 Truth, standing by my grave, I trust, will say,
 Honest he was, and faithful to the last,
 Above low frauds, striving for lofty ends,
 Friend of the gods, and also friend of man,
 Doing his work with earnest faith and will;
 Not vaunting what he did, but knowing well
 Perfection is impossible in Art;
 Receiving with humility the praise
 The world accorded, wishing well to all,
 And never envious of his brother's fame.

There stands Athena, she whom Menon says
 I did not make, being helped by better men,
 Whose fame I thus defraud of their just rights
 By claiming it as mine. What can one say
 To such a paltry charge of petty fraud?
 I scorn to answer it; nay, even they
 Who make it know 'tis false as 'tis absurd.

Speak! my Athena; answer thou for me!
 She will not answer, yet her silence speaks
 More eloquent than any words of mine.
 Look, Pericles! how calm and all unmoved
 She stands and gazes at us; a half-scorn
 On those still lips at these poor jealousies,
 These foolish bickerings and strifes of men.
 What mean you, that you make this wicked noise?"
 (She seems to say), "you creatures of an hour?
 Why do you wrangle thus your life away
 With your sharp lies and envious vanities,
 Buzzing and stinging a brief moment's space
 In Time's thin stretch across the Infinite,
 Whose awful silences shall gulf you all? —
 Faint fire-balls shooting forth an instant's flash
 Across the untroubled patience of the night,
 And the still, far, unalterable stars.
 Ye boasters! what is all your vaunted work
 That with such pride ye build, save that the gods
 Smile on you and assist you? 'T is not yours,
 If any good be in it. Bend your hearts
 Before the Powers august. Strive not to rob
 Your fellow-mortal of the gift the gods
 Bestow upon him. Humbly do the work
 That is appointed, and in confidence
 Await the end, secure of Nemesis."

W. W. Story.

JACQUES JASMIN'S FRANCONETTE.

I MUST beg leave to remark in passing that I have constantly recurring doubts about the fitness for English verse, especially in earnest and impassioned narrative, of the Alexandrine or iambic hexameter, which forms the basis of all Jasmin's longer poems. It is, however, difficult to find a substitute for it. The iambic pentameter, our natural narrative metre, is one foot shorter, and the Gascon of Jasmin is not easily condensed. Moreover, the pentameter does not lend itself readily to rhythmic variations and caprices, and so I am fain, though diffidently, still to follow the movement of the original.

In a preface dated July 4, 1840, Jasmin dedicated the poem of *Françonette* to the city of Toulouse, thereby expressing his gratitude for a banquet given him in 1836 by the leading citizens of that place, at which the president of the day had given the toast, "Jasmin, the adopted son of Toulouse." The action of the poem begins during the persecutions of the French Protestants in the sixteenth century. Blaise de Montluc, Marshal of France, after putting men, women, and children of the Huguenots indiscriminately to the sword, had shut himself up in the Château d'Estillac, and was understood to be devoting himself to religious exercises; "taking the sacrament while dripping with fraternal blood," says the poet.

Now the shepherds in those days, and every shepherd
lass,
At the bare name of Huguenot would shiver with
affright
Amid their loves and laughter. So then it came to
pass
In a hamlet nestling underneath a castled height,
On the day of Roquefort fête, while Sunday bells
outrang,
The jocund youth danced all together,
And, to a fife, the praises sang
Of Saint James and the August weather, —
That bounteous month which year by year,
Through dew-fall of the even clear
And fire of tropic noons, doth bring
Both grapes and figs to ripening.

'T was the very finest fête that eyes had ever seen
In the shadow of the vast and leafy parasol

Where aye the country-folk convene.
O'erflowing were the spaces all;
Down cliff, up dale, from every home
In Montagnac or Saint Colombe,
Still they come,
Too many far to number;
More and more, more and more, while flames the
sunshine o'er.
But there's room for all, their coming will not
cumber;
For the fields will be their inn, and the little hil-
locks green
The couches of their slumber.

Among them came *Françonette*, the
belle of the country-side, concerning
whom we are besought to allow the poet
just two words.

Never you fancy, gentles, howe'er it seem to you,
This was a soft and pensive creature,
Lily-fair in every feature,
With tender eyes and languishing, half-shut and
heaven blue;
With light and slender shape in languor ever sway-
ing,
Like a weeping willow with a limpid fountain play-
ing;
Not so, my masters; *Françonette*
Had vivid, flashing orbs, like the stars in heaven
set;
And the laughing cheeks were round, whereon a
lover might
Gather in handfuls roses bright.
Brown locks and curly decked her head,
Her lips were as the cherry red,
Whiter than snow her teeth, her feet
How softly molded, small and fleet!
How light her limbs! Ah, welladay!
What if the whole at once I say?
Hers was the very head ideal
Grafted on woman of this earth, most fair and real!

Such a miracle the poet says may be
wrought in any rank or race, to the
envy of maidens and the despair of men.
All the swains in a wide region about
Roquefort admired *Françonette*, and the
girl knew it, and it made her beauty
shine the brighter. Yet she felt her
triumph to be incomplete, until Pascal,
the handsomest of them all, and incom-
parably the best singer, who hitherto
had held somewhat aloof, should fairly
acknowledge her sway. Her good old
grandmother, with whom she lived (for
her mother was dead, and her father
had disappeared in her own infancy and
his fate was unknown), detected her co-
quettish manœuvres and reproved them:

"Child, child," she used to frown,
 "A meadow's not a parlor, and the country's not
 the town!
 And thou knowest that we promised thee lang-syne
 To the soldier-lad, Marcel, who is lover true of
 thine.
 So curb thy flights, thou giddy one,
 For the maid who covets all, in the end, mayhap,
 hath none."
 "Nay, nay," replied the tricky fay,
 With swift caress and laughter gay
 Darting upon the dame, "there's another saw well
 known,
 Time enough, granny dear, to love some later day!
 Meanwhile, *she who hath only one hath none.*"

Now such a course, you may divine,
 Made hosts of melancholy swains,
 Who sighed and suffered jealous pains,
 Yet never sang reproachful strains
 Like learned lovers when they pine;
 Who, ere they go away to die, their woes write care-
 fully
 On willow or on poplar tree.
 Good lack! these could not shape a letter,
 And the silly souls, though lovesick, to death did
 not incline,
 Deeming to live and suffer on were better!
 But tools were handled clumsily,
 And vine-sprays blew abroad at will,
 And trees were pruned exceeding ill,
 And many a furrow drawn awry.

Methinks you know her now, this fair and foolish
 girl;
 Watch while *she treads one measure*, then! See,
 see her dip and twirl!
 Young Étienne holds her hand by chance,
 'Tis the first rigadon they dance;
 With parted lips, right thirstily
 Each rustic tracks them where they fly,
 And the damsel sly
 Feels every eye,
 And lighter moves for each adoring glance.
 Holy cross, what a sight! when the madcap rears
 aright
 Her shining lizard's head, and her Spanish foot falls
 light,
 And when the wasp-like figure sways
 And swims and whirls and springs again,
 And the wind with a corner of the blue kerchief
 plays,
 One and all smack their lips, and the cheeks where-
 on they gaze
 Would fain salute with kisses twain.
 And some one shall; for here the ancient custom is
 Who tires his partner out may leave her with a
 kiss;
 Now girls turn weary when they will, always and
 everywhere.
 Wherefore already Jean and Paul,
 Louis, Guillaume, Pierre,
 Have breathless yielded up their place
 Without the coveted embrace.

It is now the turn of Marcel, the big,
 blustering soldier, comely enough in
 feature, "straight as an I," boastful and
 vain, who makes a claim to the hand of
 Françonette, which the village belle has
 never allowed. He has tried all man-

ner of clumsy stratagems to entrap her
 into a formal acceptance. He has os-
 tentatiously paraded every smile which
 he has won from any other damsel in the
 vain hope of exciting her jealousy, and
 now, having witnessed the discomfiture
 of so many of his rivals, strides forward
 and takes her hand with an air of in-
 tense confidence and satisfaction. The
 dance begins anew, and is watched with
 breathless interest. On they go for an
 incredible while, and Françonette ap-
 parently grows fresher with every fig-
 ure, but the herculean soldier is tired
 out at last, turns giddy, and reels:—

Then darted forth Pascal into the soldier's place.
 Two steps they take, one change they make, and
 Françonette,
 Weary at last, with laughing grace
 Her foot stayed and upraised her face;
 Tarried Pascal that kiss to set?
 Not he, be sure! and all the crowd
 His victory hailed with plaudits loud.
 The clapping of their palms like battledores re-
 sounded,
 While Pascal stood among them as confounded.
 How then Marcel, who truly loved the wayward
 fair?
 Him the kiss maddened. Springing, measuring
 with his eye,
 "Pascal," he thundered forth, "beware!
 Not so fast, churl!" and therewith brutally let fly
 With aim unerring one fierce blow
 Straight in the other's eyes, doubling the insult so.

A shadow as of a thunder-cloud fell
 on the merry fête. "A man need not
 be a *monsieur*," says Jasmin, to resent
 an insult, and the fiery Pascal returned
 the blow with interest. Directly, with
 a zest which would appear to be pec-
 uliarly Gascon, the two engaged on
 the spot in a terrific duel. They fought
 for a long time without decided advan-
 tage on either side, the sympathies of
 the on-lookers being mostly with Pascal,
 until suddenly there appeared among
 them a "gentleman all gleaming with
 gold," no other than the lord of the
 manor, the Baron of Roquefort himself,
 who sternly separated the combatants.
 The young shepherds cheered the wound-
 ed Pascal to his dwelling, while Marcel
 turned silently away vowing vengeance
 on them all, and swearing that Fran-
 çonette should marry no man but him.

The next canto opens in mid-winter,
 when notice is carried round by Jean
 the tambourinist, among the country-

folk, now secluded upon their comparatively silent farms, of a grand *busking*,¹ followed by a dance, to take place on Friday, the last night of the year :—

But when the Friday came, a frozen dew was raining,
And by a fireless forge a mother sat complaining ;
And to her son, who stood thereby,
Spoke out at last entreatingly :
“Hast forgot the summer day, my boy, when thou
didst come
All bleeding from the fray to the sound of music
home ?

Ah, go not forth, Pascal ! I have dreamed of flowers
again,
And what means that but tears and pain ? ”
“Now art thou craven, mother ! and seest life all
black.

But wherefore tremble, since Marcel is gone and
comes not back ? ”

“Oh yet, my son, take heed, I pray,
For the Wizard of the Black Wood is roaming
round this way,—

The same who wrought such harm a year ago.
And they tell me there was seen coming from his
cave at dawn,

But two days past, a soldier. Now
What if that were Marcel ? Oh, child, take care, take
care !

The mothers all give charms unto their sons : do
thou

Take mine, but, I beseech, go not forth anywhere ! ”

“Just for one hour mine eyes to set
On friend Thomas ! No more, my mother.”

“Thy friend, indeed ! Nay, nay ! Thou meanest on
Françonnette.

Dreamest I cannot see thou lovest no other ?
Go to ! I read it in thine eyes.

Though thou singest and art gay, thy secret brave-
ly keeping,

That I may not be sad, yet all alone thou ’rt weep-
ing.

My heart aches for thy miseries ;
Yet leave her, for thy good, Pascal !
She would so scorn a smith like thee,
With sire grown old in penury :
For poor we are ; thou knowest all —
How we have sold and sold till barely a scythe re-
mains.

Oh, dark the days this house hath seen,
Pascal, since thou hast ailing been !

Now thou art well, arouse thee ! do something for
our gains !

Or rest thee if thou wilt ; we can suffer, we can
fight.

But for God’s love go thou not forth to-night ! ”

After a short struggle with himself
Pascal yielded, and turned away to his
forge in silent dejection, and soon the
anvil was ringing and the sparks were
flying, while away down in the village
the busking went merrily on. “If the
prettiest were always the most capable,”

¹ The *buscon* or busking was a kind of *bee*, at
which the young people assembled, bringing the
thread of their late spinning, which was divided
into skeins of the proper size by a broad, thin plate

says the sensible poet, “how much my
Françonnette would have accomplished ;”
but instead she fitted from place to
place, idle and gay, jesting, singing, and,
as usual, bewitching all. At last Thomas,
the friend of whom Pascal had spoken
to his mother, asked leave to sing a song,
and fixing his keen eyes upon the co-
quette, he began in tones of lute-like
sweetness,—

THE SIREN WITH THE HEART OF ICE.

Thou whom the swains environ,
O maid of wayward will,
O icy-hearted siren,
The hour we all desire when
Thou too, thou too shalt feel !
Thy gay wings thou dost flutter,
Thy airy nothings utter,
While the crowd can only mutter
In ecstasy complete
At thy feet.

Yet hark to one who proves thee
Thy victories are vain,
Until a heart that loves thee
Thou hast learned to love again !

Sunshine the heavens adorning
We welcome with delight ;
But thy sweet face returning,
With every Sunday morning,
Is yet a rarer sight.
We love thy haughty graces,
Thy swallow-like, swift paces
Thy song the soul upraises,
Thy lips, thine eyes, thy hair,
All are fair,
Yet hark to one who proves thee, etc.

Thy going from them widows
All places utterly ;
The hedgerows and the meadows
Turn scentless ; gloomy shadows
Discolor the blue sky.
Then, when thou comest again,
Farewell fatigue and pain !
Life glows in every vein ;
O’er every slender finger
We would linger,
Yet hark to one who proves thee, etc.

Thy pet dove in his fitting
Doth warn thee, lady fair !
Thee, in the wood forgetting,
Brighter for his dim setting
He shines, for love is there !
Love is the life of all,
Oh answer thou his call,
Lest the flower of thy days fall,
And the grace whereof we wot
Be forgot !
For till great love shall move thee
Thy victories are vain.
’Tis little men should love thee,
Learn thou to love again !

of steel or whalebone called a *busc*. The same
thing under precisely the same name figured in the
toilets of our grandmothers, and hence, probably,
the Scotch use of the verb to busk or attire.

There arose a clamor of approbation and cries for the name of the composer, which Thomas gave without hesitation, Pascal. Françonette was unwontedly touched, and yet more when, in reply to some inquiry about his absence that night, she heard Thomas explaining that his friend had been six months ill from the severe wound which he received in defense of Françonette, and that the family, dependent on his labor, had sunk into extreme poverty. But she concealed her emotion sedulously, and was in the midst of a game of *sarro coutelou*, *cache couteau*, or hunt the slipper, and the life of it, when a sudden misfortune interrupted their sport. Amid her struggles to free herself from Laurent, who had caught her and was claiming the customary forfeit, Françonette caused him to slip on the floor, and it presently appeared that his arm was broken. Precisely at this unlucky moment a sombre apparition dawned on the assembly:—

A grim old man above them peered,
With girdle swept by flowing beard;
'T was the Black Forest Wizard! All knew him
and all feared.

"Wretches," he said, "I am come from my gloomy
rocks up yonder
To open your eyes, being filled with ruth for you
and wonder!

You all adore this Françonette;
Learn who she is, infatuate!
Her sire, a poor man and an evil,
While yet the babe in cradle sate
Went over to the Huguenots, and sold her to the
Devil!

Her mother is dead of grief and shame,
And thus the demon plays his game.
Full closely doth he guard his slave,
Unseen he tracks her high and low.
See Laurent and Pascal! Did both not come to woe
Just for one light embrace she gave?
Be warned in time! For whoso dares this maid to
wed,

Amid the brief delight of his first nuptial night
Suddenly hears a dreadful thunder-peal o'erhead!
The Demon cometh in his might
To snatch the bride away in flight
And leave the ill-starred bridegroom—dead."

The wizard spake no more, but angry, fiery rays,
From the scars his visage bore, seemed suddenly to
blaze.

Four times he turned his heel upon,
Then bade the door stand wide or ever his foot he
stayed.

With one long groan the door obeyed,
And lo, the bearded man was gone!

But left what horror in his wake! None stirred in
all that throng.

Only the stricken maid herself stood brave against
her wrong;

And in the hope forlorn that all might pass for jest,
With tremulous smile, half bright, half pleading,
She swept them with her eyes, and two steps for-
ward pressed;

But when she saw them all receding,
And heard them say "Avaunt!" her fate
She knew. Then did her eyes dilate
With speechless terror more and more,
The while her heart beat fast and loud,
Till with a cry her head she bowed,
And sank in swoon upon the floor.

It is very characteristic of Jasmin that he pauses at this crisis of the story earnestly to explain and excuse the dense superstition of his country folk at that period, whereby it came to pass that the once radiant and triumphant Françonette was shunned thenceforward as an accursed thing. These frequent confidences of the poet with his reader are so perfectly unstudied that they add wonderfully to the *vraisemblance* of his tale. The third canto opens with a lovely picture of a cottage by a leafy brookside in Estanquet, one of the hamlets adjacent to Roquefort (and where tradition still identifies the home of Françonette). There, when the next spring opened, the "jealous birds" listened in vain for a girlish voice, the music of which in years gone by had been sweeter than their own. At last the nightingales, more curious than the rest, made their way into the maid's garden, and what did they see? Her straw hat lay on a bench; there was no ribbon about the crown. Her rake and watering-pot were dropped among her neglected jonquils; the branches of her rose-trees ran riot. Peering yet farther, even inside the cottage door, these curious birds discovered an old woman asleep in an arm-chair, and a pale, quiet girl beside her, who, from time to time, let fall a tear upon her little hands. "It is Françonette," says the poet. "You will have guessed that already."

On the terrible New Year's Eve just described, when Françonette had fled for shelter to the arms of her good old grandmother, the latter had soothed her as best she might by solemn assurances that the sorcerer's cruel charge was false. But how could it be proved so save by Françonette's father, whose where-

abouts no one knew, even if he were alive, so long ago had he vanished from the place? For the remainder of the winter the two women lived almost alone, neglected by all their neighbors, and scarce venturing abroad. Only with the return of spring, one sweet gleam of hope had come to Françonette with the rumor that Pascal defended her everywhere, and boldly declared her to be the victim of a brutal plot. She was dreaming of his goodness even now, and it was this which had softened her proud spirit to tears. But her trance was dispelled by a sudden, sharp cry from the aged sleeper:—

Then sprang she to her side and found her open-eyed,
And caught the awesome word, "Is the wall not all aflame?"

And then: "Ah, 'twas a dream! Thank God!" the murmur came.

"Dear heart," the girl said softly, "what was this dream of thine?"

"O love, 'twas night, and loud, ferocious men, methought,

Were lighting fires all round our cot,
And thou didst cry unto them, daughter mine,
To save me, but didst vainly strive,
And here we two must burn alive!

Oh torment that I bare! How shall I cure thy fright?

Come hither, darling, let me hold thee tight!"

Then the white-headed dame in withered arms of love

Long time with yearning tenderness folded the brown-haired girl, who strove

By many a smile and mute caress

To hearten her, until at length

The aged one cried out, for that love gave her strength,

"Sold to the demon? Thou! It is a hideous lie!

Wherefore weep not so patiently

And childlike, but take heart once more,

For thou art lovelier than before,

Take granny's word for that! Arise,

Go forth! Who hides from envious eyes

The thirst of envy slakes. I have heard so o'er and o'er!

Also I know full well there is one who loves thee yet;

Only a word he waiteth to claim thee for his own.

Thou likest not Marcel? But he could guard thee, pet,

And I am all too feeble grown.

Or stay, my darling, stay! To-morrow's Easter Day;

Go thou to mass, and pray as ne'er before!

Then take the blessed bread, if so the good God may

The precious favor of his former smile restore;

And, on thy sweet face, clear as day,
Prove thou art numbered with his children evermore."

Then such a light of hope lit the faded face again,
Furrowed so deep with years and pain,
That, falling on her neck the maiden promised well
And once more on the white cot silence fell.

When, therefore, on the morrow, came all the country-side

To list the hallelujahs in the church of Saint-Pierre,

Great was their wonderment who spied
The maiden Françonette silently kneeling there,
Telling her beads with downcast eyes of prayer.
She hath need, poor little thing, Heaven's mercy to implore!

Never a woman's will she win,
For these, beholding her sweet mien,
And Marcel and Pascal, who eyed her fondly o'er,
Smote her with glances black as night;
Then, shrinking back, left her alone,
Midway of a great circle, as they might
Some guilty and condemned one,
Branded upon his brow in sight.

Nor was this all. A man well known,
Warden and uncle to Marcel,
Carried the blessed Easter bread,
And like a councilor did swell,
In long-tailed coat, with pompous tread.
But when the trembling maid, signing the cross, essayed

To take a double portion, as the dear old grandame bade,

Right in the view of every eye

The sacred basket he withdrew, and passed her wholly by.

And so, denied her portion of the bread whereby we live,

She, on glad Easter, doth receive

Dismissal from God's house for aye!

Death-sick with fear, she deemeth all is lost indeed.

But no,—she hath a friend at need.

Pascal hath seen her all the while;

Pascal's young foot is on the aisle;

He is making the quest, and, nothing loath,

In view of uncle and of nephew both,

Quietly doth to her present

Upon a silver plate, with fair flowers blossoming,

The crown-piece¹ of the holy element,

And all the world beholds the thing.

Oh moment full of sweetness! Her blood sprang into fleetness,

Warmth was in all her frame, and her senses thrilled once more,

As the body of God arisen

Out of its deathly prison

Could life unto her own restore.

But wherefore did her brow suddenly rosy grow?

Because the angel of love, I trow,

Did with his glowing breath impart

Life to the flame long smoldering in her wayward heart,

Because a something strange, and passing all desire,

As honey sweet, and quick as fire,

Did her sad soul illuminate

With a new being; and, though late,

or otherwise ornamented cakes, which were reserved for the family of the *Seigneur*, or other communal-cants of distinction.

¹ A custom formerly prevailed in some parts of France, and was brought thence by emigrants to Canada, where it flourished not long ago, of crowning the sacramental bread by one or more frosted

She knew the name of her delight,
The fair enigma she could guess.
People and priest vanished from sight,
And she saw in all the church only one man
aright,
He whom she loved at last with utmost grateful-
ness.

Leave we the throng dispersing, and eagerly con-
versing
Of all I here have been rehearsing,
But lose not sight of her at all
Who hath borne the *bread of honor* to the ancient
dame ere this,
And sitteth now alone, shut in her chamber small,
Face to face with her new-found bliss.

First fall of happy dew the parchèd lands to quick-
en,
First mild sun-ray in winter, ye are less welcome
far
Unto the earth with sorrow stricken
Than these mysterious transports are
To the dazed maiden dreaming there,
Forgetful of her heavy care,
And softly in her spirit moving
To the flame-new delight of loving.

From evil tongues withdrawn, did she
As do we all — sank open-eyed in reverie,
And built, with neither hammer nor stone,
A small, fair castle of her own,
Where shone all things in Pascal's light, and cheer
and rest
Flowed like a living brook. Ah, yes, the sage was
right!

The sorrowing heart aye loveth best.
But when the heart controls us quite,
Quick turns to gail the honey of our delight.
Suddenly she remembers all! Her heaven turns
gray.

A dread thought smites her heavily:
To dream of love? Why, what is she?
Sweet love is not for her! The mighty sorcerer
Hath said she is sold for a price, — a foredoomed
murderer

With a heart of devilish wrath, which whoso dares
to brave,
And lie one night in her arms, therein shall find his
grave.

She to see Pascal perish at her side?
"O my good God, have pity on me!" she cried.

So, rent with cruel agonies,
And weeping very sore,
Fell the poor child upon her knees
Her little shrine before.

"O holy Virgin," sighing, "on thee alone relying
I come. I am all astray! Father and mother too
Are dead lang syne, and I accursed! All tongues
are crying

The hideous tale! yet save, if haply it be true;
Or if they have falsely sworn, be it on my soul
borne

When I shall bring my taper to thy church¹ on
fête-day morn.

Then, blessed mother, let me see
That I am not denied of thee!"

¹ Nôtre Dame de bon Encontre, a church in the
suburbs of Agen celebrated for its legend, its mira-
cles, and the numerous pilgrimages which are an-
nually made to it in the month of May.

Brief prayer and broken,
If truly spoken,
Doth lightly up to heaven fly.
Sure to have won a gracious ear
The maid her purpose holds, and ponders moment-
ly,
And oftentimes turns sick, and cannot speak for
fear,
But sometimes taketh heart, and sudden hope and
strong
Shines in her soul, as a meteor gleams the night
along.

So ends the third canto, and the fourth
and last begins with the dawn of the
fête-day on which are fixed Françonnette's
desperate hopes and fears. The inhabit-
ants of half a dozen villages, Puymirol,
Artigues, Astaffort, Lusignan, Cardon-
net, Saint-Cirge, and Roquefort, with
priests and crucifixes, garlands and can-
dles, banners and *angels*,² are mustering
at the church of Notre Dame in Agen,
and somehow, not only is the tale rife
among them of the maiden who has been
sold to the demon, but the rumor cir-
culates that to-day she will publicly en-
treat the blessed virgin to save her. The
strangers are kinder to her than her
more immediate neighbors, and 'from
many a pitying heart the prayer goes up
that a miracle may be wrought in the
beautiful girl's behalf. She feels their
sympathy and gathers confidence. And
now the special suppliants are passing
up to the altar one by one, — anxious
mothers, disappointed lovers, the or-
phaned, and the childless. They kneel,
they ask for their blessing, they present
their candles for the old surpliced priest
to bless, and they retire: —

Nor did a sign of sorrow on any suppliant fall,
But with lightened hearts of hope their ways went
one and all.

So Françonnette grew happy too,
And most of all, because Pascal prayed smiling in
her view;

Yea, dared to raise her eyes to the holy father's
own;

For it seemed to her that love and lights and hymns
and incense, too,

Were crying "grace," in sweetest unison.
And she sighed, "Oh, grace divine, and love! —
let these be mine!"

Then straightway lit her taper and followed to the
shrine,

Bearing flowers in her other hand; and every one
Kindly gave place, and bade her forward move,

² The *angels* walked in procession and sang the
Angelus at the appropriate hours.

Then fixed their eyes upon the priest and her,
And scarce a breath was drawn, and not a soul did
stir,
While the priest laid the image of redeeming love
Upon the orphan's lips. But ere her kiss was
given
Broke a terrific peal, as it would rend the heav-
en,
Darkening her taper and three altar-lights above !
Oh, what is this? The crashing thunder
The prayer denied, the lights put out.
"Good God, she is sold indeed! All, all is true, no
doubt!"
So a long murmur rose of horror and of wonder;
And while the maiden breathlessly,
Cowering like a lost soul, their shuddering glances
under,
Crept forth, all shrank away and let her pass them
by.

Howbeit, that great peal was but the opening blow
Of a wild storm and terrible,
That straightway upon Roquefort fell.
The spire of Saint-Pierre¹ was laid in ruin low,
And, smitten by the sharp scourge of the hail,
In all the region round men could but weep and
wail.

The angel-bands who walked that day
In fair procession, hymns to sing,
Turned sorrowing, all save one, away,
Ora pro nobis murmuring.

But in those early times, not yet as now,
Her perilous waves to clear,
To other jealous towns could stately Agen show
Great bridges three, as she a royal city were.
Two simple barges only, by poles propelled slow,
Waited the sacred minstrels to bear them to Roque-
fort,
To whom came rumors of the wide-spread woe
Ere landing they were ranged for singing on the
shore.

And first the tale but half they heed;
But soon they see, in very deed,
Vineyards and happy fields with hopeless ruin smit.
Then each let fall his banner fair,
And lamentations infinite
Rent on all sides the evening air,
Till, o'er the swelling throng rose deadly clear the
cry,

"And still we spare this Françonette!" Then sud-
denly,

As match to powder laid, the word
Set all on fire, and there were heard
Howls of "Ay, ay, the wretch! now let her meet
her fate!"

She is the cause of all, 't is plain!
Once hath she made us desolate,
But verily shall not so again."
And ever the press grew, and wilder, angrier, too,
And, "Hunt her off the face of the earth!"
shrieked one anew.

"Ay, hunt her to death! 'Tis meet!" a thou-
sand tongues repeat;
And the tempest in the skies cannot with this com-
pete.

Oh, then, to have seen them as they came
With clenched fists and eyes aflame,
You had said, "Hell doth indeed its demons all un-
chain."

¹ The ancient parish church of Roquefort, whose
ruins only now remain.

And while the storm recedes, and the night is grow-
ing clear,
Hot poison shoots through every vein
Of the possessed madmen here.

Thus goaded they themselves to crime; but where
was she,
Unhappy Françonette? To her own cottage driven
She worshiped her one relic, sadly, dreamily,
And whispered to the withered flowers Pascal had
given,

"Dear nosegay, when I saw thee first
Methought thy sweetness was divine,
And I did drink it, heart-athirst;
But now thou art not sweet as erst,
Because these wicked thoughts of mine
Have blasted all thy beauty rare.
I am sold to the powers of ill, and Heaven hath
spurned my prayer!"

My love is deadly love! No hope on earth have I!
So, treasure of my heart, flowers of the meadow
fair,

Because I love the hand that gathered you, good-
by!

Pascal must not love such as I!
He must the accursed maid forswear,
Who yet to God for him doth cry.
In wanton merriment last year
Even at love laughed Françonette;
Now is my condemnation clear.
Now whom I love, I must forget.

Sold to the demon at my birth—
My God, how can it be? Have I not faith in thee?
O blessed blossoms of the earth,
Let me drive with my cross the evil one from me!
And thou, my mother, in the starry skies above,
And thou, my guardian, Mother of God,
Pity! I love Pascal! Must part from him I love!
Pity the maid accursed, by the rod
Sore smitten, to the earth down-trod;
Help me the heart divine to move!"

"Françonette, little one, what means thy plaintive
moan?"

So spake the hoary dame. "Didst thou not smiling
say

Our lady did receive thy offering to-day?
But sure, no happy heart e'er made so sad a moan!
Thou hast deceived me! Some new ill," she said,
"Hath fallen upon us!" "Nay, not so. Be com-
forted;

I—I—am happy." "So, my deary,
God grant some respite we may have,
For sorrow of thine doth dig my grave,
And this hath been a lonesome, fearsome day, and
weary—

That cruel dream of the fire I had a while ago,
However I strove, did haunt me so!
And then, thou knowest the storm; anew I was
terrified,
So that to-night, meseems, I shudder at nought!"—

What sudden roar is this outside?
"Fire! Fire! Let us burn them in their cot!"
Shine all the cracks in the old shutter gaping wide
And Françonette springs to the doorway trembling-
ly,

And, gracious Heaven! what doth she see?
By the light of the burning rick
An angry people huddled thick;
She hears them shout, "Now, to your fate!
Spare neither the young one, nor the old,
Both work us ruin manifold

Off with thee, child of wrath ! or we will roast thee,
straight ! ”

Then cried the girl on her knees to the cruel popu-
lace,

“ You will slay my granny with your very words ! ”
and prayed for grace.

But when, in their infuriate blindness, heed they
take

Of the poor pleader in her unbound hair,
They only think they see her, then and there,
Torn by the rage demoniac,
And all the fiercer cry, “ *Avaunt !* ”
While the more savage forward spring,
And their feet on the threshold plant,
Fragments of blazing cord in their arms brandish-
ing.

“ Hold, I command you, hold ! ” cried one before
unheard ;

And a man leaped into the crowd like lightning with
the word, —

One whom we know, — and over all
His voice uplifted thus Pascal :

“ What, will ye murder women, then ?
Children of God, and you, the same ;
Or are ye tigers, and not men ?

And after all they have suffered ! Shame !

Fall back, fall back, I say ! The walls are growing
hot ! ”

“ Then let them quit for aye our shore !

They are Huguenots — knowest thou not ? — long
since by the demon bought ;

God smites because we drave them not before.”

“ Quick, bring the other forth, or living she will
burn !

Ye dogs, who moved you to this crime ?

It was the wroth Marcel ! See where he comes in
time ! ”

“ Thou liest ! ” the soldier thundered in his turn,

“ I love her, boaster, more than thou ! ”

“ How wilt thou prove thy love, thou of the tender
heart ? ”

“ I am come to save her life ! I am come to take
her part.

I am come, if so she will, to marry her, even now ! ”

“ And so am I,” replied Pascal, and steadfastly,
Before his rival’s eyes, bound as by some great
spell,

Unto the orphan girl turned he
With worship all unspeakable.

“ Answer us, *Françonnette*, and speak the truth
alone !

Thou art followed from place to place, by spite and
scorn, my own ;

But we two love thee well, and ready are to brave
Death, ay or hell, thy life to save.

Choose which of us thou wilt ! ” “ Nay,” she la-
mented sore,

“ Dearest, mine is a love that slays.

Be happy then without me ! Forget me ; go thy
ways ! ”

“ Happy without thee, dear ? That can I never
more !

Nay, were it true, as lying rumor says,

An evil spirit ruled thee o’er,

I would rather die with thee than live bereaved
days ! ”

¹ *Lou sedas*. The *sedas* is a sieve of raw silk
used for sifting flour. It has also a singular use in
necromancy. When one desires to know the name

When life is at its bitterest

The voice of love aye rules us best.

Instantly rose the girl above her mortal dread,

And, on the crowd advancing straight,

“ Because I love Pascal, alone I would meet my
fate.

Howbeit, his will is law,” she said,

“ Wherefore together let our souls be sped.”

Then was Pascal in heaven, Marcel in the dust laid
low,

Whom amid all the quaking throng his rival sought,
Crying, “ I am more blessed than thou. Forgive !

Thou art brave, I know ;

Some squire should follow me to death, and wilt
thou not ?

Serve me ! I have no other friend.” Marcel
seemed dreaming,

And now he scowled with wrath, and now his eye
grew kind ;

Terrible was the battle in his mind

Till his eye fell on *Françonnette*, serene and beaming,
But with no word for *him*. Then pale but smil-
ingly,

“ Because it is her will,” he said, “ I follow thee.”

Two weeks had passed away, and a strange nuptial
train

Adown the verdant hill wound slowly to the plain.
First came the comely pair we know in all their
bloom,

While, gathered from far and wide, three deep on
either side,

The ever curious rustics hied,

Shuddering at heart o’er Pascal’s doom.

Marcel conducts their march, but pleasure’s kindly
hue

Glow not on the unmoving face he lifts to view,

And something glances from his eye

Which makes men shudder as they pass him by.

Yet verily his mien triumphant is ; at least

Sole master is he of this feast,

And gives his rival, *for bouquet*,

A supper and a ball to-day.

But, at the dance and at the board

Alike, scarce one essayed a word ;

None sang a song, none raised a jest,

For dark forebodings that oppressed.

And the betrothed, by love’s deep rapture fasci-
nated,

Silent on the sheer edge of fate the end awaited. .
No sound their dream dispelled, but hand in hand

did press,

And eyes looked ever on a visioned happiness.

And so, at last, the evening fell.

Then one affrighted woman suddenly brake the
spell.

She came. She fell on Pascal’s neck.

“ Fly, son ! ” she cried ;

“ I am come from the sorceress even now ! Fly thy
false bride !

For the fatal sieve¹ hath turned ; thy death decree
is spoken !

There’s a sulphur fume in the bridal room, by the
same dread token.

Enter it not ! If thou livest, thou art lost,” she
said,

“ And what were life to me if thou wert dead ? ”

Then Pascal felt his eyelids wet,

of the author of an act, — a theft, for instance, —
the sieve is made to revolve, but woe to him whose
name is spoken just as the sieve stops.

And turned away, striving to hide his face; where-
on,

"Ingrate!" the mother shrieked, "but I will save
thee yet;

Thou wilt not dare"—and fell at the feet of her
son—

"Thou shalt pass over my body, sure as thou goest
forth!

A wife, it seems, is all, and a mother nothing worth,
Unhappy that I am!" All wept aloud for woe.

"Marcel," the bridegroom said, "her grief is my
despair,

But love, thou knowest, is stronger yet. 'Tis time
to go!

Only, if I should die, my mother be thy care."

"I can no more! Thy mother hath conquered
here,"

The sturdy soldier said, and he too brushed a tear.
"Prythee take courage, friend of mine!

Thy Françonette is good and pure;

Yon tale was told of dark design.

But give thy mother thanks: but for her coming,
sure

- This night had seen my death and thine."

"What sayest thou?" "Hush! I will tell thee
all.

Thou knowest I loved this maid, Pascal;

For her, like thee, I would have shed my blood.

And I dreamed I was loved again,—she held me so
in thrall,—

Albeit my prayer was aye withstood.

She knew her elders promised her to me,

And so, when other suitors barred my way, in spite,
Saying, In love as in war one may use strategy,

I gave the wizard gold, my rivals to affright.

Thereafter chance did all; inasmuch that I said,

My treasure is already won;

But when, in the same breath, we two our suit
made known,

And when I saw her, without turn of head

Toward my despair, choose thee, it was not to be
borne!

I vowed her death and thine and mine ere morrow
morn!

I had thought to lead you forth to the bridal bower
erelong,

And there, the bed beside, which I had mined with
care,

To say, 'No prince of the power of the air

Is here! I burn you for my wrong.

Ay, cross yourselves,' quoth I, 'for you shall sure-
ly die!'

And the folk had seen us three together fly!

"But thy mother with her tears hath put my venge-
ance out.

I thought of my own, Pascal, who died so long ago.
Care thou for thine! Thou hast nought to fear

from me; I trow

Eden is coming down to earth for thee, no doubt,

But I, whom men henceforth can only hate and
flout,

Will to the wars away! for something in me saith
I may recover from my rout

Better than by a crime! Ay, by a soldier's death!"

¹ The reader will be reminded of William Morris
at the close of his exquisite story of *Psyche*:—

"My lyre is but attuned to tears and pain;

How can I sing the never-ending day?"

² *Lou tourrin*, a highly spiced onion soup, which

Saying, he vanished, and loud cheers broke forth
on every side,

The while with deepening blushes the twain each
other eyed,

As they were suddenly timid grown.

For now the morning stars in the dark heaven
shone—

I lift my pencil here, my breath comes hurriedly;

Colors for strife and pain have I,

But for their perfect rapture—none.¹

And so the morning came with softly dawning
light;

No sound, no stir as yet, inside the cottage white,

Albeit at Estanquet three hamlets gathered were

To wait the waking of the wedded pair.

Marcel had told the whole unhappy truth. Nath-
less

The devil was mighty in those days;

Some fear for the bridegroom yet, and guess

At strange mischance. "In the night wild cries
were heard," one says.

One hath seen shadows dance on the wall in won-
drous ways.

Lives Pascal yet? None dares to dress

The spicy broth² to leave beside the nuptial door,

And so another hour goes o'er.

Then floats a lovely strain of music overhead,

A sweet refrain oft heard before,

'Tis the *aubade*³ offered to the newly-wed.

So the door opes at last, and the young pair are
seen;

And she, though flushing for the folk, with friendly
hand and mien

The fragments of her garter gives,

And every woman two receives.

Then winks and words of ruth from eye and lip are
passed,

And the luck of our Pascal makes envious all at
last;

For the poor lads, whose hearts I ween are healed
but slightly

Of their first passionate pain,

When they see Françonette, blossoming rose-like,
brightly,

All dewy-fresh, all sweet and sightly,

Cry, "*We will ne'er believe in sorcerers again.*"

The action of the poem is so rapid
that, in order to give a complete outline
of the plot and some notion of the fine
discrimination of character which it con-
tains, I have been obliged to omit some
descriptive passages of extreme beauty.

M. de Lavergne says truly of Françonette
that it is of all Jasmin's works the one
in which he has aimed at being most
entirely popular, and that it is, at the
same time, the most noble and the most
chastened. He might have added the
most chivalrous, also. There is some-

is carried by the wedding guests to the bridegroom
at a late hour of the night.

³ A song of early morning corresponding to the
serenade or evening song.

thing essentially knightly in Pascal's cast of character, and it is singular that at the supreme crisis of his fate he assumes, as if unconsciously, the very phraseology of chivalry: "Some squire (*donzel*) should follow me to death," etc., and we find it altogether natural and becoming in the high-hearted smith. There are many places where Jasmin addresses his readers directly as *Messieurs*; where the context also makes it evident that the word is emphatic, that he is distinctly conscious of addressing those who are above him in rank, and that the proper translation is "gentles" or even "masters," yet no poet ever lived who was less of a sycophant. The rather rude wood-cut likeness prefixed to the popular edition of the Gascon's works represents a face so widely unlike all well-known modern types that one feels sure it must be like the original. Once seen in living reality, it must have haunted the memory forever. It is broad and massive in feature, shrewd and yet sweet in expression, homely and serenely unconscious. It is "*vilain et très vilain*" in every line, but the head is carried high, with something more than a courtier's dignity.

Harriet W. Preston.

TO-MORROW.

I sit and muse beside the faded coals,
While night and silence hold their mystic sway,
And while the world, with all its freight of souls,
Wheels on through darkness to another day!

Across my spirit ghostly fancies creep: . . .
Who shall dare prophesy to-morrow's light?
What if uncounted thousands, while they sleep,
Are trembling on eternity to-night?

And still they haunt my heart, these dreams forlorn,
Vague bats of fear that sunshine would dismay;
Though myriads of to-morrows have been born,
What if the last had perished with to-day?

But no! the ancient ordinance yet reigns. . . .
Hours afterward, while seated wakeful here,
I dimly see, along my casement panes,
The first pale dubious glimmerings appear.

Once more the old fated ways of earth begin:
Some glad girl somewhere will soon wake and say,
While blushing, from chaste forehead to sweet chin,
One lovely rose, "It is my wedding-day!"

And in some prison-cell, perchance even now,
Some haggard captive from his sleep is drawn,
To hear them, while cold sweat-drops bead his brow,
Nailing a scaffold in the ghastly dawn!

Edgar Fawcett.

A LITERARY NIGHTMARE.

WILL the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

“Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
CHORUS.

Punch, brothers! punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!”

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper, a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before — a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen, but all I could get it to say was, “Punch in the presence of the passenjare.” I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, “A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,” and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined — I could see that plainly enough. I gave up and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home, and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed and rolled, tossed, and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except

“Punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare.” By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marveled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings, — “Punch! oh, punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!”

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfill an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. —, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. — talked, talked, talked — as is his wont. I said nothing; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr. — said, —

“Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something; do!”

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: “Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!”

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said, —

“I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad; and yet — maybe it was the way you *said* the words — I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is?” —

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking “blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the passenjare.” I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden Mr. — laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted, —

“Oh, wake up! wake up! Don't sleep all day! Here we are at the Tower, man! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at it!

look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have traveled; you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured, —

"A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, punch in the presence of the *passenjare*."

Rev. Mr. — stood there, very grave, full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me; then he said, —

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words you said before; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the — how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said, —

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. — said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half an hour, straight along, as we went jogging homeward. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said, —

"Have n't we had a royal good time! But now I remember, you have n't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something!"

The Rev. Mr. — turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness, —

"Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the *passenjare*!"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow, poor fellow! *he* has got it, now."

I did not see Mr. — for two or three days after that. Then, on Tuesday evening, he staggered into my presence and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face and said, —

"Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden call, by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars and set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the train started and the car-wheels began their 'clack-clack-clack-clack! clack-clack-clack-clack!' and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I sat there and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car-wheels made. Why, I was as fagged out, then, as if I had been chopping wood all day. My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and — well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same. 'Clack-clack-clack, a blue trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, a bluff trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent fare, and so on, and so on, and so on — *punch*, in the presence of the *passenjare*!' Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don't ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could, but every solemn individual sentence was

meshed and tangled and woven in and out with 'Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch in the presence of the pas-senjare.' And the most distressing thing was that my *delivery* dropped into the undulating rhythm of those pulsing rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people nodding *time* to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through, the entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their heads in solemn unison, mourners, undertaker, and all. The moment I had finished, I fled to the anteroom in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob, and said, —

"Oh, oh, he is gone, he is gone, and I did n't see him before he died!"

"Yes!" I said, 'he is gone, he is gone, he is gone — oh, *will* this suffering never cease!'

"You loved him, then! Oh, you too loved him!"

"Loved him! Loved *who*?"

"Why, my poor George! my poor nephew!"

"Oh — *him*! Yes — oh, yes, yes. Certainly — certainly. Punch — punch — oh, this misery will kill me!"

"Bless you! bless you, sir, for these sweet words! *I*, too, suffer in this dear loss. Were you present during his last moments?"

"Yes! I — *whose* last moments?"

"*His*. The dear departed's."

"Yes! Oh, yes — yes — *yes*! I suppose so, I think so, *I* don't know! Oh, certainly — I was there — *I* was there!"

"Oh, what a privilege! what a precious privilege! And his last words —

oh, tell me, tell me his last words! What did he say?"

"He said — he said — oh, my head, my head, my head! He said — he said — he never said *anything* but Punch, punch, *punch* in the presence of the pas-senjare! Oh, leave me, madam! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my misery, my despair! — a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare — endu-rance *can* no fur-ther go! — PUNCH in the presence of the pas-senjare!"

My friend's hopeless eyes rested upon mine a pregnant minute, and then he said impressively, —

"Mark, you do not say anything. You do not offer me any hope. But, ah me, it is just as well — it is just as well. You could not do me any good. The time has long gone by when words could comfort me. Something tells me that my tongue is doomed to wag forever to the jigger of that remorseless jingle. There — there it is coming on me again: a blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a" —

Thus murmuring faint and fainter, my friend sank into a peaceful trance and forgot his sufferings in a blessed respite.

How did I finally save him from the asylum? I took him to a neighboring university and made him discharge the burden of his persecuting rhymes into the eager ears of the poor, unthinking students. How is it with *them*, now? The result is too sad to tell. Why did I write this article? It was for a worthy, even a noble, purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across those merciless rhymes, to avoid them — avoid them as you would a pestilence!

Mark Twain.

THE UNSEEN WORLD.

I.

"WHO are you, where did you come from, and whither are you bound?" — the question which from Homer's days has been put to the wayfarer in strange lands — is likewise the all-absorbing question which man is ever asking of the universe of which he is himself so tiny yet so wondrous a part. From the earliest times the ultimate purpose of all scientific research has been to elicit fragmentary or partial responses to this question, and philosophy has ever busied itself in piecing together these several bits of information, according to the best methods at its disposal, in order to make up something like a satisfactory answer. In old times the best methods which philosophy had at its disposal for this purpose were such as now seem very crude, and accordingly ancient philosophers bungled considerably in their task, though now and then they came surprisingly near what would to-day be called the truth. It was natural that their methods should be crude, for scientific inquiry had as yet supplied but scanty materials for them to work with, and it was only after a very long course of speculation and criticism that men could find out what ways of going to work are likely to prove successful and what are not. The earliest thinkers, indeed, were further hindered from accomplishing much by the imperfections of the language by the aid of which their thinking was done; for science and philosophy have had to make a serviceable terminology by dint of long and arduous trial and practice, and linguistic processes fit for expressing general or abstract notions accurately grew up only through numberless failures and at the expense of much inaccurate thinking and loose talking. As in most of nature's processes, there was a great waste of energy before a good result could be secured. Accordingly

primitive men were very wide of the mark in their views of nature. To them the world was a sort of enchanted ground, peopled with sprites and goblins; the quaint notions with which we now amuse our children in fairy-tales represent a style of thinking which once was current among grown men and women, and which is still current wherever men remain in a savage condition. The theories of the world wrought out by early priest-philosophers were in great part made up of such grotesque notions; and having become variously implicated with ethical opinions as to the nature and consequences of right and wrong behavior, they acquired a kind of sanctity, so that any thinker who in the light of a wider experience ventured to alter or amend the primitive theory was likely to be vituperated as an irreligious man or atheist. This sort of inference has not yet been wholly abandoned, even in civilized communities. Even to-day books are written about "the conflict between religion and science," and other books are written with intent to reconcile the two presumed antagonists. But when we look beneath the surface of things, we see that in reality there has never been any conflict between religion and science, nor is any reconciliation called for where harmony has always existed. The real historical conflict, which has been thus curiously misnamed, has been the conflict between the more-crude opinions belonging to the science of an earlier age and the less-crude opinions belonging to the science of a later age. In the course of this contest the more-crude opinions have usually been defended in the name of religion, and the less-crude opinions have invariably won the victory; but religion itself, which is not concerned with opinion, but with the aspiration which leads us to strive after a purer and holier life, has seldom or never been attacked. On the contrary,

the scientific men who have conducted the battle on behalf of the less-crude opinions have generally been influenced by this religious aspiration quite as strongly as the apologists of the more-crude opinions, and so far from religious feeling having been weakened by their perennial series of victories, it has apparently been growing deeper and stronger all the time. The religious sense is as yet too feebly developed in most of us; but certainly in no preceding age have men taken up the work of life with more earnestness or with more real faith in the unseen than at the present day, when so much of what was once deemed all-important knowledge has been consigned to the limbo of mythology.

The more-crude theories of early times are to be chiefly distinguished from the less-crude theories of to-day as being largely the products of random guess-work. Hypothesis, or guess-work, indeed, lies at the foundation of all scientific knowledge. The riddle of the universe, like less important riddles, is unraveled only by approximative trials, and the most brilliant discoverers have usually been the bravest guessers. Kepler's laws were the result of indefatigable guessing, and so, in a somewhat different sense, was the wave-theory of light. But the guess-work of scientific inquirers is very different now from what it was in older times. In the first place, we have slowly learned that a guess must be verified before it can be accepted as a sound theory; and secondly, so many truths have been established beyond contravention, that the latitude for hypothesis is much less than it once was. Nine tenths of the guesses which might have occurred to a mediæval philosopher would now be ruled out as inadmissible, because they would not harmonize with the knowledge which has been acquired since the Middle Ages. There is one direction especially in which this continuous limitation of guess-work by ever-accumulating experience has manifested itself. From first to last, all our speculative successes and failures have agreed in teaching us that the most gen-

eral principles of action which prevail to-day, and in our own corner of the universe, have always prevailed throughout as much of the universe as is accessible to our research. They have taught us that for the deciphering of the past and the predicting of the future, no hypotheses are admissible which are not based upon the actual behavior of things in the present. Once there was unlimited facility for guessing as to how the solar system might have come into existence; now the origin of the sun and planets is adequately explained when we have unfolded all that is implied in the processes which are still going on in the solar system. Formerly appeals were made to all manner of violent agencies to account for the changes which the earth's surface has undergone since our planet began its independent career; now it is seen that the same slow working of rain and tide, of wind and wave and frost, of secular contraction and of earthquake pulse, which is visible to-day, will account for the whole. It is not long since it was supposed that a species of animals or plants could be swept away only by some unusual catastrophe, while for the origination of new species something called an act of "special creation" was necessary; and as to the nature of such extraordinary events there was endless room for guess-work; but the discovery of natural selection was the discovery of a process, going on perpetually under our very eyes, which must inevitably of itself extinguish some species and bring new ones into being. In these and countless other ways we have learned that all the rich variety of nature is pervaded by unity of action, such as we might expect to find if nature is the manifestation of an infinite God who is without variableness or shadow of turning, but quite incompatible with the fitful behavior of the anthropomorphic deities of the old mythologies. By thus abstaining from all appeal to agencies that are extra-cosmic, or not involved in the orderly system of events that we see occurring around us, we have at last succeeded in eliminating from philosophic speculation the

character of random guess-work which at first of necessity belonged to it. Modern scientific hypothesis is so far from being a hap-hazard mental proceeding that it is perhaps hardly fair to classify it with guesses. It is lifted out of the plane of guess-work, in so far as it has acquired the character of inevitable inference from that which now is to that which has been or will be. Instead of the innumerable particular assumptions which were once admitted into cosmic philosophy, we are now reduced to the one universal assumption which has been variously described as the "principle of continuity," the "uniformity of nature," the "*persistence of force*," or the "law of causation," and which has been variously explained as a necessary datum for scientific thinking or as a net result of all induction. I am not unwilling, however, to adopt the language of a book which has furnished the occasion for the present discussion, and to say that this grand assumption is a supreme act of faith, the definite expression of a trust that the infinite Sustainer of the universe "will not put us to permanent intellectual confusion." For in this mode of statement the harmony between the scientific and the religious points of view is well brought out. It is as affording the only outlet from permanent intellectual confusion that inquirers have been driven to appeal to the principle of continuity; and it is by unswerving reliance upon this principle that we have obtained such insight into the past, present, and future of the world as we now possess.

The work just mentioned ¹ is especially interesting as an attempt to bring the probable destiny of the human soul into connection with the modern theories which explain the past and future career of the physical universe in accordance with the principle of continuity. Its authorship is as yet unknown, but it is believed to be the joint production of two of the most eminent physicists in

Great Britain; and certainly the accurate knowledge and the ingenuity and subtlety of thought displayed in it are such as to lend great probability to this conjecture. Some account of the argument it contains may well precede the suggestions presently to be set forth concerning the Unseen World; and we shall find it most convenient to begin, like our authors, with a brief statement of what the principle of continuity teaches as to the proximate beginning and end of the *visible* universe. I shall in the main set down only results, having elsewhere ² given a simple exposition of the arguments upon which these results are founded.

The first great cosmological speculation which has been raised quite above the plane of guess-work by making no other assumption than that of the uniformity of nature is the well-known Nebular Hypothesis. Every astronomer knows that the earth, like all other cosmical bodies which are flattened at the poles, was formerly a mass of fluid, and consequently filled a much larger space than at present. It is further agreed, on all hands, that the sun is a contracting body, since there is no other possible way of accounting for the enormous quantity of heat which it generates. The so-called primeval nebula follows as a necessary inference from these facts. There was once a time when the earth was distended on all sides away out to the moon and beyond it, so that the matter now contained in the moon was then a part of our equatorial zone. And at a still remoter date in the past, the mass of the sun was diffused in every direction beyond the orbit of Neptune, and no planet had an individual existence, for all were indistinguishable parts of the solar mass. When the great mass of the sun, increased by the relatively small mass of all the planets put together, was spread out in this way, it was a rare vapor or gas. At the period where the question is taken up in Laplace's treat-

¹ *The Unseen Universe; or, Physical Speculations on a Future State.* [Attributed to Professors Tait and Balfour Stewart.] New York: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

² *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, based on the Doctrine of Evolution.* Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

ment of the nebular theory, the shape of this mass is regarded as spheroidal; but at an earlier period its shape may well have been as irregular as that of any of the nebulae which we now see in distant parts of the heavens, for, whatever its primitive shape, the equalization of its rotation would in time make it spheroidal. That the *quantity* of rotation was the same then as now is unquestionable; for no system of particles, great or small, can acquire or lose rotation by any action going on within itself, any more than a man could pick himself up by his waistband and lift himself over a stone wall. So that the primitive rotating spheroidal solar nebula is not a matter of assumption, but is just what must once have existed, provided there has been no breach of continuity in nature's operations. Now proceeding to reason back from the past to the present, it has been shown that the abandonment of successive equatorial belts by the contracting solar mass must have ensued in accordance with known mechanical laws; and in similar wise, under ordinary circumstances, each belt must have parted into fragments, and the fragments, chasing each other around the same orbit, must have at last coalesced into a spheroidal planet. Not only this, but it has also been shown that as the result of such a process the relative sizes of the planets would be likely to take the order which they now follow; that the ring immediately succeeding that of Jupiter would be likely to abort and produce a great number of tiny planets instead of one good-sized one; that the outer planets would be likely to have many moons, and that Saturn, besides having the greatest number of moons, would be likely to retain some of his inner rings unbroken; that the earth would be likely to have a long day and Jupiter a short one; that the extreme outer planets would be not unlikely to rotate in a retrograde direction; and so on, through a long list of interesting and striking details. Not only, therefore, are we driven to the inference that our solar system was once a vaporous nebula, but we find that the mere contraction of such a nebula, under the influence of the enormous

mutual gravitation of its particles, carries with it the explanation of both the more general and the more particular features of the present system. So that we may fairly regard this stupendous process as veritable matter of history, while we proceed to study it under some further aspects and to consider what consequences are likely to follow.

Our attention should first be directed to the enormous waste of energy which has accompanied this contraction of the solar nebula. The first result of such a contraction is the generation of a great quantity of heat, and when the heat thus generated has been lost by radiation into surrounding space it becomes possible for the contraction to continue. Thus, as concentration goes on, heat is incessantly generated and incessantly dissipated. How long this process is to endure depends chiefly on the size of the contracting mass, as small bodies radiate heat much faster than large ones. The moon seems to be already thoroughly refrigerated, while Jupiter and Saturn are very much hotter than the earth, as is shown by the tremendous atmospheric phenomena which occur on their surfaces. The sun, again, generates heat so rapidly, owing to its great energy of contraction, and loses it so slowly, owing to its great size, that its surface is always kept in a state of incandescence. Its surface-temperature is estimated at some three million degrees of Fahrenheit, and a diminution of its diameter far too small to be detected by the finest existing instruments would suffice to maintain the present supply of heat for more than fifty centuries. These facts point to a very long future during which the sun will continue to warm the earth and its companion planets, but at the same time they carry on their face the story of inevitable ultimate doom. If things continue to go on as they have all along gone on, the sun must by and by grow black and cold, and all life whatever throughout the solar system must come to an end. Long before this consummation, however, life will probably have become extinct through the refrigeration of each of the planets into a state like

the present state of the moon, in which the atmosphere and oceans have disappeared from the surface. No doubt the sun will continue to give out heat a long time after heat has ceased to be needed for the support of living organisms. For the final refrigeration of the sun will long be postponed by the fate of the planets themselves. The separation of the planets from their parent solar mass seems to be after all but a temporary separation. So nicely balanced are they now in their orbits that they may well seem capable of rolling on in their present courses forever. But this is not the case. Two sets of circumstances are all the while striving, the one to drive the planets farther away from the sun, the other to draw them all into it. On the one hand, every body in our system which contains fluid matter has tides raised upon its surface by the attraction of neighboring bodies. All the planets raise tides upon the surface of the sun, and the periodicity of sun-spots (or solar cyclones) depends upon this fact. These tidal waves act as a drag or brake upon the rotation of the sun, somewhat diminishing its rapidity. But, in conformity with a principle of mechanics well known to astronomers though not familiar to the general reader, all the motion of rotation thus lost by the sun is added to the planets in the shape of annual motion of revolution, and thus their orbits all tend to enlarge, — they all tend to recede somewhat from the sun. But this state of things, though long-enduring enough, is after all only temporary, and will at any rate come to an end when the sun and planets have become solid: Meanwhile another set of circumstances is all the time tending to bring the planets nearer to the sun, and in the long run must gain the mastery. The space through which the planets move is filled with a kind of matter which serves as a medium for the transmission of heat and light, and this kind of matter, though different in some respects from ordinary ponderable matter, is yet like it in exerting friction. This friction is almost infinitely little, yet it has a well-nigh in-

finite length of time to work in, and during all this well-nigh infinite length of time it is slowly eating up the momentum of the planets and diminishing their ability to maintain their distances from the sun. Hence in course of time the planets will all fall into the sun, one after another, so that the solar system will end, as it began, by consisting of a single mass of matter.

But this is by no means the end of the story. When two bodies rush together, each parts with some of its energy of motion, and this lost energy of motion reappears as heat. In the concussion of two cosmical bodies, like the sun and the earth, an enormous quantity of motion is thus converted into heat. Now heat, when not allowed to radiate, or when generated faster than it can be radiated, is transformed into motion of expansion. Hence the shock of sun and planet would at once result in the vaporization of both bodies; and there can be no doubt that by the time the sun has absorbed the outermost of his attendant planets, he will have resumed something like his original nebulous condition. He will have been dilated into a huge mass of vapor, and will have become fit for a new process of contraction and for a new production of life-bearing planets.

We are now, however, confronted by an interesting but difficult question. Throughout all this grand past and future career of the solar system which we have just briefly traced, we have been witnessing a most prodigal dissipation of energy in the shape of radiant heat. At the outset we had an enormous quantity of what is called "energy of position," that is, the outer parts of our primitive nebula had a very long distance through which to travel towards one another in the slow process of concentration; and this distance was the measure of the quantity of work possible to our system. As the particles of our nebula drew nearer and nearer together, the energy of position continually lost reappeared continually as heat, of which the greater part was radiated off, but of which a certain amount was retained. All the gigantic amount of work achieved

in the geologic development of our earth and its companion planets, and in the development of life wherever life may exist in our system, has been the product of this retained heat. At the present day the same wasteful process is going on. Each moment the sun's particles are losing energy of position as they draw closer and closer together, and the heat into which this lost energy is metamorphosed is poured out most prodigally in every direction. Let us consider for a moment how little of it gets used in our system. The earth's orbit is a nearly circular figure more than five hundred million miles in circumference, while only eight thousand miles of this path are at any one time occupied by the earth's mass. Through these eight thousand miles the sun's radiated energy is doing work, but through the remainder of the five hundred million it is idle and wasted. But the case is far more striking when we reflect that it is not in the plane of the earth's orbit only that the sun's radiance is being poured out. It is not an affair of a circle, but of a sphere. In order to utilize all the solar rays, we should need to have an immense number of earths arranged so as to touch each other, forming a hollow sphere around the sun, with the present radius of the earth's orbit. We may well believe Professor Tyndall, therefore, when he tells us that all the solar radiance we receive is less than a two-billionth part of what is sent flying through the desert regions of space. Some of the immense residue of course hits other planets stationed in the way of it, and is utilized upon their surfaces; but the planets, all put together, stop so little of the total quantity that our startling illustration is not materially altered by taking them into the account. Now this two-billionth part of the solar radiance poured out from moment to moment suffices to blow every wind, to raise every cloud, to drive every engine, to build up the tissue of every plant, to sustain the activity of every animal, including man, upon the surface of our vast and stately globe. Considering the wondrous richness and variety of the terrestrial life wrought out

by the few sunbeams which we catch in our career through space, we may well pause overwhelmed and stupefied at the thought of the incalculable possibilities of existence which are thrown away with the potent actinism that darts unceasingly into the unfathomed abysses of immensity. Where it goes to, or what becomes of it, no one of us can surmise.

Now when, in the remote future, our sun is reduced to vapor by the impact of the several planets upon his surface, the resulting nebulous mass must be a very insignificant affair compared with the nebulous mass with which we started. In order to make a second nebula equal in size and potential energy to the first one, all the energy of position at first existing should have been retained in some form or other. But nearly all of it has been lost, and only an insignificant fraction remains with which to endow a new system. In order to reproduce, in future ages, anything like that cosmical development which is now going on in the solar system, aid must be sought from without. We must endeavor to frame some valid hypothesis as to the relation of our solar system to other systems.

Thus far our view has been confined to the career of a single star, — our sun, — with the tiny, easily-cooling balls which it has cast off in the course of its development. Thus far, too, our inferences have been very secure, for we have been dealing with a circumscribed group of phenomena, the beginning and end of which have been brought pretty well within the compass of our imagination. It is quite another thing to deal with the actual or probable career of the stars in general, inasmuch as we do not even know how many stars there are which form parts of a common system, or what are their precise dynamic relations to one another. Nevertheless we have knowledge of a few facts which may support some cautious inferences. All the stars which we can see are undoubtedly bound together by relations of gravitation. No doubt our sun attracts all the other stars within our ken, and is reciprocally attracted by them.

The stars, too, lie mostly in or around one great plane, as is the case with the members of the solar system. Moreover, the stars are shown by the spectroscope to consist of chemical elements identical with those which are found in the solar system. Such facts as these make it probable that the career of other stars, when adequately inquired into, would be found to be like that of our own sun. Observation daily enhances this probability, for our study of the sidereal universe is continually showing us stars in all stages of development. We find irregular nebulae, for example; we find spiral and spheroidal nebulae; we find stars which have got beyond the nebulous stage, but are still at a whiter heat than our sun; and we also find many stars which yield the same sort of spectrum as our sun. The inference seems forced upon us that the same process of concentration which has gone on in the case of our solar nebula has been going on in the case of other nebulae. The history of the sun is but a type of the history of stars in general. And when we consider that all other visible stars and nebulae are cooling and contracting bodies, like our sun, to what other conclusion could we very well come? When we look at Sirius, for instance, we do not see him surrounded by planets, for at such a distance no planet could be visible, even Sirius himself, though fourteen times larger than our sun, appearing only as a "twinkling little star." But a comparative survey of the heavens assures us that Sirius can hardly have arrived at his present stage of concentration without detaching planet-forming rings, for there is no reason for supposing that mechanical laws out there are at all different from what they are in our own system. And the same kind of inference must apply to all the matured stars which we see in the heavens.

When we duly take all these things into the account, the case of our solar system will appear as only one of a thousand cases of evolution and dissolution with which the heavens furnish us. Other stars, like our sun, have un-

doubtedly started as vaporous masses, and have thrown off planets in contracting. The inference may seem a bold one, but it after all involves no other assumption than that of the continuity of natural phenomena. It is not likely, therefore, that the solar system will forever be left to itself. Stars which strongly gravitate toward each other, while moving through a perennally resisting medium, must in time be drawn together. The collision of our extinct sun with one of the Pleiades, after this manner, would very likely suffice to generate even a grander nebula than the one with which we started. Possibly the entire galactic system may, in an inconceivably remote future, remodel itself in this way; and possibly the nebula from which our own group of planets has been formed may have owed its origin to the disintegration of systems which had accomplished their career in the depths of the bygone eternity.

When the problem is extended to these huge dimensions, the prospect of an ultimate cessation of cosmoical work is indefinitely postponed, but at the same time it becomes impossible for us to deal very securely with the questions we have raised. The magnitudes and periods we have introduced are so nearly infinite as to baffle speculation itself. One point, however, we seem dimly to discern. Supposing the stellar universe not to be absolutely infinite in extent, we may hold that the day of doom, so often postponed, must come at last. The concentration of matter and dissipation of energy, so often checked, must in the end prevail, so that, as the final outcome of things, the entire universe will be reduced to a single enormous ball, dead and frozen, solid and black, its potential energy of motion having been all transformed into heat and radiated away. Such a conclusion has been suggested by Sir William Thomson, and it is quite forcibly stated by the authors of *The Unseen Universe*. They remind us that "if there be any one form of energy less readily or less completely transformable than the others, and if transformations constantly go on, more

and more of the whole energy of the universe will inevitably sink into this lower grade as time advances." Now radiant heat, as we have seen, is such a lower grade of energy. "At each transformation of heat-energy into work, a large portion is degraded, while only a small portion is transformed into work. So that while it is very easy to change all of our mechanical or useful energy into heat, it is only possible to transform a portion of this heat-energy back again into work. After each change, too, the heat becomes more and more dissipated or degraded, and less and less available for any future transformation. In other words," our authors continue, "the tendency of heat is towards equalization; heat is *par excellence* the communist of our universe, and it will no doubt ultimately bring the system to an end. . . . It is absolutely certain that life, so far as it is physical, depends essentially upon transformations of energy; it is also absolutely certain that age after age the possibility of such transformations is becoming less and less; and, so far as we yet know, the final state of the present universe must be an aggregation (into one mass) of all the matter it contains, *i. e.*, the potential energy gone, and a practically useless state of kinetic energy, *i. e.*, uniform temperature throughout that mass." Thus our authors conclude that the visible universe began in time and will in time come to an end; and they add that under the physical conditions of such a universe "immortality is impossible."

Concerning the latter inference we shall by and by have something to say. Meanwhile this whole speculation as to the final cessation of cosmical work seems to me — as it does to my friend, Professor Clifford¹ — by no means trustworthy. The conditions of the problem so far transcend our grasp that any such speculation must remain an unverifiable guess. I do not go with Professor Clifford in doubting whether the laws of mechanics are absolutely the same throughout eternity; I cannot quite reconcile such a doubt with faith in the principle

of continuity. But it does seem to me needful, before we conclude that radiated energy is absolutely and forever wasted, that we should find out what becomes of it. What we call radiant heat is simply transverse wave-motion, propagated with enormous velocity through an ocean of subtle, ethereal matter which bathes the atoms of all visible or palpable bodies and fills the whole of space, extending beyond the remotest star which the telescope can reach. Whether there are any bounds at all to this ethereal ocean, or whether it is as infinite as space itself, we cannot surmise. If it be limited, the possible dispersion of radiant energy is limited by its extent. Heat and light cannot travel through emptiness. If the ether is bounded by surrounding emptiness, then a ray of heat, on arriving at this limiting emptiness, would be reflected back as surely as a ball is sent back when thrown against a solid wall. If this be the case, it will not affect our conclusions concerning such a tiny region of space as is occupied by the solar system, but it will seriously modify Sir William Thomson's suggestion as to the fate of the universe as a whole. The radiance thrown away by the sun is indeed lost so far as the future of our system is concerned, but not a single unit of it is lost from the universe. Sooner or later, reflected back in all directions, it must do work in one quarter or another, so that ultimate stagnation becomes impossible. It is true that no such return of radiant energy has been detected in our corner of the world; but we have not yet so far disentangled all the force-relations of the universe that we are entitled to regard such a return as impossible. This is one way of escape from the consummation of things depicted by our authors. Another way of escape is equally available, if we suppose that while the ether is without bounds the stellar universe also extends to infinity. For in this case the reproduction of nebulous masses fit for generating new systems of worlds must go on through space that is endless, and consequently the process can never come

¹ Fortnightly Review, April, 1875.

to an end and can never have had a beginning. We have, therefore, three alternatives: either the visible universe is finite, while the ether is infinite; or both are finite; or both are infinite. Only on the first supposition, I think, do we get a universe which began in time and must end in time. Between such stupendous alternatives we have no grounds for choosing. But it would seem that the third, whether strictly true or not, best represents the state of the case relatively to our feeble capacity of comprehension. Whether absolutely infinite or not, the dimensions of the universe must be taken as practically infinite, so far as human thought is concerned. They immeasurably transcend the capabilities of any gauge we can bring to bear on them. Accordingly, all that we are really entitled to hold, as the outcome of sound speculation, is the conception of innumerable systems of worlds concentrating out of nebulous masses, and then rushing together and dissolving into similar masses, as bubbles unite and break up—now here, now there—in their play on the surface of a pool, and to this tremendous series of events we can assign neither a beginning nor an end.

We must now make some more explicit mention of the ether which carries through space the rays of heat and light. In closest connection with the visible stellar universe, the vicissitudes of which we have briefly traced, the all-pervading ether constitutes a sort of unseen world remarkable enough from any point of view, but to which the theory of our authors ascribes capacities hitherto unsuspected by science. The very existence of an ocean of ether enveloping the molecules of material bodies has been doubted or denied by many eminent physicists, though of course none have called in question the necessity for some interstellar medium for the transmission of thermal and luminous vibrations. This skepticism has been, I think, partially justified by the many difficulties encompassing the conception, into which,

however, we need not here enter. That light and heat cannot be conveyed by any of the ordinary sensible forms of matter is unquestionable. None of the forms of sensible matter can be imagined sufficiently elastic to propagate wave-motion at the rate of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles per second. Yet a ray of light is a series of waves, and implies some substance in which the waves occur. The substance required is one which seems to possess strangely contradictory properties. It is commonly regarded as an "ether" or infinitely rare substance; but, as Professor Jevons observes, we might as well regard it as an infinitely solid "adamant." "Sir John Herschel has calculated the amount of force which may be supposed, according to the undulatory theory of light, to be exerted at each point in space, and finds it to be 1,148,000,000,000 times the elastic force of ordinary air at the earth's surface, so that the pressure of the ether upon a square inch of surface must be about 17,000,000,000,000, or seventeen billions of pounds."¹ Yet at the same time the resistance offered by the ether to the planetary motions is too minute to be appreciable. "All our ordinary notions," says Professor Jevons, "must be laid aside in contemplating such an hypothesis; yet [it is] no more than the observed phenomena of light and heat force us to accept. We cannot deny even the strange suggestion of Dr. Young, that there may be independent worlds, some possibly existing in different parts of space, but others perhaps pervading each other, unseen and unknown, in the same space. For if we are bound to admit the conception of this adamantine firmament, it is equally easy to admit a plurality of such."

The ether, therefore, is unlike any of the forms of matter which we can weigh and measure. In some respects it resembles a fluid, in some respects a solid. It is both hard and elastic to an almost inconceivable degree. It fills all material bodies like a sea in which the atoms of the material bodies are as islands, and

¹ Jevons' *Principles of Science*, II. 145. The figures, which in the English system of numeration

read as seventeen billions, would in the American system read as seventeen trillions.

it occupies the whole of what we call empty space. It is so sensitive that a disturbance in any part of it causes a "tremor which is felt on the surface of countless worlds." Our old experiences of matter give us no account of any substance like this; yet the undulatory theory of light obliges us to admit such a substance, and that theory is as well established as the theory of gravitation. Obviously we have here an enlargement of our experience of matter. The analysis of the phenomena of light and radiant heat has brought us into mental relations with matter in a different state from any in which we previously knew it. For the supposition that the ether may be something essentially different from matter is contradicted by all the terms we have used in describing it. Strange and contradictory as its properties may seem, are they any more strange than the properties of a gas would seem if we were for the first time to discover a gas after heretofore knowing nothing but solids and liquids? I think not; and the conclusion, implied by our authors, seems to me eminently probable, that in the so-called ether we have simply a state of matter more primitive than what we know as the gaseous state. Indeed, the conceptions of matter now current, and inherited from barbarous ages, are likely enough to be crude in the extreme. It is not strange that the study of such subtle agencies as heat and light should oblige us to modify them; and it will not be strange if the study of electricity should entail still further revision of our ideas.

We are now brought to one of the profoundest speculations of modern times, the vortex-atom theory of Helmholtz and Thomson, in which the evolution of ordinary matter from ether is plainly indicated. The reader first needs to know what vortex-motion is; and this has been so beautifully explained by Professor Clifford, that I quote his description entire: "Imagine a ring of india-rubber, made by joining together the ends of a cylindrical piece (like a lead-pencil before it is cut), to be put upon a round stick which it will just fit with a little

stretching. Let the stick be now pulled through the ring while the latter is kept in its place by being pulled the other way on the outside. The india-rubber has then what is called *vortex-motion*. Before the ends were joined together, while it was straight, it might have been made to turn around without changing position, by rolling it between the hands. Just the same motion of rotation it has on the stick, only that the ends are now joined together. All the inside surface of the ring is going one way, namely, the way the stick is pulled; and all the outside is going the other way. Such a vortex-ring is made by the smoker who purses his lips into a round hole and sends out a puff of smoke. The outside of the ring is kept back by the friction of his lips while the inside is going forwards; thus a rotation is set up all round the smoke-ring as it travels out into the air." In these cases, and in others as we commonly find it, vortex-motion owes its origin to friction, and is after a while brought to an end by friction. But in 1858 the equations of motion of an incompressible frictionless fluid were first successfully solved by Helmholtz, and among other things he proved that, though vortex-motion could not be originated in such a fluid, yet supposing it once to exist, it would exist to all eternity and could not be diminished by any mechanical action whatever. A vortex-ring, for example, in such a fluid, would forever preserve its own rotation, and would thus forever retain its peculiar individuality, being, as it were, marked off from its neighbor vortex-rings. Upon this mechanical truth Sir William Thomson based his wonderfully suggestive theory of the constitution of matter. That which is permanent or indestructible in matter is the ultimate homogeneous atom; and this is probably all that is permanent, since chemists now almost unanimously hold that so-called elementary molecules are not really simple, but owe their sensible differences to the various groupings of an ultimate atom which is alike for all. Relatively to our powers of comprehension the atom endures eternally; that is, it retains for-

ever unalterable its definite mass and its definite rate of vibration. Now this is just what a vortex-ring would do in an incompressible frictionless fluid. Thus the startling question is suggested, Why may not the ultimate atoms of matter be vortex-rings forever existing in such a frictionless fluid filling the whole of space? Such a hypothesis is not less brilliant than Huyghens's conjectured identification of light with undulatory motion; and it is moreover a legitimate hypothesis, since it can be brought to the test of verification. Sir William Thomson has shown that it explains a great many of the physical properties of matter; it remains to be seen whether it can explain them all.

Of course the ether which conveys thermal and luminous undulations is not the frictionless fluid postulated by Sir William Thomson. The most conspicuous property of the ether is its enormous elasticity, a property which we should not find in a frictionless fluid. "To account for such elasticity," says Professor Clifford (whose exposition of the subject is still more lucid than that of our authors), "it has to be supposed that even where there are no material molecules the universal fluid is full of vortex-motion, but that the vortices are smaller and more closely packed than those of [ordinary] matter, forming altogether a more finely grained structure. So that the difference between matter and ether is reduced to a mere difference in the size and arrangement of the component vortex-rings. Now, whatever may turn out to be the ultimate nature of the ether and of molecules, we know that to some extent at least they obey the same dynamic laws, and that they act upon one another in accordance with these laws. Until, therefore, it is absolutely disproved, it must remain the simplest and most probable assumption that they are finally made of the same stuff, that the material molecule is some kind of knot or coagulation of ether."¹

Another interesting consequence of Sir William Thomson's pregnant hy-

pothesis is that the absolute hardness which has been attributed to material atoms from the time of Lucretius downward may be dispensed with. Somewhat in the same way that a loosely suspended chain becomes rigid with rapid rotation, the hardness and elasticity of the vortex-atom are explained as due to the swift rotary motion of a soft and yielding fluid. So that the vortex-atom is really indivisible, not by reason of its hardness or solidity, but by reason of the indestructibleness of its motion.

Supposing, now, that we adopt provisionally the vortex theory, — the great power of which is well shown by the consideration just mentioned, — we must not forget that it is absolutely essential to the indestructibleness of the material atom that the universal fluid in which it has an existence as a vortex-ring should be entirely destitute of friction. Once admit even the most infinitesimal amount of friction, while retaining the conception of vortex-motion in a universal fluid, and the whole case is so far altered that the material atom can no longer be regarded as absolutely indestructible, but only as indefinitely enduring. It may have been generated, in bygone eternity, by a natural process of evolution, and in future eternity may come to an end. Relatively to our powers of comprehension the practical difference is perhaps not great. Scientifically speaking, Helmholtz and Thomson are as well entitled to reason upon the assumption of a perfectly frictionless fluid as geometers in general are entitled to assume perfect lines without breadth and perfect surfaces without thickness. Perfect lines and surfaces do not exist within the region of our experience; yet the conclusions of geometry are none the less true ideally, though in any particular concrete instance they are only approximately realized. Just so with the conception of a frictionless fluid. So far as experience goes, such a thing has no more real existence than a line without breadth; and hence an atomic theory based upon such an assumption may be as true ideally as

¹ *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1875, p. 784.

any of the theorems of Euclid, but it can give only an approximately true account of the actual universe. These considerations do not at all affect the scientific value of the theory; but they will modify the tenor of such transcendental inferences as may be drawn from it regarding the probable origin and destiny of the universe.

The conclusions reached in the first part of this paper, while we were dealing only with gross visible matter, may have seemed bold enough; but they are far surpassed by the inference which our authors draw from the vortex theory as they interpret it. They exhibit various reasons, more or less sound, for attributing to the primordial fluid some slight amount of friction; and in support of this view they adduce Le Sage's explanation of gravitation as a differential result of pressure, and Struve's theory of the partial absorption of light-rays by the ether, — questions with which our present purpose does not require us to meddle. Apart from such questions it is every way probable that the primary assumption of Helmholtz and Thomson is only an approximation to the truth. But if we accredit the primordial fluid with even an infinitesimal amount of friction, then we are required to conceive of the visible universe as developed from the invisible and as destined to return into the invisible. The vortex-atom, produced by infinitesimal friction operating through well-nigh infinite time, is to be ultimately abolished by the agency which produced it. In the words of our authors, "If the visible universe be developed from an invisible which is not a perfect fluid, then the argument deduced by Sir William Thomson in favor of the eternity of ordinary matter disappears, since this eternity depends upon the perfect fluidity of the invisible. In fine, if we suppose the material universe to be composed of a series of vortex-rings developed from an invisible uni-

verse which is not a perfect fluid, it will be ephemeral, just as the smoke-ring which we develop from air, or that which we develop from water, is ephemeral, the only difference being in duration, these lasting only for a few seconds, and the others it may be for billions of years." Thus, as these writers suppose that "the available energy of the visible universe will ultimately be appropriated by the invisible," they go on to imagine, "at least as a possibility, that the separate existence of the visible universe will share the same fate, so that we shall have no huge, useless, inert mass existing in after ages to remind the passer-by of a form of energy and a species of matter that is long since out of date and functionally effete. Why should not the universe bury its dead out of sight?"

In one respect perhaps no more stupendous subject of contemplation than this has ever been offered to the mind of man. In comparison with the length of time thus required to efface the tiny individual atom, the entire cosmical career of our solar system, or even that of the whole starry galaxy, shrinks into utter nothingness. Whether we shall adopt the conclusion suggested must depend on the extent of our speculative audacity. We have seen wherein its probability consists, but in reasoning upon such a scale we may fitly be cautious and modest in accepting inferences, and our authors, we may be sure, would be the first to recommend such modesty and caution. Even at the dimensions to which our theorizing has here grown, we may for instance discern the possible alternative of a simultaneous or rhythmically successive generation and destruction of vortex-atoms which would go far to modify the conclusion just suggested. But here we must pause, reserving for a second paper the weightier thoughts as to futurity which our authors have sought to enwrap in these sublime physical speculations.

John Fiske.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

VIII.

At the best, love is fatal to friendship; the most that friendship can do is to listen to love's talk of itself and be the confidant of its rapturous joys, its transports of despair. The lover fancies himself all the fonder of his friend because of his passion for his mistress, but in reality he has no longer any need of the old comrade. They cannot talk sanely and frankly together any more; there is something now that they cannot share; even if the lover desired to maintain the old affectionate relation, the mistress could not suffer it. The spectre of friendship is sometimes invited to haunt the home of the lovers after marriage; but when their happiness has been flaunted in its face, when it has been shown the new house, the new china, the new carpets, the new garden, it is tacitly exorcised, and is not always called back again except to be shown the new baby. The young spouses are ever so willing to have the poor ghost remain; the wife learns whether it takes two or three lumps of sugar in its tea; the husband bids it smoke anywhere it likes, and the wife smiles a menacing acquiescence; but all the same they turn it out-of-doors. They praise it when it is gone, and they feel so much more comfortable to be alone.

Mrs. Farrell had only hastened a natural result from Easton's passion for her, which now declared itself without any of the conventional reserves. It was the degree of passion which is called a perfect infatuation by the tranquil spectator, but which probably appears a reasonable enough condition both to the subject and the object of it. In fact, there is no just cause why every woman should not reduce some man to it; it is a hardship that she cannot; in a better state of things no doubt she could.

Easton found in Mrs. Farrell's presence a relief from thoughts that troubled

him when away from her; when he beheld her, or heard her speak, his bliss was so great that his heart could not harbor self-reproach; but at other times it upbraided him that he was making Gilbert wait for the explanation that was his instant due. His love had revealed to him a whole new world of rights and duties which seemed at war with those of the world he had always lived in before. This new passion claimed reverence for an ideal as exacting as that of the old friendship; and perfect loyalty to both seemed beyond him.

Gilbert neither shunned nor sought him; and it was Easton's constraint under his friend's patience that made their being together intolerable. When they met they never spoke of Mrs. Farrell, or indeed of anything but passing trifles; and Easton avoided his friend as much as he could until the inspired moment should come to do him justice; the moment which seemed to retreat farther and farther from him the more he tasted the supreme bliss which life now held to his lip. Their affairs had come to this pass when, on Friday, Gilbert abruptly announced that he had arranged with one of the men at the hotel to spend a few days in camp on the northern side of the mountain, where the brooks were less accessible and less fished than those of West Pekin. He made no pretense of asking Easton to go with him; and he parted from him with a nod when his wagon with the camping outfit in it drove up to the door. They had often parted as carelessly, but with a difference. Easton watched the wagon out of sight, and then started toward Woodward farm with a sigh of sad relief.

He was seen coming every morning by the ladies on watch, who had made so careful a study of his face that they knew by its change from desperate courage and endurance to all-forgetting ecstasy the very moment when he caught

sight of Mrs. Farrell; and they could not help rejoicing in the perfect abandon of his loverhood. It was indeed a devotion not less than heroic, which none but a primitive soul, nurtured in high and pure ideals, could have been capable of; it was so unlike the languid dangle which they had been used to call attentions, that they could not help regarding it with a tender admiration; they were all half in love with a man who could be so wholly in love, and they began to respect the woman who could inspire such a passion. They even liked the unsparing directness with which he made it appear that he came to see Mrs. Farrell and no one else; that he cared to speak to no other, to look at none but her; they sweetly bore, they even approved, the almost savage frankness with which he went away when she was absent. He made no pretenses of any sort; he did not bring a book as excuse for coming to see her; he had no scruple about asking her before half a piazza full of people to walk or drive with him; when he sat down beside her, in whatever presence, he always seemed to be alone with her.

She would perhaps have been satisfied with a less perfect surrender; it looked sometimes as if his worship alarmed and puzzled her; but for the most she received it in good part; and if she ever found it necessary to administer a snub, he took it with heroic patience; it plainly hurt him to his heart's core, but plainly it did not daunt him; the next day he wooed as ardently, and he never dreamed of resenting it.

They walked a good deal, the following week, to the wood where they had sat on the first Sunday among the ferns, and there he read to her, or talked to her in the freedom of a heart never opened to a woman before. Love baptizes us with a new youth whenever it comes; the talk of all lovers is like the babble of childhood, and a heavenly simpleness inspires it. This is so, whatever the number of the passion; it is true in even greater degree if first love comes when the lover is well toward his thirties. Easton was one of the most single-

hearted of men, but pride had kept him one of the most reserved. Now love came, and, taking away his pride toward her he loved, seemed to leave him no reserve. He told her what his life had been, what his theories of life were; his likes, his dislikes; things that had happened to him as a boy at school; about his uncle who had brought him up and left him his money; that he looked like this uncle; he even told of curious dreams that he had dreamt. A load lay on his heart all the time: it was the thought of Gilbert, whom alone he would not speak of, though the talk seemed to be always drifting toward him.

They were sitting in the old place on the Saturday afternoon of the week after Gilbert's departure. Gilbert was staying longer than his sister-in-law had expected, and there had begun to be a vague wonder, not yet deepened to anxiety, at his prolonged absence, which Easton inwardly shared. He began to speak now, with the intention of talking of Gilbert, as if it would be some sort of reparation to praise him to Mrs. Farrell.

"Do you remember," he asked, "being surprised that afternoon when I told you what an idler in the world I was?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Farrell, "we were both rather foolish that afternoon," and she looked at him demurely from under her fallen lashes.

Easton laughed a flattered lover's laugh. "But you have forgiven me."

"And you me. So sweet to be forgiven!"

They both laughed, and she went on. "How funny it seems, after such a very unpromising start, that you should be sitting here with me again, and really quite tolerating me."

"Yes," he said in a hoarse undertone, "very droll;" but he was thinking in a rapturous absence how far her word was from painting his attitude toward her. In the same sense one might tolerate the hope of heaven. Mrs. Farrell laughed again, and he smiled his happiness.

"You seem to like being laughed at better than you did at first, Mr. Easton," she said gravely. "Why?"

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps it's practice. It would be a pity if we learnt nothing from experience."

"Very true, very true indeed. I've no doubt you could learn a great many useful things. For instance, now you like being laughed at before your face, perhaps you will come to like being laughed at behind your back."

"I think that would be more difficult."

"Well, let us try: I laughed at you to the Woodwards that morning when you mended our broken holdback with your handkerchief. It seemed such a wanton waste of handkerchief; and you did it with the air of laying down your life, of shedding your last drop of blood, for our sakes. It was too ridiculous! There; how do you like that?"

"I don't mind it—much."

"Well, you're really getting on. Shall I tell you now how I made fun of you to Mr. Gilbert?"

The name gave Easton a shock. Gilbert had gone wholly out of his mind; but that was not the worst. He grew pale, and remained silently frowning.

"Oh dear! now I've done it, again," cried Mrs. Farrell. "I wonder which cord of your high-strung friendship I've snapped this time. I wish you'd never brought it near a plain, every-day person like me. I can weep for my crime, if that will do any good." She drew out a handkerchief, and began to make a conspicuous pretense of drying her tears. Then she dropped it, and as Easton made a movement to restore it to her he suddenly arrested himself.

"Why, this is my handkerchief," he said.

"Excuse me, Mr. Easton," retorted Mrs. Farrell with exaggerated *hauteur*, "the handkerchief is mine. Will you give it back, or shall I scream for help? This wood is inhabited, and a lady does n't cry out in vain. Come, sir; my property!"

She reached forward for it, and Easton withheld it. "How came it yours?" he asked.

"Ben Woodward found it on the buggy-harness two weeks ago, and brought

it to me. I washed it and ironed it nicely with my own hands. 'That handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give. She was a charmer, and could almost read the thoughts of people. There's magic in the web of it. A sibyl, that had numbered in the world the sun to course two hundred compasses, in her prophetic fury sewed the work.' " Mrs. Farrell declaimed the words with fire, and at the last caught quickly at the handkerchief, which Easton still held beyond her reach. Then she made a fascinating pretense of taking up a point of her overskirt in her left hand to wipe her eyes with it as with an apron.

"What will you give me in exchange for it?"

"Nothing," she said coldly. "Why should I wish to buy your handkerchief of you? I have enough of my own;" and while Easton looked in unguarded embarrassment at her face, to see if she were really offended or not, she caught the handkerchief from him and ran it swiftly into that fold of her dress where her pocket lurked. "Now!" she said, and looked at him with beautiful mocking.

He gave a laugh of confusion and pleasure, and, "Oh, you carry it off very well," said Mrs. Farrell.

"Where did you study Shakespeare?" he asked.

"At school, where he was n't in the course. Look here, Mr. Easton: I think you ought to be punished, instead of rewarded, for your attempt on my handkerchief. But I am so forgiving that I can't be harsh with the basest offenders. So I am really going to let you have something in exchange for this handkerchief, and I hope you'll read it often and often." She drew her hand from her pocket and offered him a little book. "Don't you remember the book you picked up for me in the meadow. Here it is. You won't mind my name in it?" She put up her hand to waive his thanks, and added hastily, "Spare your gratitude. I want to get rid of the book. It's a constant reproach to me, and a constant reminder of my very bold behavior that day. But I could n't help

it. Oh, Mr. Easton! You *know* I left that book there, so that I could come back and get a better look at you two, don't you?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And could you really pardon such a shameless trick?"

"I rather liked to have you look at me."

"Don't prevaricate! Do you approve of such actions?"

"You did it."

"Oh, but that's personal. Why, you're actually shuffling! Now, tell me whether you don't think it was very unladylike and unbecoming."

"I saw no harm in it."

"Well, you *are* large-minded. If I had been in your place I should certainly have suspected some ulterior motive."

"Like what?"

"Like what? Why, like my wanting you to see me!"

Easton merely laughed. "I had n't thought of that," he said. Her daring was delicious; he wanted her to talk on so forever. But she sat looking at him a full minute before she spoke.

"Well," she said at last, "I don't know what to make of such mercifulness. I'm not used to it. I think I might have been different if I had n't always been so sharply judged. What I do is n't so very bad, that I can see, but people seem to think it is awful. The only people I've ever seen who could make any allowance for me are the Woodwards. I suppose it must seem very odd to you, my being with them so much, and so little with the other boarders. But you go where you find sympathy. It seems to me I've always been alone," she said with passionate self-pity that dimmed her eyes. She dried them with Easton's handkerchief, and turned her face away.

He could not have spoken now without pouring out his whole heart, and to speak of love to her in this mood would be like seizing an advantage which his fantastic notions of justice forbade him to take.

"You don't know what good people they are," she resumed, with her face

still averted. "When I was sick with a fever here, two summers ago, they cared for me as if I were their own child. And there is n't anything I would n't do for them — anything! I was very sick indeed," she went on, turning her eyes upon him now, and speaking very solemnly, "and I suppose that I could not have lived without their nursing. It was in their busiest time, and they sent people away so that they could have a chance to care for me. Mr. Easton," she cried, as if fired with a generous inspiration, "you must get better acquainted with Rachel Woodward. She and you are just of a piece. She's quite as large-minded as you are, and as unsuspicious and — good. Yes, I know you're good; you need n't try to deceive me. I'm not. I'm full of vanity and vexation of spirit. I don't know what I want; I'm restless, and perturbed, and horrid. But there's nothing of that kind about Rachel Woodward; she's a born saint, and goes round accepting self-sacrifice as if it were her birthright. For all she's got such a genius for drawing, I suppose she'd settle down into a common country drudge without a murmur, if she found it in the line of duty. Duty! what is duty? It's the greatest imposition of the age, I think." Mrs. Farrell had now quite emerged from her clouds, and was able to share Easton's joy in her nonsense. "I know Mr. Gilbert did n't think so kindly of my coming back after that book," she said, as if this were the natural sequence of what had gone before, and had been in her mind all the time.

Easton's embarrassment appeared in his face, but he said nothing.

"Oh well, never mind," said Mrs. Farrell, rising, "he's welcome to hate me if he likes; and I suppose he'll end by making you hate me too. I'm sure it's very good of you to respite me so long." She gave the faintest sigh, and began to arrange her dress for walking away, looking first over one shoulder, and then over the other, at her skirt behind.

Neither of them said anything, as they quitted the place where they had been

sitting, by a path that led homeward through a rocky dell, farther around than that they usually came and went by. In this dell there was a shade of maples thicker than elsewhere in the woods, and the heavy granite boulders started from the soil in fantastic and threatening shapes, very different from the sterile repose that they kept in the neighboring fields and woods. Something of the old, elemental strife lingered there yet; the aspect of the place was wild, almost fierce; the trout-brook, that stole so still through the flat meadows on either side of the dell, quarreled along its rocky course in this narrow solitude, and filled it with a harsh din of waters. But the soil in the crevices and little spaces between the granite masses was richer than anywhere else on the farm. Earlier in the season, wherever the sun could look through the maple-boughs it saw a host of wild flowers, and in its turn the shade detained the spring, and there were still violets here in July, and the shy water-plants unfolded their bloom at every point along the margin of the fretted brook where they could find foothold. No maples yielded a more bounteous sweet than these in the shrewish April weather, when the Woodward boys came and tapped their gnarled trunks; and in the lower end of the valley stood the sugar-house, with its rusty iron pans and kettles, and its half-ruinous brick oven and chimney, where they boiled the sap. Because the brook perhaps ran cooler here than in the meadows, the cattle from the neighboring pastures came to drink at the pool which its waters gathered into at one place, just before it took the final fray with the rocks and broke out into the open sunlight beyond, where it lulled itself among the grassy levels. An oriole had made its nest in the boughs that overhung this pool; and higher up in the same tree lived a family of red squirrels, some member of which was pretty sure to challenge every passer. In the bushes that thickened about the meadow-border in sight of the farmhouse, lived thrushes and cat-birds; and in the very heart of the dell, a rain-

crow often voiced his lugubrious foreboding.

Mrs. Farrell entered by the vagrant path that the cattle's hoofs had made, and midway of the hollow she paused, and resting her arm on a tall boulder looked round the place with a certain joy in her face, as of kindred wildness. Her rich eyes glowed, her bosom rose, and her breaths were full and deep. If she could indeed have been some wild, sylvan thing, with no amenability to our criterions, one could not have asked more of her than to be as she was; but behind her came a man who loved her as a woman, and whose heart was building from its hopes of her that image of possession and of home which love bids the most hapless passion cherish. When he came up with her, he looked into her face, and said, as if no silence had followed her last speech, his thoughts had been so voluble to him, "Why do you talk to me about hating you?"

"Why?" she echoed with a look of alarm, and signs of that inward trepidation which every woman must feel at such a moment. "Oh," she added with a weak effort to jest fate aside, "I suppose that I thought you ought to hate me."

"No," said Easton with a passionate force that nothing could have stayed, "you know I love you!"

Her dark bloom went, but in an instant came again, with what swiftly blended emotions no man may guess and possibly no woman could tell, and "How can you say such a thing to me?" she demanded with the imperiousness of fear. "You — you hardly know me — it's hardly a week since we met."

"A week? What does it matter? I have never loved any other woman; I know that you are free to love me, if you can; I don't care for any other knowledge of you. Oh, don't answer me yet! Listen: I don't ask you to love me now; what right have I to do that? But only let me love you! I can wait. I can be silent, if you say so. You are my whole life, and my whole life is yours, if you choose to make me wait so long. How could it be better spent?"

She sank down upon a shelf of rock beside that she had leant upon, and he fell at her feet, and then with the unsparingness of love which claims nothing and takes all, "Oh, my darling!" he murmured, and stretched his arms towards her.

She stayed him with a little electric touch. "Don't!" she whispered, and after a look at him she hid her face.

He did not move; his attitude did change, but still expressed his headlong hope, as if a sculptor had caught it in immutable stone; but when she drew out his handkerchief, and, pressing it to her eyes, handed it to him and said with trembling lips, "Take it; give me my book," a terrible despair blanched his face.

"Oh!" he moaned.

"Yes," she said, "I must be free. I can't think if I'm not free;" and she put the book, which he mechanically surrendered, into her pocket.

"You shall be as free of me as you will," he answered. "I ask nothing of you — only leave to love you. I will go away, if you say it. I must be to blame for speaking, if it gives you so much pain. I would rather have died than hurt you."

An imploring humility, an ineffable tenderness evoked by her trouble, shook his voice. She did not answer at once, but, "You are not to blame; I should be very ungrateful and very cruel to suffer it," she said, after a while, "but, oh, I'm afraid that I must have been behaving very badly, very boldly, to make you talk so to me, so soon. I'm afraid," she said, bowing her head, "that you don't respect me — that you think I was trying to make you care for me."

"Respect you!" he echoed. "I love you."

"Yes, yes, I know that. But it is n't the same thing!"

He stood bewildered, where he had risen from her feet, and looked down into her face, which she now lifted toward him. "If I had been another kind of woman, you would n't have said it to me!"

"No; if you had been other than you

are, I should not have loved you," said the young man, gravely.

"Oh, I don't mean that. I mean — Oh, Mr. Easton, what is it you find to love in me? What did I ever do or say that you ought to love me? Why do you love me?"

"I don't know. Because — you are — you are my love."

"Is it my looks you care for?"

"Your looks? Yes, you are beautiful. I had n't thought of that."

"But if I was n't, you would never have cared for me."

"How can I tell? I have no reasons. You are the one human creature in all the world whose being or doing I can't question. You are what I love, whatever you are."

"Is it true? How strange!" said Mrs. Farrell. "And if I had always been very cold and reserved and stiff with you, and not come back after that book, and not let you take a hair-pin out of my chignon, and not made mischief between you and your friend, and not been so ready to walk and ride with you in season and out of season, and not rather — well! — *cut up* with you to-day about that handkerchief, would you have loved me all the same?"

She was still looking very seriously into his face, so very seriously that he could not help the smile that the contrast of her words and mien brought to his lips.

"Don't! Don't laugh!" she pleaded piteously. "I'm trying to get at something."

"But there is nothing, nothing for you to get at!" he cried out. "If I tried forever, I could only say at last that I love you."

"Yes, but you ought n't to," said Mrs. Farrell, with a sigh. "You don't know anything about me. You don't know who or what I am." She restrained a movement of impatience on his part. "I'm not at all like other people. My father was nothing but a ship's captain, and he had been a common sailor; and he ran off with my mother, I've heard, and they were married against her parents' will. I can

remember how handsome he was, with blue eyes and a yellow beard, and how he used to swear at the men — I went a voyage with him once after my mother died. I was brought up at a convent school in Canada, along with the half-sisters of Mr. Farrell, who owned my father's ship; and when I came out he married me. I did n't love him; no, I never pretended to; he was too old. But I married him, and I would have been a good enough wife, I believe, but he died; he died very soon after we were married. I never said so, but I was sorry that he should die, for he was very good to me; and yet I was glad to be free again. There, Mr. Easton, that's all about me."

Apparently this history had not given his passion the pause of a single pulse. She was all that she had been to him, or more; his face showed that.

"Well?" she asked, triumphantly.

"Then you don't forbid me to love you?" he questioned in turn.

"Oh, I ought to! You are too generous and too good for me! No, no, you must n't love me. I should be sure to bring harm upon you. It was all true about Mr. Farrell, but it was n't about my father. In his last years he joined the church, and he used to pray in the cabin to be forgiven for swearing on deck. So I'm not so bad as I said, but I'm not good enough for you to love."

"Won't you let me judge of that?" asked Easton, with a smile, too happy to do else, whatever name she had given herself. He crouched again at her feet, near the base of the flat rock on which she had sunk, and while he spoke she looked beamingly upon him. "I could parade a few defects of my own," he said, "but just now, I am anxious to have you think all the good of me that you can; I shall be infinitely far from good enough."

"No, no; don't do that. I want you to tell me something very disgraceful of yourself. If you don't make yourself out the blackest kind of character, I shall not let you care for me."

"Another time; not now."

"Yes, now. Come."

Easton laughed. "I can't think of anything heinous enough for your purpose on such short notice."

"Oh, Mr. Easton! Do you mean to say that you have never done anything to be ashamed of? Have you nothing on your conscience? What was that thing you said you ought n't to have done to Mr. Gilbert?"

The shadow of his lurking remorse fell over the bliss of the lover's face, and he gave a sigh like those we heave when we wake from the forgetfulness of care to the remembrance of it. "Do you really want to know?"

"Yes, I do," answered Mrs. Farrell. "If you'd been guilty of something really shabby, I should have felt more at home with you; but no matter, even if it is n't strictly disgraceful. Go on."

Easton did not laugh. "Yes, I will tell you," he said; nevertheless he did not tell her at once; he fell into a moody, unhappy silence, from which he suddenly started.

"I told you once before," he began, "when I did n't mean to tell you anything, that Gilbert and I were in the army together. I knew nothing of the business, and I chose to enter the ranks, where I should at least do no harm to the cause I wanted to serve. Gilbert was my captain; we had not known each other before; but he had known of me, and he made a point of finding me out among those poor fellows, and in spite of the gulf fixed between officers and men, he made himself my friend at once; we were younger than we are now" —

"How interesting!" said Mrs. Farrell; "it's quite like a love-affair."

"And after our first engagement he urgently recommended me and I got a lieutenant's commission in another company of our regiment. The next battle vacated the captaincy above me."

"Do you mean that the officer above you was killed?"

"That's the way most promotions are got."

"Well, it's shocking! I don't see how you could accept it. To profit by the death of others!"

Easton winced. "Oh," he said, bitterly, "I did worse than that. Our general was killed, and the colonel who took his place as brigade commandant had an old feud with Gilbert — something that had begun before the war. I don't know whether he planned to strike him with my hand, when he saw what friends we were, or whether it was a sudden, infernal inspiration. But just as we were going into action, he detached Gilbert for staff duty; we were fighting on towards the end of the war by that time, and there had been many changes and losses, so that I now stood next to him in seniority, and took his place in the regiment. The colonel and the lieutenant-colonel were killed, and I brought the remnant of the regiment out as well as I could. The colonel commanding had been a truckling politician at home, and he never took his hands off the wires that work office-holders."

Easton stopped, and it seemed as if he did not mean to go on, the absence which he fell into was so long. He stared at her with a look of pain, when recalled by an eager "Well?" from Mrs. Farrell.

"It all fell out with such malignant fatality that I don't think that part of it could have been planned. But one day Gilbert and I sat talking before his tent, and an orderly came up with an official letter for me. Gilbert made a joke of pretending to open it; I told him to go on, and then he opened it and looked at what was in it. He handed me the inclosure without a word: it was my commission as colonel; I had been advanced two steps over his head."

Mrs. Farrell broke out, with a pitiless frankness that seemed to strike Easton like a blow, "I don't see how he could forgive you!"

Easton passed his hand over his face. "It was a great deal to forgive; if it had n't seemed to make us closer friends, I should say it was too much to forgive; that such a thing ought to have separated us at once and forever."

"Well," said Mrs. Farrell, "I don't understand how you got over it. What did you do? What did you say?"

"I hardly know," answered Easton gloomily, "what I did or said. I wanted to tear the commission to pieces and leave the service. But Gilbert said I had n't any right to refuse the promotion, I had n't any right to leave the army; and he added things about my fitness for the place, and my duty. If I declined this commission, he should not get it; but if he could get it, what sort of face could he carry it off with? What we must do was not to let it make bad blood between us. There was a great deal more talk, but it all came to that in the end. He might often have had promotion after that in many ways — in other regiments recruiting or reorganizing — but he refused everything; he even refused the brevet that was offered him after the war; he said he had some doubts about this, for he knew what I had done to have his case made known and justice done him. But if I did n't mind, he said, he would rather stay what he was. He did n't go into the army for glory."

"How grand!" said Mrs. Farrell.

"Yes," returned Easton, sadly, "it was grand enough."

"But after all," she said, "I don't know why you should n't be at peace about it now. It's all over and done with, long ago. Besides, you thought you did right, did n't you?"

"Yes. But in such a case, one ought to do wrong," said Easton, sadly.

Mrs. Farrell laughed. "Oh, well," said she, "you did wrong to let me surprise the weak place in your friendship, and that makes it just right. Why, Mr. Easton!" she exclaimed "are you actually worried about that silly business?"

Easton did not answer.

"You're rather too sensitive, I think."

"Excuse me," said Easton. "A man need n't be very sensitive to dislike to exploit himself at the expense of a friend who has already forgiven him too much."

"But why don't you tell him you did n't?" demanded Mrs. Farrell in amazement. "Why don't you tell him that I got it out of you — what little you said

—before you knew what you were talking about?”

“Why? How could I do that?” asked Easton in as great amaze.

“Easily!” retorted Mrs. Farrell, with enthusiasm. “Don’t mind me! Why, if such a man as that had liked me, and I had offended him, there is n’t any one I would n’t sacrifice, there is n’t anything so shabby I would n’t do, to get into his good graces again. Why, he’s sublime, don’t you know. Who would ever have thought he was that sort of man?”

Easton fell into a sombre reverie from which even her presence could not save him; for the wretched moment he forgot her presence, and her voice seemed to be coming from a long way off as she bent down her face and peered into his with a sidelong, mock-serious glance.

“Don’t let me intrude upon your thoughts, Mr. Easton. I can wait till you’re quite at leisure for my answer.”

“Your answer?”

“Yes. Or no, it was *you* who wanted an answer—about something, was n’t it? Oh, Mr. Easton!

‘Was ever woman in such humor wooed?
Was ever woman in such humor won?’

It’s a good thing I’m not proud. Come, begin over again. I’m quite ready to be persuaded that you’re still perishing of unrequited affection for me.”

Easton gave a sigh of torment. She dropped her mocking manner and said with an earnest air, “You are thinking of the matter too morbidly. It is n’t any such hopeless affair. You must speak to Mr. Gilbert and show him that no wrong was meant, and if you sacrifice yourself from any foolish idea of sparing me, I shall never forgive you. He won’t care for what I’ve done to make trouble; he hates me, any way; and then you can both go away as good as new—and forget me.”

“I shall never go away,” said Easton, “till you send me, and I shall never forget you while I live.”

“No? I thought you had forgotten me just now. Well, you had better go away; I don’t send you, but you had better go; and you had better forget me.

Your fortnight is just up to-day: better go to-day. Come, here are both my hands for good-by. When you’ve put two hundred miles between us, perhaps you can think more clearly about it all.”

He took her hands, which she held out to him, smiling, and bowed his lips upon them in the utter surrender of his love.

“Why, you are really in my hands,” she murmured. A light of triumph burned in her dark eyes, but one could not have said that as a woman she had not a right to the few and fleeting triumphs that love gives her sex, on which it lays so many heavy burdens. “Then,” she said, “you must do as I bid you. Come, let me go, now;” and she withdrew her hands and rose to her feet, and flung her shawl over her arm. “You must not talk of liking me, any more, till you are friends with Gilbert again. You may make up with him how and when you will, but you must not speak to me till you tell me you are reconciled. I can’t forgive myself till I know that you’ve made up at my expense. Tell him that it piqued and irritated me to see you such friends, and that I could not rest till I had got a clew to your secret; that I did n’t really mean any harm; but that I was altogether to blame. Will you obey?”

“No!” said Easton, so fiercely that Mrs. Farrell started with a sudden shock of panic that left no trace of persiflage in her tone, while she walked humbly before him with downcast head. How could he be angry with her? His whole heart yearned upon her as they moved on through the hollow, and came from its gloom at last upon the open meadow. “I didn’t mean to offend you,” she added, then. “I was only trying to show you how much in earnest I was about having you and Gilbert friends again; I could n’t be happy if I thought I had hurt your feelings.”

“I will obey you,” said Easton, sadly.

“You will make up with him?” she asked.

“If he will let me. God knows I want to do it.”

"Then you may spare me all you like. You're not angry now?"

"Only with myself."

"And you're going to be real patient with me, about — about that little answer?"

"As patient as you can ask."

"Because," she explained, "we have scarcely the advantage of each other's acquaintance as yet;" and added, "I would rather you would n't go back to the farm with me, to-day. I'm afraid," she said, glancing at him, "that you'll look as if you had been saying something. Those women have got such sharp eyes! Should you care if you left me at the corner of the lane, and let me walk to the house alone? Should n't you really? And you don't think it's asking too much?"

"It would be too much if any one else asked me to leave you sooner than I must. But it's for you to command."

"I don't command," said Mrs. Farrell. Just then they came upon a rise in the meadow, which showed the road and Rachel Woodward walking down toward the red school-house. "Oh, how lucky," cried Mrs. Farrell. "Rachel, Rachel!" she called, "wait!" and Rachel stopped till they joined her. "I want to go with you to the school-house. May Mr. Easton come too?" she asked, with a glance at him.

"I won't put Miss Woodward to the pain of refusing. I think I shall find my friend Gilbert at the hotel, about this time, and I want to see him."

Mrs. Farrell rewarded his surprising duplicity with a brave, strong clasp of the hand, said heartily, "Good-by," and turned away with Rachel, while he walked slowly, with his head down, in the other direction. She had not gone far when she stopped and looked back at him over her shoulder, holding her dress out of the dust with one hand; but he did not turn to look at her, and presently a downward slope of the road hid him.

"He's handsome enough, I should hope," said Mrs. Farrell, only half to Rachel, who made no comment, and Mrs. Farrell asked, "What have you

been doing, all the week? I've scarcely had a chance to speak to you."

"No," said Rachel. "I don't like walking in the woods so much as you do, and I have n't time for it."

"Rachel!" cried Mrs. Farrell, with affected sternness, "do you mean anything personal? I won't have it, ma'am. Withdraw those vile insinuations. Do you wish to imply that I have gone walking in the woods with Mr. Easton? How very unkind of you, Rachel! But I forgive you; this sarcastic habit of yours is one of the eccentricities of genius. Here we are at the little sanctuary itself. How nicely it will read in the newspapers when you exhibit your first cattle-piece in Boston: *During the summer, the fair artist, having dismissed her little flock of pupils, consecrated the red school-house at the corner of the road to the labors of her genius, devoting to them such moments as she could steal from household cares and the demands of her mother's boarders, who little dreamt with what visions of beauty and fame she glorified the dim old farm-house kitchen, albeit she was familiarly known among them as the Rosa Bonheur of West Pekin, and they duly revered her God-given talent.* There!" triumphed Mrs. Farrell, falling into her natural tone from that in which she had seemed to read these sentences aloud, "that's from 'a lady correspondent,' and anybody could tell that Mrs. Stevenson wrote it. Now, will you say anything about my walking with Mr. Easton? Rachel!" she exclaimed, as the girl answered nothing, "have I trodden on some of your outlying sensibilities? Oh, I'm ever so sorry!" and she fell upon her like a remorseful wolf, and devoured her with kisses. "There, I forgive you again. I've got my hand in — been forgiving Mr. Easton the whole afternoon."

Rachel made no response, but when Mrs. Farrell had sufficiently wreaked her regret upon her, she felt in her pocket for the school-house key. "Why, I've come without it!" she exclaimed in dismay.

"Splendid!" returned Mrs. Farrell; "that will oblige us to break in, and

I've always had an ungratified taste for burglary. It won't do for us to be seen getting in at the *front* window; it would n't be professional; we must go round to the back," she said, leading the way, while Rachel followed.

"It's fastened with a stick from the frame to the top of the lower sash, and it's no use trying to get in," said the girl.

"Oh, is n't it!" retorted Mrs. Farrell. "Have you brought your knife?"

She took the knife, and half opened the blade, when it snapped to again, and she flung it away with a shriek and looked to see if it had cut her finger. "I'm still in one piece, I'm thankful to say," she said presently; "but you open the knife, Rachel." She took it again, and, sliding the blade vertically between the upper and lower sash, sent the fastening flying out upon the floor. "That's a little trick I read of, once," she said, handing the open knife back to Rachel, and throwing up the sash.

The next moment she gave her two strong arms to Rachel, and helped her in; and then she went straight to the teacher's desk, took out a portfolio, and pinned about the walls the sketches that she found in it, Rachel making no resistance.

"Why it is—quite like a studio, Rachel," she said, and made a show of conscientiously examining each of the sketches in turn.

At last she came to one from which she abruptly turned with the tragic appeal of "Rachel!" It was the first of a series of three, and it represented Mrs. Farrell seated at the foot of a rock and turning an anxious face to confront Blossom's visage thrust through the birch-trees, with a mildly humorous gleam in her great calm eyes, as if she relished the notion of having been mistaken for a man. The next represented Blossom driven from her shelter, and at a few paces distant indignantly regarding Gilbert and Easton, who had just appeared, while Mrs. Farrell and Rachel were shown sailing down the meadow with extravagant swiftness. The third was Mrs. Farrell confronting Easton,

to whom she had returned to claim her book; Blossom looked on with grave surprise. The cow's supposed thoughts and feelings were alone suggested; the figures of the men were caricatures, and the fashionableness and characteristic beauty of Mrs. Farrell were extremely burlesqued.

"Oh, this is how you spend your time, is it?" she asked.

"I thought I would have something ready to exhibit if I went to Boston this winter," said Rachel, very demurely. "Do you like the subjects?"

"This circumscribes me, fearfully," said Mrs. Farrell, not heeding the question. "I can never snub you any more, Rachel. From this moment I'm afraid of you: I'm not hurt or angry; I'm frightened. Are n't they splendid?" she asked joyously, of Rachel, as if they were two indifferent connoisseurs of the work. "You've got me exactly; and Blossom, why, she looks perfectly shocked. Anybody can see what an unsophisticated cow *she* is; you're a country cow, Blossom, or you would n't be astonished at such an innocent little manoeuvre as that. Your men are not so good as your cows and women, Rachel. Mr. Easton is n't such a stick as that, you know he is n't. Oh, Rachel," said Mrs. Farrell, sinking upon a seat behind a school desk and leaning her elbow on it, chin in hand, while she brooded on the last sketch with effective eyes, "how awfully embarrassing men are! Here is Mr. Easton, for example, who has known me a week,—a week but barely two,—and guess what he's been saying to me this afternoon!" She changed her posture and sat with her hands in her lap, regarding Rachel as one does the person whom one has posed with a conundrum.

"Why, I don't know," said Rachel, in a voice as faint as the blush on her cheek.

"Not," resumed Mrs. Farrell, "that he seems to consider it at all precipitate! I've had to fight it off ever since last Sunday; I've no doubt he thinks he's waited a proper time, as they say of widowers. Why, Rachel, he's been making love to me, that's what."

Rachel hung down her head a little, as if the confidence scared her, and played with a corner of some paper on the desk before her, but she did not say anything. She was not apparently surprised, but silenced.

"Well," said Mrs. Farrell, after a while, "have n't you any observations to offer, Rachel? What should you do to him if you were in my place? Come!"

"I should think you would know," faltered the girl, "if you liked him."

"Like him? Oh, *don't* I like a blonde, regular-featured young man of good mind and independent property, and no more pretense than — well, say *pie*, for instance! But that is n't the question. The question is whether I ought to marry such a man. Yes, I really think I have a scruple or two, on this point. I *do* love him — sort of. But oh dear me! I don't suppose I love him rightly, or enough of it. I could imagine myself doing it. I can see myself," said Mrs. Farrell, half-closing her eyes as if to examine the scene critically, "in some moods that I could love him with unutterable devotion in. But I should have to have something tremendous to draw me out; a ten-horse power calamity; and then, perhaps I should n't *stay* drawn out. It brings the tears into my eyes to think how, if he had lost the use of his limbs, say, and we were dreadfully poor, I would slave myself to the bone for his sake — for about ten minutes! But a saint, a hero in perfect repair, with plenty of money, it's quite another thing."

"If you were ever in earnest, Mrs. Farrell," said Rachel, sternly, "you ought to be afraid to talk as you do."

"Why, so I am, auntie, — so I am," retorted Mrs. Farrell, incorrigibly. "It sends the cold chills over me to talk as I do, but I can't help it. Don't you suppose I know how nice Mr. Easton is? I do. He is the very soul of truth and honor and all uprightness. He is the noblest and best man in the world. But what could I do with him, or he with me? No, ma'am, it is n't such a simple affair as liking or not liking. This is a case of conscience, I'd have you to

know, such as does n't often turn up in West Pekin."

Mrs. Farrell rose, and made some tragic paces across the school-room floor to where the girl sat, and fell on her knees before her, having with a great show of neatness arranged a bit of paper to kneel upon. She took Rachel's hands in her own, and with uplifted face implored, "Advise me, my friend," which rendered the girl helpless with laughter.

"Oh, for shame, for shame, Mrs. Farrell!" she said, when she could get breath, "you make fun of everything."

"No, no, Rachel, I don't! I never made fun of Mr. Easton. Would you like to know how he behaved when he made love to me? No? Well, you shall. Now, you are the fatally beautiful Mrs. Farrell, and you're sitting on a rock in the hollow near the sugar-house. Your head is slightly downcast, so, — yes, very good, — and you are twiddling the handle of your sun-umbrella and poking the point of it into the dirt. Mr. Easton is standing before you with his arms folded thus, — ahem! — waiting life or death at your hands." She folded her arms, and gave that intensely feminine interpretation of a man's port and style which is always so delicious. "'Oh, Mr. Easton,' you are faltering, 'I am afraid that you have deceived yourself in me, I am indeed. I am not at all the party you think you love. I was — listen! — I was changed at nurse. She whom you love, the real Mrs. Farrell, is my twin sister, and the world knows her as — Rachel Woodward!'"

Rachel had been struggling to release herself from a position so scandalous; but Mrs. Farrell, who had never risen from her knees, had securely hemmed her in. At the climax of the burlesque, the girl flung herself back and gave way to a rush of sobs and tears. Mrs. Farrell attempted to throw her arms about her, and console her, but Rachel shrank resolutely aside. "Don't touch me!" she cried, when she could speak. "It's horrible! You have no pity; you have no heart! You have no peace of yourself, and you are never at rest unless

you are tormenting some one else. I wish you would go away from our house, and never come back again!"

Mrs. Farrell rose from her knees, all her jesting washed away, for that moment at least, by this torrent of feeling from a source habitually locked under an icy discipline.

"Rachel," she said, "do you really hate me?"

"No," said the girl, fiercely. "If I hated you I could bear it! Nothing is sacred to you. You only care for yourself and your own pleasure, and you don't care how you make others suffer, so you please yourself."

"Yes, I do, Rachel," said Mrs. Farrell, humbly. "I know I'm selfish. But I do care for you, and I'm very, very sorry that I've wounded you. You need n't forgive me; I don't deserve it, but I'm sorry all the same."

The afternoon was waning when they came into the school-house, and now a level ray of the setting sun struck across Rachel's head, fallen on the desk before her, and illumined Mrs. Farrell's stricken beauty. They sat there till after the sunset had faded away. Then Mrs. Farrell went softly about the room, taking down the sketches, which she brought and laid before Rachel. The girl lifted her head and took out the three sketches in which Mrs. Farrell figured, and, tearing them in pieces, thrust them into the stove which stood, red with rust, in the middle of the room. She would not let Mrs. Farrell help her out of the window, and that lady followed her meekly homeward when they left the school-house.

Before she slept, she came and knocked at Mrs. Farrell's door, and entered in response to her cheerful "Come in, come in!"

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Rachel," said Mrs. Farrell, who was lying on her lounge, reading Shakespeare. "Do sit down and visit;" and she shut her book and rose upon her elbow.

"No," said Rachel, stiffly, as she stood shading with one hand the kerosene lamp she held in the other, "I have come to say that I think I have treated

you badly; for whatever you did, I had no right to say the things to you that I said. I" —

"Oh, never mind about that," said Mrs. Farrell. "You're all right. I dare say it was all true enough. But what I can't understand is this, Rachel: when I've been doing anything wrong, I'm as sorry as can be, and I have no rest till I go off and make a glib apology. That's as it should be, of course, but it is n't like your repentance. You've been abusing me, frightfully, and you come here and fire your regrets into the air, so to speak; you don't seem to care whether they hit me or not; you discharge 'em, and there you are all nicely, with a perfectly clean conscience. Well now, you know, when I apologize to any one, I like to see the apology hit them; I like to see them writhe and quiver under it, and go down before it, and I feel a good deal wickeder after I've repented than I did before: what do you suppose is the reason?"

Rachel made no reply, and Mrs. Farrell seemed not to have expected any. She went on: "Well, now, I'll tell you what I think it is; I think it's sense of duty. I'm sorry when I'm sorry because it's so very uncomfortable to think of people suffering; it's like stepping on something that squirms; but when *you're* sorry, it's because you've done wrong. There! Now I'm going to keep that distinction clearly in mind, and go in for a sense of duty — at the earliest opportunity."

Mrs. Farrell fell back upon her lounge with an air of refreshment and relief, which nobody could resist, and Rachel laughed a reluctant, protesting laugh, while the other kept a serious face.

"Crimps, I suppose," she mused aloud, "would be very unbecoming to a person who was going in for a sense of duty, and I must give them up. I ought to have my hair brushed perfectly flat in front, and I shall come down with it so to breakfast. I wonder how I shall look?" She went to the bureau, took a brush, and smoothed down the loose hair above her forehead; then holding it on either side with her hands to

keep it down she glanced into the mirror. "Oh, oh, oh!" she cried out with a great laugh, "I look slyer than anything in the world! No! A sense of duty will never do for me. I must chance it with unregenerate nature. But you can't say after this that I did n't *try* to be good can you, Rachel?" She put

her hand on Rachel's cheek and pressed the girl's head against her breast, while she looked down into her clear eyes. "I do love you, Rachel, and I'm glad you felt sorry for having flown out at me. I did n't mean anything — I did n't indeed;" and she tenderly kissed Rachel good night.

William D. Howells.

BOSTON.

Sicut patribus, sit Deus nobis.

THE rocky nook with hill-tops three
Looked eastward from the farms,
And twice each day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms;
The men of yore were stout and poor,
And sailed for bread to every shore.

And where they went on trade intent
They did what freemen can,
Their dauntless ways did all men praise,
The merchant was a man.
The world was made for honest trade, —
To plant and eat be none afraid.

The waves that rocked them on the deep
To them their secret told;
Said the winds that sung the lads to sleep,
"Like us, be free and bold!"
The honest waves refuse to slaves
The empire of the ocean caves.

Old Europe groans with palaces,
Has lords enough, and more; —
We plant and build by foaming seas
A city of the poor;
For day by day could Boston Bay
Their honest labor overpay.

The noble craftsman we promote,
Disown the knave and fool;
Each honest man shall have his vote,
Each child shall have his school.
For what avail the plow or sail,
Or land, or life, if freedom fail?

We grant no dukedoms to the few,
 We hold like rights, and shall, —
 Equal on Sunday in the pew,
 On Monday in the mall.

The wild rose and the barberry thorn
 Hung out their summer pride
 Where now on heated pavements worn
 The feet of millions stride.

Fair rose the planted hills behind
 The good town on the bay;
 And where the western hills declined
 The prairie stretched away.

What rival towers majestic soar
 Along the stormy coast, —
 Penn's town, New York, and Baltimore, —
 If Boston knew the most!

They laughed to know the world so wide;
 The mountains said, " Good day!
 We greet you well, you Saxon men,
 Up with your towns, and stay!"
 The world was made for honest trade, —
 To plant and eat be none afraid.

" For you," they said, " no barriers be,
 For you no sluggard rest;
 Each street leads downward to the sea,
 Or landward to the West."

O happy town beside the sea,
 Whose roads lead everywhere to all;
 Than thine no deeper moat can be,
 No steeper fence, no better wall!

Bad news from George on the English throne:
 " You are thriving well," said he,
 " Now by these presents be it known,
 You shall pay us a tax on tea;
 'Tis very small, — no load at all, —
 Honor enough that we send the call."

" Not so," said Boston; " good my lord,
 We pay your governors here
 Abundant for their bed and board,
 Six thousand pounds a year.
 (Your Highness knows our homely word,)
Millions for self-government,
But for tribute never a cent."

The cargo came! and who could blame
If Indians seized the tea,
And, chest by chest, let down the same
Into the laughing sea?
For what avail the plow or sail,
Or land, or life, if freedom fail?

The townsmen braved the English king,
Found friendship in the French,
And Honor joined the patriot ring
Low on their wooden bench.

O bounteous seas that never fail!
O day remembered yet!
O happy port that spied the sail
Which wafted Lafayette!
Pole-star of light in Europe's night,
That never faltered from the right.

Kings shook with fear, old empires crave
The secret force to find
Which fired the little state to save
The rights of all mankind.

But right is might through all the world;
Province to province faithful clung,
Through good and ill the war-bolt hurled,
Till Freedom cheered and the joy-bells rung.

The sea returning day by day
Restores the world-wide mart;
So let each dweller on the Bay
Fold Boston in his heart,
Till these echoes be choked with snows,
Or over the town blue ocean flows.

Let the blood of her hundred thousands
Throb in each manly vein;
And the wit of all her wisest
Make sunshine in her brain.
For you can teach the lightning speech,
And round the globe your voices reach.

And each shall care for other,
And each to each shall bend,
To the poor a noble brother,
To the good an equal friend.

A blessing through the ages thus
Shield all thy roofs and towers!
God with the fathers, so with us,
Thou darling town of ours!

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

VII.

THE success of the English theatre in Paris was quite satisfactory; and all the most eminent members of the profession, — Kean, Young, Macready, and my father, — went over in turn to exhibit to the Parisian public Shakespeare the Barbarian, illustrated by his barbarian fellow-countrymen. I do not remember hearing of any very eminent actress joining in that worthy enterprise; but a Miss Smithson, a young lady with a figure and face of Hibernian beauty, whose superfluous native accent was no drawback to her merits in the esteem of her French audience, represented to them the heroines of the English tragic drama; the incidents of which, infinitely more startling than any they were used to, invested their fair victim with an amazing power over her foreign critics, and she received from them, in consequence, a rather disproportionate share of admiration, — due, perhaps, more to the astonishing circumstances in which she appeared before them than to the excellence of her acting under them. The bride snatched from her bier and carried in her shroud to the front of the stage by her lover, already staggering under the draught of death in which his despair has pledged her; the wife smothered in her bed and sobbing from beneath its pillows; the strangled cries for mercy, and piteous farewells to life and love, were very different objects of compassion to the stately mesdames of the French tragedies, withdrawing in the midst of the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of their pathos and passion, to stab themselves and die in decent privacy behind the scenes.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of the English representations said to my father, "Ah! parlez moi d'Othello! voilà, voilà la passion, la tragédie. Dieu! que j'aime cette pièce! il y a tant de *remue-ménage*." And, taking that

rather peculiar expression in a literal sense, it is no doubt painfully true of poor Othello's domestic affairs.

A few rash and superficial criticisms were hardly to be avoided; but in general, my father has often said, in spite of the difficulty of the foreign language, and the strangeness of the foreign form of thought and feeling and combination of incident, his Parisian audience never appeared to him to miss the finer touches or more delicate and refined shades of his acting; and in this respect he thought them superior to his own countrymen. Lamartine and Victor Hugo had already proclaimed the enfranchisement of French poetical thought from the rigid rule of classical authority; and all the enthusiastic believers in the future glories of the "*Muse Romantique*" went to the English theatre to be amazed if not daunted by the breadth of horizon and height of empyrean which her wings might sweep, and into which she might soar, "*puisque Shakespeare l'a bien osé.*"

ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE, }
October 11, 1827. }

MY DEAREST H——: I do not think you would have been surprised at my delay in answering your last, when I told you that on arriving here I found that all my goods and chattels had been (according to my own desire) only removed hither, and that their arrangement and bestowal still remained to be effected by myself; and when I tell you that I have settled all these matters, and moreover *finished my play*, I think you will excuse my not having answered you sooner. Last Monday, having in the morning achieved the termination of the fourth act, and finding that my father did not act on Tuesday, I resolved, if possible, to get it finished in order to read it to him on Tuesday evening. So on Monday evening at six o'clock I sat down to begin my fifth act, and by half past eleven had completed my task;

I am thus minute because I know you will not think these details tiresome, and also because, even if it succeeds and is praised and admired, I shall never feel so happy as when my father greeted my entrance into the drawing-room with "Is it done, my love? I shall be the happiest man alive if it succeeds!"

On Tuesday evening I read it to them, and I was so encouraged by the delighted looks my father and mother were continually exchanging that I believe I read it with more effect than they either of them had thought me capable of. When it was done I was most richly rewarded, for they all seemed so pleased with me and so proud of me that the most inordinate author's vanity would have been satisfied. And my dear mother, oh, how she looked at me!—forgive me, dear, and grant some little indulgence to my exultation. I thought I deserved some praise, but thrice my deserts were showered upon me by those I love above everything in the world.

When commendation and congratulation had a little given way to reflection, my mother and John entreated my father not to let the play be acted, or, if he did, to have it published first; for they said (and their opinion has been sanctioned by several literary men) that the work as a literary production (I repeat what they say, mind) has merit enough to make it desirable that the public should judge of it as a poetical composition before it is submitted to the mangling necessary for the stage, and the additional unnecessary mangling which poetry not seldom receives there.

Of course, my task being finished, I have nothing more to do with it; nor do I care whether it is published first or after, provided only it may be acted: though I dare say that process may not prove entirely satisfactory to me either; for though Mr. Young and my father would thoroughly embody my conception of the parts intended for them, yet there is a woman's part which, considering the materials history has furnished, ought to be a very fine one—Louisa of Savoy; and it must be cut down to the capacity of a second-rate actress. The

character would have been the sort of one for Mrs. Siddons; how I wish she was yet in a situation to afford it the high preferment of her acceptance! And now, dearest H——, let me talk of something else, for you must be sick of my play. My father has obtained a most unequivocal success in Paris, the more flattering as it was rather doubtful, and the excellent Parisians not only received him very well, but forthwith threw themselves into a headlong *furor* for Shakespeare and Charles Kemble, which, although they might not improbably do the same to-morrow for two dancing-dogs, we are quite willing to attribute to the merits of the poet and his interpreter. The French papers have been profuse in their praises of both, and some of our own have quoted their commendations. My mother is, I think, recovering, though slowly, from her long illness. She is less deaf and rather less blind. These two shocking inconveniences she will soon, I trust, be entirely rid of; but for the general state of her health, time, and time alone, will, I am sure, restore it entirely. I have just seen the dress that my father had made abroad for his part in my play: a bright amber-colored *velours épinglé*, with a border of rich silver embroidery; this, together with a cloak of violet velvet trimmed with imitation sable. The fashion is what you see in all the pictures and prints of Francis I. I wonder if this interests you at all now. My father is very anxious, I think, to act the play; my mother, to have it published before it is acted; and I sit and hear it discussed and praised and criticised, only longing (like a "silly wench," as my mother calls me when I confess as much to her) to see my father in his lovely dress and hear the *alarums of my fifth act*.

I am a little mad, I suppose, and my letter a little tipsy, I dare say, but I am ever your most affectionate

FANNY.

P. S. I have not seen my uncle John's monument yet, though we are not five minutes from the abbey; but every report I have heard of it has been unfavorable.

16 ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM }
GATE, WESTMINSTER, October 21, 1827. }

MY DEAR H—: Your letter was short and sweet, but none the sweeter for being short. I should have thought no one could have been worse provided than myself with news or letter chitchat, and yet I think my letters are generally longer than yours; brevity, in you, is a fault; do not be guilty of it again: “*car du reste*,” as Madame de Sévigné says, “*votre style est parfait*.” John returned to Cambridge on Thursday night. He is a great loss to me, for though I have seen but little of him since our return to town, that little is too much to lose of one we love. He is an excellent fellow in every way, and in the way of abilities he is particularly to my mind. We all miss him very much; however, his absence will be broken now by visits to London, in order to keep his term [about this time my brother was entered at the Inner Temple, I think], so that we shall occasionally enjoy his company for a day or two. I should like to tell you something about my play, but unluckily have nothing to tell; everything about it is as undecided as when last I wrote to you. It is in the hands of the copyist of Covent Garden, but what its ultimate fate is to be I know not. If it is decided that it is to be brought out on the stage before publication, that will not take place at present, because this is a very unfavorable time of year. If I can send it to Ireland, tell me how I can get it conveyed to you, and I will endeavor to do so. I should like you to read it, but oh, *how* I should like to go and see it acted with you! I am now full of thoughts of writing a comedy, and have drawn out the plan of one—plot, acts, and scenes in due order—already; and I mean to make it Italian and mediæval, for the sake of having one of those bewitching creatures, a jester, in it; I have an historical one in my play, Triboulet, whom I have tried to make an interesting as well as an amusing personage.

My mother, by the aid of a blister and *my play*, is, I think, recovering, though slowly, from her illness; she is

still, though, in a state of great suffering, which is by no means alleviated by being unable to write, read, work, or occupy herself in any manner.

We have been to the play pretty regularly twice a week for the last three weeks, and shall continue to do so during the whole winter; which is a plan I much approve of. I am very fond of going to the play, and Kean, Young, and my father make one of Shakespeare's plays something well worth seeing. I saw the Merchant of Venice, the other evening, for the first time, and returned home a violent *Keanite*. That man is an extraordinary creature! Some of the things he did appeared, on reflection, questionable to my judgment and open to criticism; but while under the influence of his amazing power of passion it is impossible to reason, analyze, or do anything but surrender one's self to his forcible appeals to one's emotions. He entirely divested Shylock of all poetry or elevation, but invested it with a concentrated ferocity that made one's blood curdle. He seemed to me to combine the supernatural malice of a fiend with the base reality of the meanest humanity. His passion is prosaic, but all the more intensely terrible for that very reason. I am to see him to-morrow in Richard III., and, though I never saw the play before, am afraid I shall be disappointed, because Richard III. is a Plantagenet prince, and should be a royal villain, and I am afraid Mr. Kean will not have the innate *majesty* which I think belongs to the part; however, we shall see, and when next I write I will tell you how it impressed me.

You deserve that I should bestow all my tediousness upon you for loving me as well as you do. Mrs. Harry Siddons and her daughter are here for two or three days, on their return from their tour through Switzerland. Mrs. Harry is all that is excellent, though she does not strike me as particularly clever; and Lizzy is a very pretty, very good, very sweet, very amiable girl. Her brother, my cousin, the midshipman, is here too, having come up from Portsmouth to meet his mother and sister, so that

the house is full. Think of that happy girl having traveled all through Switzerland, seen the Jungfrau, — Manfred's mountain, — been in two violent storms, at night on the lakes, and telling me placidly that "she liked it all very well." Oh dear, oh dear! how queerly Heaven does distribute privileges! Good-by, dear. Yours ever,

FANNY.

16 ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM }
GATE, December, 1827. }

MY DEAREST H—: My heart is full of joy, and I write that you may rejoice with me; our dear John has distinguished himself greatly, but lest my words should seem sisterly and exaggerated, I will repeat what Mr. Peacock, his tutor, wrote to my father: "He has covered himself with glory. Such an oration as his has not been heard for many years in Cambridge, and it was as tastefully and modestly delivered as it was well written." This has made us all *very, very* happy, and though the first news of it overcame my poor mother, whose nerves are far from firm, she soon recovered, and we are impatiently expecting his return from college. I dare say, dearest H—, you have been fancying me in all the bustle, importance, and self-absorption of full-blown authorship; but my play is at present only being pruned by my father, and will therefore not occupy my thoughts again till it comes out, which I hope will be at Easter. I did not write sooner because I had nothing to say, but now that this joy about my brother has come to me, *je te l'envoie*. Since last you heard from me I have seen the great West India Dock and the Thames Tunnel. Oh, H—, "*que c'est une jolie chose que l'homme!*" Annihilated by any one of the elements if singly opposed to its power, he by his genius yet brings their united forces into bondage, and compels obedience from all their manifold combined strength. We penetrate the earth, we turn the course of rivers, we exalt the valleys and bow down the mountains; and we die and return to our dust, and they remain and

remember us no more. The man whose genius and perseverance have completed in this tunnel one of the most extraordinary of human achievements will, perhaps even before his conception is perfected in its outward execution, be gone from the face of the earth, while his work will remain to be wondered at by future ages who will know nothing of him but his name, if even that. Often enough, indeed, the names of great inventors and projectors have been overshadowed or effaced by mere finishers of their work or adapters of their idea, who have reaped the honor and emolument due to an obscure originator, who passes away from the world, his rightful claim to its admiration and gratitude unknown or unacknowledged. But these obey the law of their being; they cannot but do the work God's inspiration calls them to.

But I must tell you what this tunnel is like, or at least try to do so. You enter, by flights of stairs, the first door, and find yourself on a circular platform which surrounds the top of a well or shaft, of about two hundred feet in circumference and five hundred in depth. This well is an immense iron frame of cylindrical form, filled in with bricks; it was constructed on level ground, and then, by some wonderful mechanical process, sunk into the earth. In the midst of this is a steam engine, and above, or below, as far as your eye can see, huge arms are working up and down, while the creaking, crashing, whirring noises, and the swift whirling of innumerable wheels all round you, make you feel for the first few minutes as if you were going distracted. I should have liked to look much longer at all these beautiful, wise, working creatures, but was obliged to follow the rest of the party through all the machinery, down little wooden stairs and along tottering planks, to the bottom of the well. On turning round at the foot of the last flight of steps through an immense dark arch, as far as sight could reach stretched a vaulted passage, smooth earth under foot, the white arches of the roof beyond one another lengthening on and on in prolonged

vista, the whole lighted by a line of gas lamps and as bright, almost, as if it were broad day. It was more like one of the long avenues of light that lead to the abodes of the genii, in fairy tales, than anything I had ever beheld. The profound stillness of the place, which was first broken by my father's voice, to which the vaulted roof gave extraordinary and startling volume of tone, the indescribable feeling of subterranean vastness, the amazement and delight I experienced, quite overcame me, and I was obliged to turn from the friend who was explaining everything to me, to cry and ponder in silence. How I wish you had been with us, dear H——! Our name is always worth something to us: Mr. Brunel, who was superintending some of the works, came to my father and offered to conduct us to where the workmen were employed, — an unusual favor, which of course delighted us all. So we left our broad, smooth path of light, and got into dark passages where we stumbled among coils of ropes and heaps of pipes and piles of planks, and where ground springs were welling up and flowing about in every direction, all which was very strange. As you may have heard, the tunnel caved in once, and let the Thames in through the roof; and in order that, should such an accident occur again, no lives may be lost, an iron frame has been constructed, — a sort of cage, divided into many compartments, in each of which a man with his lantern and his tools is placed, — and as they clear the earth away this iron frame is moved onward and advances into new ground. All this was wonderful and curious beyond measure, but the appearance of the workmen themselves, all begrimed, with their brawny arms and legs bare, some standing in black water up to their knees, others laboriously shoveling the black earth in their cages (while they sturdily sung at their task), with the red, murky light of links and lanterns flashing and flickering about them, made up the most striking picture you can conceive. As we returned I remained at the bottom of the stairs last of all to look back at the beautiful road

to Hades, wishing I might be left behind, and then we reascended through wheels, pulleys, and engines, to the upper day. After this we rowed down the river to the docks, lunched on board a splendid East Indiaman, and came home again. I think it is better for me, however, to look at the trees, and the sun, moon, and stars, than at tunnels and docks; they make me too *humanity proud*.

I am reading Vivian Grey. Have you read it? It is very clever. Ever your most affectionate
FANNY.

16 ST. JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM }
GATE, January, 1828. }

DEAREST H——: I jumped, in despite of a horrid headache, when I saw your letter. Indeed, if you knew how the sight of your handwriting delights me, you would not talk of lack of matter; for what have I to tell you of more interest for you, than the health and proceedings of those you love must be to me?

Dear John is come home with his trophy. He is really a highly gifted creature; but I sometimes fear that the passionate eagerness with which he *pursues his pursuit*, the sort of frenzy he has about politics, and his constant excitement about political questions, may actually injure his health, and the vehemence with which he speaks and writes in support of his peculiar views will perhaps endanger his future prospects.

He is neither tory nor whig, but a radical, a utilitarian, an adorer of Bentham, a worshiper of Mill, an advocate for vote by ballot, an opponent of hereditary aristocracy, the church establishment, the army and navy, which he deems sources of unnecessary national expense; though who is to take care of our souls and bodies, if the three last-named institutions are done away with, I do not quite see. Morning, noon, and night he is writing whole volumes of arguments against them, full of a good deal of careful study and reading, and in a close, concise, forcible style, which is excellent in itself, and the essays are creditable to his laborious industry; but they

will not teach him mathematics, or give him a scholarship or his degree. That he will distinguish himself hereafter I have no doubt; but at present he is engrossed by a passion (for it seems to me nothing less) which occupies his mind and time to the detriment, if not the exclusion, of all other studies.

I feel almost ashamed of saying anything about myself, after the two or three scoldings you have sent me of late. Perhaps while my blue devils found vent in ridiculous verses, they did not much matter; but their having prompted me lately to throw between seven and eight hundred pages (about a year's work) into the fire seems to me now rather deplorable. You perhaps will say that the fire is no bad place for seven or eight hundred pages of my manuscript; but I had spent time and pains on them, and I think they should not have been thrown away in a foolish fit of despondency. I am at present not very well. I do not mean that I have any specific illness, but head-aches and side-aches, so that I am one moment in a state of feverish excitement and the next nervous and low-spirited; this is not a good account, but a true one.

This is the new year. I should be loath to be out of the fashion of the season, so I wish you many happy years, with all my heart; and before many of them pass away I wish I may see you again. I cannot copy out my play for you, but if you will desire Mr. S—— to be kind enough to let me know when he sends to you, I will send you the original copy, which I beg you will approve of, if you can read it. My dislike to the society of my fellow-beings does not, as you observe, prevent my admiring their works. I was always a great admirer of that ingenious and splendid building, pandemonium, and thought it both wonderful and beautiful, though devised by devils. It seems to me that funds are just now wanting for all sorts of enterprises. Not only is the construction of the Thames Tunnel in danger of being stopped, but I doubt if the new palace which is building two doors off from us will be finished for some time, in conse-

quence of the want of money, which material want will probably, for a considerable time, protect us from being built out of the park which lies before our windows across the street, without any intervening houses.

I have no "new friends," dearest H——; perhaps because my dislike to society makes me stupid and disagreeable when I am in it. I have made one acquaintance, which might perhaps grow to a friendship were it not that distance and its attendant inconveniences have hitherto prevented my becoming more intimate with the lady I refer to. She is a married woman; her name is Jameson. She is an Irishwoman, and the authoress of the *Diary of an Ennuyée*. I like her very much; she is extremely clever; I wish I knew her better. I have been to one dance and one or two dinners lately, but to tell you the truth, dear H——, the old people naturally treat me after my years, as a young person, and the young people (perhaps from my self-conceit) seem to me stupid and uninteresting, and so, you see, I do not like society. Cecilia Siddons is out of town at present, and I have not seen her for some time. You may have heard that the theatre has gained a law-suit against Sinclair, the celebrated singer, by a reversal of the former verdict in the case. We were not even aware that such a process was going on, and when my father came home and said, "We have won our cause," my mother and myself started up, supposing he meant *the* chancery suit. That, unfortunately, is still pending, pending, like the sword of Damocles, over our heads, banishing all security for the present or hope for the future. The theatre is, I believe, doing very well just now, and we go pretty often to the play, which I like. I have lately been seeing my father play Falstaff several times, and I think it is an excellent piece of acting; he gives all the humor without too much coarseness, or *charging*, and through the whole, according to the fat knight's own expression, he is "Sir John to all the world," with a certain courtly deportment which prevents him from degenerating into the

mere gross buffoon. They are in sad want of a woman at both the theatres. I've half a mind to give Covent Garden one. Don't be surprised. I have something to say to you on this subject, but have not room for it in this letter. My father is just now acting in the north of England. We expect him back in a fortnight. God bless you, dear H——.

Yours ever, FANNY.

The vehement passion of political interest which absorbed my brother at this time was in truth affecting the whole of English society almost as passionately. In a letter written in 1827, the Duke of Wellington, after speaking of the strong partisan sentiment which was agitating the country, added, "The ladies and all the youth are with us;" that is, with the tory party, which, under his leadership, was still an active power of obstruction to the imminent changes to which both he and his party were presently to succumb. His ministry was a period of the stormiest excitement in the political world, and the importance of the questions at issue — Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform — powerfully affected men's minds in the ranks of life least allied to the governing class. Even in a home so obscure and so devoted to other pursuits and interests as ours, the spirit of the times made its way, and our own peculiar occupations became less interesting to us than the intense national importance of the public questions which were beginning to convulse the country from end to end. About this time I met with a book which produced a great and not altogether favorable effect upon my mind (the blame resting entirely with me, I think, and not with what I read). I had become moody and fantastical for want of solid, wholesome mental occupation, and the excess of imaginative stimulus in my life, and was possessed with a wild desire for an existence of lonely independence, which seemed to my exaggerated notions the only one fitted to the intellectual development in which alone I conceived happiness to consist. Mrs. Jameson's *Diary of an Ennuyée*, which I now read for

the first time, added to this desire for isolation and independence such a passionate longing to go to Italy, that my brain was literally filled with chimerical projects of settling in the south of Europe, and there leading a solitary life of literary labor, which, together with the fame I hoped to achieve by it, seemed to me the only worthy purpose of existence. While under the immediate spell of her fascinating book, it was of course very delightful to me to make Mrs. Jameson's acquaintance, which I did at the house of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montagu. They were the friends of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Procter (Barry Cornwall, who married Mrs. Montagu's daughter), and were themselves individually as remarkable, if not as celebrated, as many of their more famous friends. Basil Montagu was the son of the Earl of Sandwich and the beautiful Miss Ray, whose German lover murdered her at the theatre by shooting her in her private box, and then blew his own brains out. Mr. Montagu inherited ability, eccentricity, and personal beauty, from his parents. His only literary productions that I am acquainted with were a notice of Bacon and his works, which he published in a small pamphlet volume, and another volume of extracts from some of the fine prose writers of the seventeenth century. I have a general impression that his personal intercourse gave a far better idea of his intellectual ability than anything that he achieved either in his profession or in letters.

His conversation was extremely vivid and sparkling, and the quaint eccentricity of his manner added to the impression of originality which he produced upon one. Very unlike the common run of people as he was, however, he was far less so than his wife, who certainly was one of the most striking and remarkable persons I have known. Her appearance was extraordinary; she was much above middle height, with a beautiful figure and face, the outline of which was of classical purity and severity, while her whole carriage and appearance was dignified and majestic to the highest de-

gree. I knew her for upwards of thirty years, and never saw her depart from a peculiar style of dress, which she had adopted with the finest instinct of what was personally becoming as well as graceful and beautiful in itself. She was so superior in this point to her sex generally, that, having found that which was undoubtedly her own proper individual costume, she never changed the fashion of it. Her dress deserved to be called (what all dress should be) a lesser fine art, and seemed the proper expression in clothes of her personality, and really a part of herself. It was a long, open robe over an underskirt of the same material and color (always moonlight silver gray, amethyst purple, or black silk or satin of the richest quality), trimmed with broad velvet facings of the same color, the sleeves plain and tight-fitting from shoulder to wrist, and the bosom covered with a fine lace half-body, which came, like the wimple of old mediæval portraits, up round her throat, and seemed to belong in material and fashion to the clear chin-stay which followed the noble contour of her face, and the picturesque cap which covered, without concealing, her auburn hair and the beautiful proportions of her exquisite head.

This lady knew no language but her own, and to that ignorance (which one is tempted in these days occasionally to think desirable) she probably owed the remarkable power and purity with which she used her mother tongue. Her conversation and her letters were perfect models of spoken and written English. Her marriage with Mr. Montagu was attended with some singular circumstances, the knowledge of which I owe to herself. She was a Yorkshire widow lady, of the name of Skepper, and came with her only child (a little girl) to visit some friends in London, with whom Basil Montagu was intimate. Mrs. Skepper had probably occasionally been the subject of conversation between him and her hosts, when they were expecting her; for one evening soon after her arrival, as she was sitting partly concealed by one of the curtains in the drawing-room, Basil Montagu came rapidly into the

room, exclaiming (evidently not perceiving her), "Come, where is your wonderful Mrs. Skepper? I want to see her." During the whole evening he engrossed her attention and talked to her, and the next morning at breakfast she laughingly complained to her hosts that he had not been content with that, but had tormented her in dreams all night. "For," said she, "I dreamt I was going to be married to him, and the day before the wedding he came to me with a couple of boxes, and said solemnly, 'My dear Anne, I want to confide these relics to your keeping; in this casket are contained the bones of my dear first wife, and in this those of my dear second wife; do me the favor to take charge of them for me.' " The odd circumstance was that Basil Montagu had been married twice, and that when he made his third matrimonial venture and was accepted by Mrs. Skepper, he appeared before her one day and with much solemnity begged her to take charge of two caskets, in which were respectively treasured, not the bones, but the letters of her two predecessors. It is quite possible that he might have heard of her dream on the first night of their acquaintance, and amused himself with carrying it out when he was about to marry her; but when Mrs. Montagu told me the story I do not think she suggested any such rationalistic solution of the mystery. Her daughter, Anne Skepper (afterwards Mrs. Procter), who has been all my life a kind and excellent friend to me, inherited her remarkable mother's mental gifts and special mastery over her own language; but she added to these, as part of her own individuality, a power of sarcasm that made the tongue she spoke in and the tongue she spoke with two of the most formidable weapons any woman was ever armed with. She was an exceedingly kind-hearted person, perpetually occupied in good offices to the poor, the afflicted, her friends, and all whom she could in any way serve; nevertheless, such was her severity of speech, not unfrequently exercised on those she appeared to like best, that Thackeray, Browning, and Kinglake, who were all

her friendly intimates, sometimes designated her as "Our Lady of Bitterness," and she is alluded to by that title in the opening chapter of *Eothen*. A daily volume of wit and wisdom might have been gathered from her familiar talk, which was *crisp* with suggestions of thought in the liveliest and highest form. Somebody asking her how she and a certain acrid critic of her acquaintance got on together, she replied, "Oh, very well; we sharpen each other like two knives." Being congratulated on the restoration of cordiality between herself and a friend with whom she had had some difference, "Oh, yes," said she, "the cracked cup is mended, but it will never hold water again." Both these ladies, mother and daughter, had a most extraordinary habit of crediting their friends with their own wise and witty sayings; thus Mrs. Montagu and Mrs. Procter would say, "Ah yes, you know, as you once said," and then would follow something so sparkling, profound, concise, incisive, and brilliant that you remained, eyes and mouth open, gasping in speechless astonishment at the merit of the saying you never said (and could n't have said if your life had depended on it), and the magnificence of the gift its author was making you. The princes in the *Arabian Nights* who only gave you a ring worth thousands of sequins were shabby fellows compared with these ladies who declared that the diamonds and rubies of their own uttering had fallen from your lips. Persons who lay claim to the good things of others are not rare; those who not only disclaim their own but even credit others with them are among the very rarest. In all my intercourse with the inhabitants of *two* worlds, I have known no similar instance of self-denial; and reflecting upon it, I have finally concluded that it was too superhuman to be a real virtue, and could proceed only from an exorbitant superabundance of natural gift, which made its possessors reckless, extravagant, and even unprincipled in the use of their wealth; they had wit enough for themselves, and to spare for all their friends, and these were many. At an evening

party at Mrs. Montagu's, in Bedford Square, in 1828, I first saw Mrs. Jameson. The *Ennuyée*, one is given to understand, dies; and it was a little vexatious to behold her sitting on a sofa, in a very becoming state of blooming *plumpitude*; but it was some compensation to be introduced to her. And so began a close and friendly intimacy which lasted for many years, between myself and this very accomplished woman. She was the daughter of an Irish miniature-painter of the name of Murphy, and began life as a governess, in which capacity she educated the daughters of Lord Hatherton, and went to Italy with the family of Mrs. Rose. When I first knew her she had not long been married to Mr. Robert Jameson, a union so ill-assorted that it restored Mrs. Jameson to the bosom of her own family, to whom her conjugal ill-fortune proved a blessing, for never did daughter and sister discharge with more loving fidelity the duties of those relationships. Her life was devoted to her parents while they lived, and after their death to her sisters and a young niece whom she adopted. Her various and numerous gifts and acquirements were exercised, developed, and constantly increased by a life of the most indefatigable literary study, research, and labor. Her reading was very extensive; her information, without being profound, was general; she was an excellent modern linguist, and perfectly well-versed in the literature of her own country and of France, Germany, and Italy. She had an uncommon taste and talent for art, and, as she added to her knowledge of the theory and history of painting familiar acquaintance with most of the fine public and private galleries in Europe, a keen sensibility to beauty, and considerable critical judgment, her works upon painting, and especially the exceedingly interesting volumes she published on the Sacred and Legendary Art of the Romish Church, are at once delightful and interesting sources of information, and useful and accurate works of reference, to which considerable value is added by her own spirited and graceful etchings.

The literary works of hers in which I have a direct personal interest are a charming book of essays on Shakespeare's female characters, entitled *Characteristics of Women*, which she did me the honor to dedicate to me; some pages of letterpress written to accompany a series of sketches John Hayter made of me in the character of Juliet; and a notice of my sister's principal operatic performances after she came out on the stage. Mrs. Jameson at one time contemplated writing a life of my aunt Siddons, not thinking Boaden's biography of her satisfactory; in this purpose, however, she

was effectually opposed by Campbell, who had undertaken the work, and, though he exhibited neither interest nor zeal in the fulfillment of his task, doggedly (in the manner) refused to relinquish it to her. Certainly, had Mrs. Jameson carried out her intention, Mrs. Siddons would have had a monument dedicated to her memory better calculated to preserve it than those which the above-named gentlemen bestowed on her. It would have been written in a spirit of far higher artistic discrimination, and with infinitely more sympathy both with the woman and with the actress.

Frances Anne Kemble.

THE RAILROAD DEATH-RATE.

As the Queen of Belgium was one day going from Verviers to Brussels by rail, in May, 1847, the train in which she was journeying came into collision with another train going in the opposite direction. There was naturally something of a panic, and, as royalty is not accustomed to being knocked about with railroad equality, some of her suite urged the queen to leave the train and to finish her journey by carriage. The contemporaneous court reporter then went on to say, in that language which is so peculiarly his own, "But her Majesty, as courageously as discreetly, declined to set that example of timidity, and she proceeded to Brussels by the railway." In those days a very exaggerated idea — which, by the way, the world has by no means outgrown — was universally entertained of the great danger incident to travel by rail. Even then, however, had her Majesty, who as the daughter of Louis Philippe of France and the wife of Leopold of Belgium was doubtless a very sensible woman, happened to be familiar with the statistics of injuries received by those traveling respectively by rail and by carriage, she certainly never on any plea of danger would

have been induced to abandon her railroad train in order to trust herself behind horse-flesh. It is not, however, likely that she was addicted to the study of dry statistics, so doubtless both she herself and those who surrounded her would have been greatly surprised to learn that, by pursuing the course urged upon her, the queen would have multiplied her chances of accident some sixty-fold. Strange as the statement sounds even now, such would seem to have been the fact. In proportion to the whole number carried, the accidents to passengers in "the good old days of stage-coaches" were, as compared to the present time of the railroad dispensation, about as sixty to one. This result, it is true, cannot be verified in the experience either of England or of this country, for neither the English nor we possess any statistics in relation to the earlier period; but they have such statistics in France, and very reliable they are also, stretching over a period of more than forty years. If these French statistics held true of New England, — and considering the character of our roads, conveyances, and climate, their showing is more likely to be in our favor than

against us, — if they simply held true, leaving us to assume that stage-coach traveling was not less safe in Massachusetts than in France, then it would follow that to make the dangers of the rail of the present day equal to those of the highway of half a century back, some eighty passengers should annually be killed and some eleven hundred injured within the limits of Massachusetts alone. These figures, however, represent rather more than fifty times the actual average, and from them it would seem to be not unfair to conclude that, notwithstanding the great increase of population and the yet greater increase in travel during the last half-century, there were literally more persons killed and injured each year in Massachusetts fifty years ago through accidents to stage-coaches than there are now through accidents to railroad trains.

The first impression of nine out of ten persons in no way connected with the operation of railroads would probably be found to be the exact opposite to this. A vague but deeply rooted conviction commonly prevails that the railroad has created a new danger: that because of it the average human being's hold on life is more precarious than it was. The first point-blank, bald statement to the contrary would accordingly strike most people in the light not only of a paradox, but of a somewhat foolish one. Investigation, nevertheless, bears it out. The fact is that when a great railroad accident comes, it is apt to come in such a way as to leave no doubt whatever in relation to it. It is heralded like a battle or an earthquake; it fills columns of the daily press with the largest capitals and the most harrowing details, and thus it makes a deep and lasting impression on the minds of many people. When a multitude of persons, traveling as almost every man now daily travels, himself meet death in such sudden and such awful shape, the event smites the imagination. People seeing it and thinking of it and hearing and reading of it, and of it only, forget of how infrequent occurrence it is. It was not so in the olden time. Every one rode behind horses, —

if not in public then in private conveyances, — and when disaster came it involved but few persons and was rarely accompanied by circumstances which either struck the imagination or attracted any great public notice. In the first place, the modern newspaper, with its perfect machinery for sensational exaggeration, did not then exist, having itself only recently come in the train of the locomotive; and in the next place, the circle of those included in the consequences of any disaster was necessarily small. It is far otherwise now. For weeks and months the vast machinery moves along, doing its work quietly, swiftly, safely; no one pays any attention to it, while millions daily make use of it, as much a necessity of their lives as the food they eat or the air they breathe. Suddenly, somehow, and somewhere, — at Versailles, at Norwalk, at Abergele, at New Hamburg, or at Revere, at some hitherto unfamiliar point upon an insignificant thread of the intricate iron web, — an obstruction is encountered, a jar, as it were, is felt, and instantly, with time for hardly an ejaculation or a thought, a multitude of human beings are hurled into eternity. It is no cause for surprise that such an event makes the community in which it happens catch its breath; neither is it unnatural that people should think more of the few who are killed, of whom they hear so much, than of the myriads who are carried in safety and of whom they hear nothing. Yet it is well to bear in mind that there are two sides to this question also, and in no way could this fact be more forcibly brought to our notice than by the assertion, borne out by all the statistics we possess, that, irrespective of the vast increase in the number of those who travel, a greater number of passengers in stage-coaches were formerly each year killed or injured by accidents to which they in no way contributed through their own carelessness, than are now killed under the same conditions in our railroad cars. In other words, the introduction of the modern railroad, so far from proportionately increasing the dangers of traveling, has absolutely dimin-

ished them. It is not, after all, the dangers but the safety of the modern railroad which should excite our special wonder.

What is the average length of the railroad journey resulting in death by accident to a prudent traveler? What is the average length of one resulting in some personal injury to him? These are two questions which interest every one. Few persons, probably, start upon any considerable journey, implying days and nights on the rail, without almost unconsciously taking into some consideration the risks of accident. Visions of collision, derailment, plunging through bridges, will rise unbidden. Even the old traveler who has enjoyed a long immunity is apt at times, with some little apprehension, to call to mind the musty adage of the pitcher and the well, and to ask himself how much longer it will be safe for him to rely on his good luck. A hundred thousand miles, perhaps, and no accident yet! Surely, on every doctrine of chances, he now owes to fate an arm or a leg; perhaps even a life. The statistics of a long series of years enable us, however, to approximate with a tolerable degree of precision to an answer to these questions, and the answer is simply astounding; so astounding, in fact, that before undertaking to give it, the question itself ought to be stated with all possible precision. It is this: Taking all persons who as passengers travel by rail, — and this includes all who dwell in civilized countries, — what number of journeys of the average length are safely accomplished, to each one which results in the death or injury of a passenger from some cause over which he had no control? The cases of death or injury must be confined to passengers, and to those of them only who expose themselves to no unnecessary risk.

When approaching a question of this sort, statisticians are apt to assume for their answers an appearance of mathematical accuracy. It is needless to say that this is a mere affectation. The best results which can be arrived at are, after all, mere approximations, and they also vary greatly year by year. The body

of facts from which conclusions are to be deduced must cover not only a definite area of space, but also a considerable lapse of time. Even Great Britain, with its 17,000 miles of track and its hundreds of millions of annual passenger journeys, shows results which vary strangely, one year with another. For instance, during the four years anterior to 1874, but one passenger was killed, upon an average, to each 11,000,000 carried; while in 1874 the proportion, under the influence of a succession of disasters, suddenly doubled, rising to one in every 5,500,000. If such is the case in Great Britain, the annual fluctuations in the narrower field of a single State in this country might well seem at first glance to set all computation at defiance. During the ten years, for example, between 1861 and 1870, about 200,000,000 passengers were returned as carried on the Massachusetts roads, with 135 cases of injury to individuals. Then came the year of the Revere disaster, and out of 26,000,000 carried, no less than 115 were killed or injured. Four years of comparative immunity then ensued, during which, out of 130,000,000 carried, but one was killed and forty-five injured. In other words, through a period of ten years the casualties were approximately as one to 1,500,000; then during a single year they rose to one in 225,000, or a sevenfold increase; and then through a period of four years they diminished to one in 3,400,000, a decrease of about ninety per cent.

Taking, however, the very worst of years, — the year of the Revere disaster, which stands unparalleled in the annals of Massachusetts, — it will yet be found that the answer to the question as to the length of the average railroad journey resulting in death or in injury will be expressed, not in thousands nor in hundreds of thousands of miles, but in millions. During that year some twenty-six million passenger journeys were made within the limits of the State, and each journey averaged a distance of about thirteen miles. It would seem, therefore, that even in that year the average journey resulting in death was

11,000,000 miles, while that resulting either in death or in personal injury was not less than 3,300,000.

The year 1871, however, represented by no means a fair average. On the contrary, it indicated what may fairly be considered an excessive degree of danger, exciting nervous apprehensions in the breasts of those even who were not constitutionally timid. Let us take, therefore, the whole period, the fifteen years, from 1861 to 1874 inclusive, and from them deduce an average. The number of passengers carried within the limits of the State during that period was in the neighborhood of 350,000,000. Of these, 39 were killed and 250 injured from causes wholly beyond their own control, or less than one passenger in each 8,900,000 killed, and about one in each 1,400,000 injured. Through a period of fifteen years, therefore, the average journey in Massachusetts resulting in death was about 115,000,000 miles, and that resulting in either death or injury, over 18,000,000.

The Revere disaster, however, brought about many and important changes in the methods of operating the railroads of Massachusetts. Among others, it introduced into general use the train-brake and Miller's method of car construction. Consequently the danger incident to railroad traveling was materially reduced; and in the next four years (1872-75) 130,000,000 passenger journeys were made within the limits of the State, and, while only forty-two persons were in any way injured, but a single one was killed. During these years, therefore, the average journey resulting in any description of injury to a passenger was close upon 40,000,000 miles, while an aggregate journey of 1,700,000,000 miles or thereabouts was accomplished with the loss of but a single life.

But it may fairly be asked, What, after all, do these figures mean? They are, indeed, so large as to exceed comprehension; for, after certain comparatively narrow limits are passed, the practical infinite is approached, and the mere adding of a few more ciphers after a numeral conveys no new idea. On the

contrary, the piling up of figures rather tends to weaken than to strengthen a statement, for to many it suggests an idea of ridiculous exaggeration. Indeed, when a few years ago a somewhat similar statement to that just made was advanced in an official report, a critic undertook to expose the fallacy of it in the columns of a daily paper by referring to a case within the writer's own observation, in which a family of three persons had been killed by an accident on their very first journey in a railroad car. It is not, of course, necessary to waste time over such a criticism as this. Railroad accidents continually take place and in consequence of them people are killed and injured, and of these there may well be some who are then making their first journey by rail; but in estimating the dangers of railroad traveling the much larger number who are not killed or injured at all must likewise be taken into consideration. Any reader of this paper in a railroad car may be killed or injured through some accident even while his eye is glancing over the figures which show how infinitesimal his danger is; but the chances are none the less as a million to one that any particular reader will go down to his grave uninjured by any accident on the rail, unless it be occasioned by his or her own carelessness.

Admitting, therefore, that ill luck or hard fortune must fall to the lot of certain unascertainable persons, yet the chances of incurring that ill fortune are so small that they are not materially increased by any amount of traveling which can be accomplished within the limits of a human life. So far from exhausting a fair average immunity from accident by constant traveling, the statistics of Massachusetts during the last four years would seem to indicate that if any given person were born upon a railroad car and remained upon it, traveling five hundred miles a day all his life, he would, with average good fortune, be about two hundred and twenty years old before he would be involved in any accident resulting in his death or personal injury. Even supposing that the most exceptional

average of the "Revere" year became usual, a man who was killed in an accident at seventy years of age should, unless he were fairly to be accounted unfortunate, have accomplished a journey of some four hundred and forty miles every day of his life, Sundays included, from the time of his birth to that of his death; while even to have brought him within the fair liability of any injury at all, his daily journey should have been some one hundred and twenty miles.

In this connection it is not without interest to examine the vital statistics of some considerable city, for they show clearly enough what a large degree of literal truth there was in the half jocose proposition attributed to John Bright, that the safest place in which a man could put himself was inside a first-class railroad carriage of a train in full motion. Take the statistics of Boston, for instance, for the year 1874. During that year, it will be remembered, a single passenger only was killed on the railroads of the State in consequence of an accident to which he by his own carelessness in no way contributed. That year, too, was a disastrous one for travelers, as compared either with that which preceded or with that which followed it. Yet during the year 1874, excluding all cases of mere injury of which no account was made, not less than fifteen persons came to their deaths in Boston from falling down-stairs, and twelve from falling out of windows; fourteen were burned to death, and seventeen were killed by being run over by teams in the streets, while the pastime of coasting was carried on at the cost of ten lives more. There were eight deaths that year in Boston from those forms of violence which are classified under the head of homicide; and, indeed, there is small risk in venturing the assertion that during the last sixteen years there have been more persons — probably at least twice as many — murdered in the city of Boston alone than have lost their lives through the negligence of all the railroad corporations in the whole State of Massachusetts. Neither are the comparative results here stated in any re-

spect novel or peculiar to Massachusetts. Years ago it was officially announced in France that people were less safe in their own houses than while traveling on the railroads; and in support of this somewhat startling proposition statistics were produced showing fourteen cases of death of persons remaining at home and there falling over carpets, or, in the case of females, having their garments catch fire, to ten deaths on the rail. Even the game of cricket counted eight victims to the railroad's ten.

It will not, of course, be inferred that the cases of death or injury to passengers from causes beyond their control include by any means all the casualties involved in the operation of the railroad system. On the contrary, they include but a very small portion of them. The experience of the Massachusetts roads during the four years between September 30, 1871, and September 30, 1875, may again be cited in reference to this point. During that time there were but forty-two cases of injury to passengers from causes over which they had no control, but in connection with the entire working of the railroad system no less than 1120 cases of injury were reported, of which 600 were fatal; an average of 150 deaths a year. Of these cases, naturally, a large proportion were employes, whose occupation not only involves much necessary risk, but whose familiarity with risk causes them always to incur it even in the most unnecessary and foolhardy manner. During the four years, 192 of them were killed and 220 were reported as injured. Nor is it supposed that this list included by any means all the cases of injury which occurred. More than half of the accidents to employes are occasioned by their falling from the trains when in motion, usually from freight trains and in cold weather, and from being crushed between cars while engaged in coupling them together. From this last cause alone an average of thirty casualties are annually reported. One fact, however, will sufficiently illustrate how very difficult it is to protect this class of men from danger, or rather from themselves. As is well

known, on freight trains they are obliged to ride on the tops of the cars; but these are built so high that their roofs come dangerously near the bottoms of the highway bridges, which cross the tracks sometimes in close proximity to each other. Accordingly many unfortunate brakemen were killed by being knocked off the trains as they passed under these bridges. With a view to affording the utmost possible protection against this form of accident, a statute was passed by the Massachusetts legislature compelling the corporations to erect guards at a suitable distance from every overhead bridge which was less than eighteen feet in the clear above the track. These guards were so arranged as to swing lightly across the tops of the cars, giving any one standing upon them a sharp rap, warning him of the danger he was in. This warning rap, however, so annoyed the brakemen that the guards were on a number of the roads systematically destroyed as often as they were put up; so that at last another law had to be passed, making their destruction a criminal offense. The brakemen themselves resisted the attempt to divest their perilous occupation of one of its most insidious dangers.

In this respect, however, brakemen differ in no degree from the rest of the community. On all hands railroad accidents seem to be systematically encouraged, and the wonder is that the list of casualties is not larger. In Massachusetts, for instance, even in the most crowded portions of the largest cities and towns, not only do the railroads cross the highways at grade, but whenever new thoroughfares are laid out, the people of the neighborhood almost invariably insist upon their crossing the railroads at grade and not otherwise. Not but that upon theory and in the abstract every one is opposed to grade-crossing; but those most directly concerned almost always claim that every new case is exceptional in character. In vain do corporations protest and public officials argue; when the concrete case arises, all neighborhoods become alike, and strenuously insist on their

right to incur everlasting danger rather than to have the level of their streets broken. During the last four years, in Massachusetts, eighty-seven persons have been injured, and forty-four of them fatally injured, at these crossings, and it is as certain as fate that the number is destined to annually increase. What the result in a remote future will be, it is not now easy to forecast. One thing only would seem certain: the time will come when the two classes of traffic now so recklessly made to cross each other will at many points have to be separated, no matter at what cost to the community which now challenges the danger it will then find itself compelled to avoid.

The heaviest and most regular cause of death and injury involved in the operation of the railroad system yet remains to be referred to, and again it is recklessness which is at the root of it, and this time recklessness in direct violation of law. The railroad tracks are everywhere favorite promenades, and apparently even resting-places, especially for those who are more or less drunk. In Great Britain physical demolition by a railroad train is also a somewhat favorite method of committing suicide, and that, too, in the most deliberate and cold-blooded manner. Cases have not been uncommon in which persons have been seen to coolly lay themselves down in front of an advancing train, and, placing their necks across the rail, in this way to effect very neatly their own decapitation. In England alone, during the last three years, there have been no less than eighty-eight railroad suicides. In America these cases are not returned in a class by themselves. Under the general head of accidents to trespassers, however, that is, accidents to men, women, and children, especially the latter, illegally lying, walking, or playing on the tracks or riding upon the cars, — under this head are regularly classified more than one third of all the casualties incident to working the Massachusetts railroads. During the last four years these have amounted to an aggregate of 393 cases of injury, no less

than 280 of which were fatal. Of course very many other cases of this description, which were not fatal, were never reported. And here again the recklessness of the public has received further illustration, and this time in a very unpleasant way. Certain corporations operating roads terminating in Boston endeavored at one time to diminish this slaughter by enforcing the laws against walking on railroad tracks. A few trespassers were arrested and fined, and then the resentment of those whose wonted privileges were thus interfered with began to make itself felt. Obstructions were found placed in the way of night trains. The mere attempt to keep people from risking their lives by getting in the way of locomotives placed whole trains full of passengers in imminent jeopardy. So throughout: in order to guard men against danger in connection with railroads, the crying need is to guard them against themselves.

Meanwhile, taken even in its largest aggregate, the loss of life incident to the working of the railroad system is not excessive, nor is it out of proportion to what might reasonably be expected. It is to be constantly borne in mind, not only that the railroad performs a great function in modern life, but that it also and of necessity performs it in a very dangerous way. A practically irresistible force crashing through the busy hive of modern civilization at a wild rate of speed, going hither and thither, across highways and by-ways and along a path which is in itself a thoroughfare,—such an agency cannot be expected to work incessantly and yet never to come in contact with the human frame. Naturally, however, it might be a very car of Juggernaut. Is it so in fact? To demonstrate that it is not, it is but necessary again to recur to the comparison between the statistics of railroad accidents and those which necessarily occur in the experience of all considerable cities. Take again those of Boston and of the railroad system of Massachusetts. These for the purposes of illustration are as good as any, and in their results would only be confirmed in the expe-

rience of Paris as compared with the railroad system of France, or in that of London as compared with the railroad system of Great Britain. During the four years between September 30, 1870, and September 30, 1874, the entire railroad system of Massachusetts was operated at a cost of 635 lives, apart from all cases of injury which did not prove fatal. The returns in this respect also may be accepted as reasonably accurate, as the deaths were all returned, though the cases of merely personal injury probably were not. During that same period, 1050 cases of accidental death were recorded as having taken place in the city of Boston. In other words, the annual average of deaths by accident in the city of Boston alone exceeds that consequent on running all the railroads of the State by sixty-four per cent. Unless, therefore, the railroad system is to be considered as an exception to all other functions of modern life, and as such is to be expected to do its work without injury to life or limb, this showing does not constitute a very heavy indictment against it.

Up to this point, the statistics and experience of Massachusetts only have been referred to. This is owing to the fact that the railroad returns of that State are more carefully prepared and tabulated than are those of most of the States, and afford, therefore, more satisfactory data from which to draw conclusions. The territorial area from which the statistics are in this case derived is very limited, and it yet remains to compare the results deduced from them with those derived from the similar experience of other communities. This, however, is not an easy thing to do; and, while it is difficult enough as respects Europe, it is even more difficult as respects America taken as a whole. This last fact is especially unfortunate in view of the circumstance that, in regard to railroad accidents, the United States, whether deservedly or not, enjoy a most undesirable reputation. Foreign authorities have a way of referring to our "well-known national disregard of human life," with a sort of *de haut*

en bas complacency which is the reverse of pleasing. Judging by the tone of their comments, the natural inference would be that railroad disasters of the worst description were in America matters of such frequent occurrence as to excite scarcely any remark. As will presently be made very apparent, this impression, for it is only an impression, can, so far as the country as a whole is concerned, neither be proved nor disproved, from the absence of sufficient data upon which to argue. As respects Massachusetts, however, and the same statement may perhaps be made of the whole belt of States north of the Potomac and the Ohio, there is no basis for it. There is no reason to suppose that railroad traveling is throughout that region accompanied by any peculiar or unusual degree of danger; and, indeed, there is reason for concluding that it is essentially safer there than it is in Great Britain.

The great difficulty just referred to, of comparing the results deduced from equally complete statistics of different countries, lies in the variety of the arbitrary rules under which the computations in making them up are effected. As an example in point, take the railroad returns of Great Britain and those of Massachusetts. They are in each case prepared with a great deal of care, and the results deduced from them may fairly be accepted as approximately correct. As respects accidents, the number of cases of death and of personal injury are annually reported, and with tolerable completeness, though in the latter respect there is probably in both cases room for improvement. The whole comparison turns, however, on the way in which the entire number of passengers annually carried is computed. In Great Britain, for instance, in 1874, these were returned, using round numbers only, at 480,000,000, and in Massachusetts at 33,000,000. By dividing these totals by the number of cases of death and injury reported as occurring to passengers from causes beyond their control, and in this respect the returns are probably in each case almost certain-

ly correct, we shall arrive apparently at a fair comparative showing as to the relative safety of railroad traveling in the two communities. The result for that particular year would have been that while in Great Britain one passenger in each 5,600,000 was killed and one in each 300,000 injured from causes beyond their control, in Massachusetts none were killed and only one in each 6,600,000 were in any way injured. Unfortunately, however, a closer examination reveals a very grave error in the computation, affecting every comparative result drawn from it. In the English returns no allowance whatever is made for the very large number of journeys made by season-ticket or commutation passengers, while in Massachusetts, on the contrary, each person of this class enters into the grand total as making two trips each day, 156 trips on each quarterly ticket, and 626 trips during the year. Now in 1874 no less than 493,957 holders of season tickets were returned by the roads of Great Britain. How many of these were quarterly and how many were annual travelers does not appear. If they were all annual travelers, no less than 210,000,000 journeys should be added to the 480,000,000 in the returns, in order to arrive at an equal basis for a comparison between the foreign and the American roads: this method, however, would be manifestly inaccurate, so it only remains, in the absence of all reliable data, and for the purposes of comparison solely, to strike out from the Massachusetts returns the 6,752,540 season-ticket passages, which at once reduces by over 1,400,000 the number of journeys to each case of injury. As season-ticket passengers do travel and are exposed to danger in the same degree as trip-ticket passengers, no result is approximately accurate which leaves them out of the computation. At present, however, the question relates not to the positive danger or safety of traveling by rail, but to its relative danger in different communities.

Making allowance, however, for this discrepancy, and reducing the figures of the Massachusetts returns to the English

basis, it will be found that during the sixteen years between 1860 and 1875, about 260,000,000 passenger journeys were made within the limits of the State, or one passenger in each 6,600,000 carried was killed, and one in each million was injured, from causes beyond their control. The doings of these sixteen years on the Massachusetts roads represent, however, after all, but little more than the doings of six months on the roads of Great Britain. In order to effect a comparison, therefore, it is not necessary to go back over so long a period of the English returns; four years are ample. Taking, then, the last four (1871-74), it is found that during that period about 1,735,000,000 passenger journeys were made over the roads of Great Britain, and these resulted in 5377 cases of injury to passengers in the cars, of which number 162 were fatal; or in round numbers one case of injury to each 333,000 persons carried, and a case of death to each 10,700,000. In other words, while owing to the terribly fatal accident at Revere in 1871, with its 29 deaths at once, the average of fatal injuries has been in Massachusetts about twice that of Great Britain, yet as respects the total of casualties the proportion is decidedly in favor of Massachusetts, her returns showing but one case in 900,000 while the English returns indicate one in about 330,000. When the question reverts, however, to the general cost of life and limb to the entire communities at which the railroad systems are worked and the railroad traffic is carried on, the comparison is less favorable to Massachusetts. Taking the four years of 1871-74, the English returns included 12,450 cases of injury, and 4345 of death; while those of Massachusetts for the same years included 635 deaths, with only 523 cases of injury; in the one case a total of 16,795 casualties, as compared with 1158 in the other. It will, however, be noticed that while in the English returns the cases of injury are nearly threefold those of death, in the Massachusetts returns the deaths exceed the cases of injury. This fact cannot but throw grave suspicion on the

completeness of the latter returns. As a matter of practical experience it is well known that cases of injury almost invariably exceed those of death, and those returns in which the disproportion is greatest are probably the most full and reliable. Taking, therefore, the deaths in the two cases as the better basis for comparison, it will be found that the roads of Great Britain in the grand result accomplished seventeen-fold the work of those of Massachusetts with less than seven times as many casualties; had the proportion between the results accomplished and the fatal injuries inflicted been maintained, but 255 deaths instead of 635 would have appeared in the Massachusetts returns. The reason of this difference in result is worth looking for, and fortunately the statistical tables are in both cases carried sufficiently into detail to make an analysis possible; and this analysis, when made, seems to indicate very clearly that while for those directly connected with the railroads, either as passengers or as employes, the Massachusetts system in its working involves relatively a less degree of danger than that of Great Britain, yet for the outside community it involves very much more. Take, for instance, the two heads of accidents at grade-crossings and accidents to trespassers, which have already been referred to. In Great Britain highway grade-crossings are discouraged. In Massachusetts they are practically insisted upon. The results of the policy pursued may in each case be read with sufficient distinctness in the bills of mortality. During the years 1872-74, of 878 casualties to persons on the railroads of Massachusetts, 106 occurred at highway grade-crossings. Had the accidents of this description in Great Britain been equally numerous in proportion to the larger volume of the traffic of that country, they would have resulted in 1600 cases of death or personal injury; they did in fact result in 289 such cases. In Massachusetts, again, to walk at will on any part of a railroad track is looked upon as a sort of prescriptive and inalienable right of every member of the community, irrespective of age, sex, color,

or previous condition of servitude. Accordingly, during the three years referred to, this right was exercised at the cost of life or limb to 290 persons, — one in three of all the casualties which occurred in connection with the railroad system. In Great Britain the custom of using the tracks of railroads as a foot-path seems to exist, but, so far from being regarded as a right, it is practiced in perpetual terror of the law. Accordingly, instead of some 5000 cases of death or injury from this cause during these three years, which would have been the proportion under like conditions in Massachusetts, the returns showed only 1266. These two are among the most constant and fruitful causes of accident in connection with the railroad system of America. In Great Britain their proportion to the whole number of casualties which take place is scarcely a fifth part what it is with us in Massachusetts: here they constitute very nearly fifty per cent. of all the accidents which occur; there they constitute barely ten per cent.

When we pass from Great Britain to the continental countries of Europe, the difficulties in the way of any fair comparison of results become greater and greater. The statistics do not enter sufficiently into detail, nor is the basis of computation apparent. It is generally conceded that, where a due degree of caution is exercised, railroad traveling in continental countries is attended with a much less degree of danger than in England. When we come to the returns, however, they hardly bear out this conclusion; at least to the degree commonly supposed. Take France, for example. Nowhere is human life more carefully guarded than in that country, yet their returns show that of 866,000,000 passengers transported on the French railroads during the eleven years 1859-69, no less than 65 were killed and 1285 injured from causes beyond their control; or one in each 13,000,000 killed as compared with one in 10,700,000 in Great Britain; and one in every 674,000 injured as compared with one in each 330,000 in the other country, or one in 900,000 in Massachusetts. During the single

year 1869, about 111,000,000 passengers were carried on the French lines, at a general cost to the community of 2416 casualties, of which 295 were fatal. In Massachusetts, during the four years 1871-74, about 95,000,000 passengers were carried, at a reported cost of 1158 casualties. This showing might well be considered favorable to Massachusetts did not the single fact that her returns included more than twice as many deaths as the French, with only a quarter as many injuries, make it at once apparent that the statistics were at fault. Under these circumstances comparison could only be made between the numbers of deaths reported; which would indicate that, in proportion to the work done, the railroad operations of Massachusetts involved about twice and a half more cases of injury to life and limb than those of the French service. As respects Great Britain the comparison is much more favorable, the returns showing an almost exactly equal general death-rate in the two countries in proportion to their volumes of traffic; the volume of Great Britain being about four times that of France, while its death-rate by railroad accidents was as 1100 to 295.

With the exception of Belgium, however, in which country the returns cover only the lines operated by the state, the basis hardly exists for a useful comparison between the dangers of injury from accident on the continental railroads and on those of Great Britain and America. The several systems are operated on wholly different principles, to meet the needs of communities between whose modes of life and thought little similarity exists. The continental trains are far less crowded than either the English or the American, and when accidents occur fewer persons are involved in them. They are apt also to move under much stricter regulation and at lower rates of speed, so that there is a grain of truth in the English sarcasm that on a German railway "it almost seems as if beer-drinking at the stations were the principal business, and traveling a mere accessory."

Limiting, therefore, the comparison to

the railroads of Great Britain, it remains to be seen whether the evil reputation of the American roads as respects accidents is wholly deserved. Is it indeed true that the danger to a passenger's life and limbs is so much greater in this country than elsewhere? Locally, and so far as Massachusetts at least is concerned, it certainly is not. How is it with the country taken as a whole? The lack of all reliable statistics as respects this wide field of inquiry has already been referred to. We have no trustworthy data. We do not know with accuracy even the number of miles of road operated; much less the number of passengers annually carried. As respects accidents, and the deaths and injuries resulting from them, some information may be gathered from a careful and very valuable, because the only, record which has been preserved during the last three years in the columns of the *Railroad Gazette*. From the very nature of the case, however, this record cannot be complete, nor does it pretend to anything like official accuracy. It is, however, the only guide we have. During the years 1873-74 the *Gazette* recorded 2294 train-accidents as occurring on the railroads of this country, resulting in 503 deaths and 2002 cases of personal injury. During the same years 2703 train-accidents were officially reported in Great Britain, resulting in 195 deaths and 3612 cases of injury. The English returns covered with accuracy the operations of some 17,000 miles of road; the American record embraced something like 72,000. Far more trains were run, however, and more passengers carried, on the 17,000 miles than on the 72,000. Indeed, excluding all those traveling on season or commutation tickets, no less than 480,000,000 passengers were carried over the roads of Great Britain in 1874; while the returns for that year of fifteen of the principal railroad States of this country, including all New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, representing considerably more than half of our whole railroad mileage, aggregate only 134,000,000 passengers. Allowing for the mileage of the remaining States

in the same proportion, — manifestly an overestimate, — the number of passengers now annually carried on all the railroads in the country would but little exceed 240,000,000. In reality, it is probably less than 200,000,000. Conceding, however, that the larger number is approximately accurate, and accepting as equally accurate the record of the *Gazette*, we yet find that in carrying exactly half as many passengers as the roads of Great Britain, the American roads met with three quarters as many accidents, resulting in twice the number of deaths and half as many cases of injury. Under the most favorable showing, therefore, it would seem that in America, taken as a whole, the dangers incident to railroad traveling are indeed materially greater than in any country of Europe. How much greater is a question wholly impossible to answer. So that when a statistical writer undertakes to show, as one eminent European authority has done, that in a given year on the American roads one passenger in every 286,179 was killed, and one in every 90,737 was injured, it is charitable to suppose that in regard to America only is he indebted to his imagination for his figures.

Neither is it possible to analyze with any satisfactory degree of precision the nature of the accidents in the two countries, with a view to drawing inferences from them. But without attempting to enter into details, the record reveals one salient fact: out of 661 English accidents, no less than 492 came under the head of collisions, — whether head collisions, rear collisions, or collisions on sidings or at junctions. In other words, to collisions of some sort between trains were due three out of four accidents which took place in Great Britain, while only 63, or less than ten per cent. of the whole, were due to derailments from all causes. In America, on the other hand, these figures were nearly reversed; for, while of the 3311 accidents recorded, but 835, or less than one fourth part, were due to collisions, no less than 2076, or sixty per cent., were classed under the head of derailments. These figures cu-

riously illustrate the different manner in which the railroads of the two countries have been constructed, and the different circumstances under which they are operated. The English collisions are distinctly traceable to the constant overcrowding of their lines; the American derailments to the inferior construction of our road-beds.

Finally, what of late years has been done to diminish the dangers of the rail? What more can be done? Few persons realize what a tremendous pressure in this respect is constantly bearing down upon those whose business it is to operate railroads. A great accident is not only a terrible blow to the pride and prestige of a corporation, not only does it practically ruin the unfortunate officials involved in it, but it entails also portentous financial consequences. Juries proverbially have little mercy for railroad corporations, and when a disaster comes, these have practically no choice but to follow the scriptural injunction to settle with their adversaries quickly. The Revere catastrophe, for instance, cost the railroad company liable on account of it over half a million of dollars; and a few years ago in England a jury awarded a sum of \$65,000 for damages sustained through the death of a single individual. During the five years 1867-71, the railroad corporations of Great Britain paid out over \$11,000,000 in compensation for damages occasioned by accidents. In view of such money consequences of disaster, alone, it would be most unnatural did not each new accident lead to the adoption of better appliances to prevent its recurrence.

Four of these appliances of comparatively recent origin are so important, and have so greatly diminished the dangers of the rail, that they are deserving of more than a passing notice. Two of them are of English origin, and two of American; all of them have naturally been called into existence and developed to meet the peculiar requirements of the country in which they originated. These four appliances are the block system, the interlocking of points and signals system, the continuous train-brake,

and the Miller car construction. The first two were gradually developed under the tremendous pressure of traffic which is a peculiarity of the English lines; the last two are American inventions, designed the one to prevent accidents, the other to protect the passengers when accidents do occur. The limits of this paper do not admit of doing justice to these triumphs of railroad mechanism; yet they should be much more popularly appreciated than they are by those who almost daily owe their safety to them. At present they can only be alluded to; in a future paper they will be described at length.

To return, however, to the subject of railroad accidents, and the final conclusion to be drawn from the statistics which have been presented. That conclusion briefly stated is that the charges of recklessness and indifference so generally and so widely advanced against those managing the railroads cannot for an instant be sustained. After all, as was said in the beginning of this paper, it is not the danger but the safety of the railroad which should excite our wonder. If any one doubts this, it is very easy to satisfy himself of the fact, — that is, if by nature he is gifted with the slightest spark of imagination. It is but necessary to stand once on the platform of a way-station and to look at an express train dashing by. There are few sights finer; few better calculated to quicken the pulses. It is most striking at night. The glare of the head-light, the rush and throb of the locomotive, the connecting rod and driving-wheels of which seem instinct with nervous life, the flashing lamps in the cars, and the final whirl of dust in which the red tail-lights vanish almost as soon as they are seen, — all this is well calculated to excite our wonder; but the special and unending cause for wonder is how, in case of accident, anything whatever is left of the train. It would seem to be inevitable that something must happen, and that, whatever it may be, it must necessarily involve both the train and every one in it in utter and irremediable destruction. Here is a body weighing in the neigh-

borhood of two hundred tons, moving over the face of the earth at a speed of sixty feet a second and held to its course only by two slender lines of iron rails, and yet it is safe. Half a century ago, when the possibility of something remotely like this was first discussed, a writer in *The British Quarterly* earned for himself a lasting fame by using this expression, which has since become one of the familiar passages of literature: "We should as soon expect people to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate; their property, perhaps, they may trust." At the time he wrote, the chances were ninety-nine in a hundred that the critic was right, and yet, because reality, not for the first nor the last time, saw fit to outstrip the wildest flights of imagination, he blundered, by being prudent, into an immortality of ridicule. The thing, however, is still none the less a miracle because it is with us matter of daily observation. That, indeed, is the most

miraculous part of it. At all hours of the day and of the night, during every season of the year, this movement is going on. It never wholly stops. It depends for its even action on every conceivable contingency, from the disciplined vigilance of thousands of employes to the condition of the atmosphere, the heat of an axle, or the strength of a nail. The vast machine is kept in constant motion, and the derangement of any one of a myriad of conditions may at any moment occasion one of those inequalities of movement which are known as accidents. Yet at the end of the year, of the hundreds of millions of passengers, fewer have lost their lives through these accidents than have been murdered in cold blood. Not without reason, therefore, has it been asserted that, viewing at once the speed, the certainty, and the safety with which the intricate movement of modern life is carried on, there is no more creditable monument to human care, human skill, and human foresight, than the statistics of railroad accidents.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

THE CURRENCY CONFLICT.

In the autumn of 1862 I spent several weeks with Secretary Chase, and was permitted to share his studies of the financial questions which were then engrossing his attention. He was preparing to submit to Congress his matured plans for a system of banking and currency to meet the necessities of the war, and this subject formed the chief theme of his conversation. He was specially anxious to work out in his own mind the probable relations of greenbacks to gold, to the five-twenty bonds, to the proposed national bank-notes, and to the business of the country.

One evening the conversation turned on some question relating to the laws of motion, and Mr. Chase asked for a defi-

nition of motion. Some one answered, "Matter is inert; spirit alone can move; therefore motion is the spirit of God made manifest in matter." The secretary said: "If that is a good definition, then legal-tender notes must be the devil made manifest in paper; for no man can foresee what mischief they may do when they are once let loose." He gravely doubted whether that war-born spirit, summoned to serve us in a dreadful emergency, would be mustered out of service with honor when the conflict should end, or, at the return of peace, would capture public opinion and enslave the nation it had served. To what extent his fears were well founded may be ascertained by comparing the

present state of the public mind in regard to the principles of monetary science with that which prevailed when our existing financial machinery was set up.

More than a million votes will be cast at the next presidential election by men who were school-boys in their primers when the great financial measures of 1862 were adopted; and they do not realize how fast or how far the public mind has drifted. The log-book of this extraordinary voyage cannot be read too often. Let it be constantly borne in mind that fourteen years ago the American people considered themselves well instructed in the leading doctrines of monetary science. They had enjoyed, or rather suffered, an extraordinary experience. There was hardly an experiment in banking and currency that they or their fathers had not fully tested.

THE CURRENCY DOCTRINES OF 1862.

The statesmen of that period, the leaders of public thought, and the people of all political parties were substantially unanimous in the opinion that the only safe instrument of exchange known among men was standard coin, or paper convertible into coin at the will of the holder.

I will not affirm that this opinion was absolutely unanimous; for doubtless there was here and there a dreamer who looked upon paper money as a sort of fetic, and was ready to crown it as a god. There are always a few who believe in the quadrature of the circle and the perpetual motion. I recently met a cultivated American who is a firm believer in Buddha, and rejoices in the hope of attaining Nirvāna beyond the grave. The gods of Greece were dis-crowned and disowned by the civilized world a thousand years ago; yet within the last generation an eminent English scholar attested his love for classical learning and his devotion to the Greek mythology by actually sacrificing a bull to Jupiter, in the back parlor of his house in London. So, in 1862, there

may have been followers of William Lowndes and of John Law among our people, and here and there a philosopher who dreamed of an ideal standard of value stripped of all the grossness of so coarse and vulgar a substance as gold. But they dwelt apart in silence, and their opinions made scarce a ripple on the current of public thought.

No one can read the history of that year without observing the great reluctance, the apprehension, the positive dread, with which the statesmen and people of that day ventured upon the experiment of making treasury notes a legal tender for private debts. They did it under the pressure of an overmastering necessity, to meet the immediate demands of the war, and with a most determined purpose to return to the old standard at the earliest possible moment. Indeed, the very act that made the greenbacks a legal tender provided the effective means for retiring them.

Distressing as was the crisis, urgent as was the need, a large number of the best and most patriotic men in Congress voted against the act. The ground of their opposition was well expressed by Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois, who, after acknowledging the unparalleled difficulties and dangers of the situation, said, "There is no precipice, there is no chasm, there is no possible bottomless, yawning gulf before the nation so appalling, so ruinous, as this same bill that is before us."

Of those who supported the measure, not one defended it as a permanent policy. All declared that they did not abate a jot of their faith in the soundness of the old doctrines.

Thaddeus Stevens said, "This bill is a measure of necessity, not of choice. No one would willingly issue paper currency not redeemable on demand, and make it a legal tender. It is never desirable to depart from the circulating medium which, by the common consent of civilized nations, forms the standard of value."

In the Senate the legal-tender clause was adopted by only five majority. The senators who supported it were keenly

alive to its dangerous character. Mr. Fessenden, chairman of the committee on finance, said of the bill, "It proposes something utterly unknown in this government from its foundation: a resort to a measure of doubtful constitutionality, to say the least of it, which has always been denounced as ruinous to the credit of any government which has recourse to it; . . . a measure which, when it has been tried by other countries, as it often has been, has always proved a disastrous failure."

With extreme reluctance he supported the bill, but said the committee was bound "that an assurance should be given to the country that it was to be resorted to only as a *policy*; that it was what it professed to be, but a *temporary measure*. I have not heard any man express a contrary opinion, or, at least, any man who has spoken on the subject in Congress. . . . All the gentlemen who have written on the subject, except some wild speculators on currency, have declared that as a policy it would be ruinous to any people; *and it has been defended, as I have stated, simply and solely upon the ground that it is to be a single measure standing alone, and not to be repeated.* . . . It is put upon the ground of *absolute, overwhelming necessity.*"

Mr. Sumner, who supported the bill, said, "Surely we must all be against paper money, we must insist upon maintaining the integrity of the government, and we must all set our faces against any proposition like the present except as a temporary expedient, rendered imperative by the exigency of the hour. . . . A remedy which at another moment you would reject is now proposed. Whatever may be the national resources, they are not now in reach except by summary process. Reluctantly, painfully, I consent that the process should issue. And yet I cannot give such a vote without warning the government against the dangers from such an experiment. The medicine of the constitution must not become its daily bread."

Such was the unanimous sentiment which animated Congress in making its solemn pledge to return to the old path

as soon as the immediate danger should pass.

The close of the war revealed some change of opinion, but the purpose of 1862 was still maintained. December 14, 1865, the House of Representatives resolved, —

"That the House cordially concurs in the views of the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the necessity of a contraction of the currency with a view to as early a resumption of specie payments as the business interest of the country will permit; and we hereby pledge coöperative action to this end as speedily as practicable."

This resolution was adopted on a call of the ayes and noes, by the decisive vote of one hundred and forty-four to six.

The last ten years have witnessed such a change of sentiment as seldom occurs in one generation. During that time, we have had a Babel of conflicting theories. Every exploded financial dogma of the last two hundred years has been revived and advocated. Congresses and political parties have been agitated and convulsed by the discussion of old and new schemes to escape from the control of the universal laws of value, and to reach prosperity and wealth without treading the time-worn path of honest industry and solid values. All this recalls Mr. Chase's definition of irredeemable paper money.

The great conflict of opinion resulting from this change of sentiment finds expression in the cries of "hard money" and "soft money" which have been so constantly echoed from State to State during the last six months. Following these as rallying-cries, the people are assembled in hostile political camps, from which they will soon march out to fight the presidential battle of 1876.

The recently invented term "soft money" does not convey a very precise notion of the doctrine it is intended to describe. In fact, it is applied to the doctrines of several distinct groups of theorists, who differ widely among themselves, but who all agree in opposing a return to specie as the basis of our monetary system.

The scope of these opinions will be seen in the declarations which recent public discussions have brought forth.

(1.) Most of the advocates of soft money deny that political economy is a universal science. They insist that each nation should have a political economy of its own. In pursuance of this opinion, they affirm that our country should have a standard of value peculiar to itself, and a circulating medium which other nations will not use; in short, a non-exportable currency.

"Beyond the sea, in foreign lands, it [our greenback currency] fortunately is not money; but, sir, when have we had such an unbroken career of prosperity in business as since we adopted this non-exportable currency?" (Hon. W. D. Kelley.)

"Money should be a thing of or belonging to a country, not of the world. An exportable commodity is not fitted to be money." (Quoted as a motto by Henry Carey Baird.)

"I desire the dollar to be made of such material that it shall never be exported or desirable to carry it out of the country." (Hon. B. F. Butler, Cooper Institute, October 15, 1875.)

The venerable Henry C. Carey, under date of August 15, 1875, addressed a long letter to the chairman of the Detroit Greenback Convention, in which he argues that this country ought to "maintain permanently a non-exportable circulation." He says, "This important idea was first promulgated by Mr. Rauget, thirty-six years ago."

I will quote one other financial authority, which shows that the honor of this discovery does not belong to Rauget, nor to the present century. In his work entitled *Money and Trade considered: with a Proposal for Supplying the Nation with Money*, published at Edinburgh, 1705, John Law says:—

"If a money be established that has no intrinsic value, and its extrinsic value be such as it will not be exported, nor will not be less than the demand for it within the country, wealth and power will be attained, and will be less precarious. . . . The paper money herein

proposed being always equal in quantity to the demand, the people will be employed, the country improved, manufacture advanced, trade — domestic and foreign — carried on, and wealth and power attained; and [it] not being liable to be exported, the people will not be set idle, etc., and wealth and power will be less precarious."

The subsequent experiments of Law are fitting commentaries.

(2.) They propose to abandon altogether the use of gold and silver as standards of value or instruments of exchange, and hold that the stamp of the government, not the value of the material on which it is impressed, constitutes money.

"I want the dollar stamped on some convenient and cheap material, of the least possible intrinsic value, . . . and I desire that the dollar so issued shall never be redeemed." (Hon. B. F. Butler, Cooper Institute.)

"A piece of pig-metal is just as much money as a piece of gold, until the public authority has stamped it, and said that it shall be taken for so much. . . . Suppose, then, that instead of taking a bar of silver or a bar of pig-metal, the government of the United States takes a piece of paper, called a greenback, and says that this shall pass for a legal tender in the receipt and expenditure of government dues, and in all the transactions of the people. Suppose this government to be a government of good standing, of sound credit, and responsible for its paper. This dollar thus stamped, instead of a piece of metal being stamped, is to all intents and purposes equivalent to a silver dollar when it has been made such by the government of the United States." (Campaign speech of Governor Allen, Gallipolis, Ohio, July 21, 1875.)

"The use of gold or other merchandise as money is a barbarism unworthy of the age." (Wallace P. Groom, New York.)

"The pretense of redemption in gold and silver is of necessity a delusion and an absurdity." (Britton A. Hill, Missouri.)

"The government can make money of any material and of any shape and value it pleases." (Hon. O. S. Halsted, New Jersey.)

(3.) They are not agreed among themselves as to what this new soft money shall be. They do agree, however, that the national banking system shall be abolished, and that whatever currency may be adopted shall be issued directly from the treasury, as the only money of the nation. Three forms are proposed:—

First. The legal tenders we now have, their volume to be increased and their redemption indefinitely postponed. The advocates of this form are the inflationists proper, who care more for the volume than the character of the currency.

Second. "Absolute money;" that is, printed pieces of paper, called dollars, to be the only standard of value, the only legal tender for all debts, public and private, the only circulating medium. The advocates of this kind of "money," though few in numbers, claim the highest place as philosophers.

The ablest defense of this doctrine will be found in a *brochure* of one hundred and eighteen pages, by Britton A. Hill, published in St. Louis during the present year and entitled *Absolute Money*. The author says (page 53),—

"If such national legal-tender money is not of itself sovereign and absolute, but must be convertible into some other substance or thing, before it can command universal circulation, what matters it whether that other substance or thing be interest-bearing bonds or gold or silver coin? . . . The coin despotism cannot be broken by substituting in its place the despotism of interest-bearing bonds."

Third. A legal-tender note not redeemable, but exchangeable, at the will of the holder, for a bond of the United States bearing 3.65 per cent. interest, which bond shall in turn be exchangeable, at the will of the holder, for legal-tender notes. In order that this currency shall be wholly emancipated from the tyranny and barbarism of gold and silver, most of its advocates insist that

the interest on the bonds shall be paid in the proposed paper money. This financial perpetual-motion is regarded as the great discovery of our era, and there are numerous claimants for the honor of being the first to discover it.

Mr. Wallace P. Groom, of New York, has characterized this currency in a paragraph which has been so frequently quoted, that it may be fairly called their creed. It is in these words:—

"In the interchangeability (at the option of the holder) of *national paper money* with government bonds bearing a fixed rate of interest, there is a subtle principle that will regulate the movements of finance and commerce as accurately as the motion of the steam-engine is regulated by its governor. Such PAPER MONEY TOKENS would be much nearer perfect measures of value than gold or silver ever have been or ever can be. The use of gold or other merchandise as money is a barbarism unworthy of the age."

(4.) The paper-money men are unanimous in the opinion that the financial crisis of 1873 was caused by an insufficient supply of currency, and that a large increase will stimulate industry, restore prosperity, and largely augment the wealth of this country.

Hon. Alexander Campbell, of Illinois, a leading writer of the soft-money school, thinks there should now be in circulation not less than \$1,290,000,000 of legal-tender notes. (*North-Western Review*, November, 1873, page 152.)

John G. Drew, another prominent writer, insists that "as England is an old and settled country, and we are just building ours," we ought to have at least \$60 *per capita*, or an aggregate of \$2,500,000,000. (*Our Currency: What it is, and what it should be.*)

No doubt the very large vote in Ohio and Pennsylvania in favor of soft money resulted, in great measure, from the depressed state of industry and trade, and a vague hope that the adoption of these doctrines would bring relief. The discussion in both States was able; and, toward the close of the campaign, it was manifest that sound principles were

every day gaining ground. Important as was the victory in those States, it is a great mistake to suppose that the struggle is ended. The advocates of soft money are determined and aggressive, and they confidently believe they will be able to triumph in 1876.

It ought to be observed, as an interesting fact of current history, that the soft-money men are making and collecting a literature which cannot fail to delight the antiquarian and the reader of curiosities of literature. They are ransacking old libraries to find any

" quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore "

which may give support to their opinions. In a recent pamphlet, Henry Carey Baird refers to Andrew Yarranton as "the father of English political economy." The forgotten treatise which is now enrolled among the patristic books of the new school was published in London in 1677, and is entitled "England's Improvement by Sea and Land. To outdo the Dutch without Fighting, to pay Debts without Monies, and to set at work all the Poor of England with the Growth of our own Lands."

The author proposes a public bank, based on the registered value of houses and lands, "the credit whereof making paper go in trade equal with ready money, yea better, in many parts of the world, than money." He was perhaps the first Englishman who suggested a currency based on land. On pages 30-33 of his book may be found his draft of a proposed law, which provides "that all bonds or bills issued on such registered houses may be transferable, and shall pass and be good from man to man in the nature of bills of exchange."

The writings of John Law are also finding vigorous defenders. Britton A. Hill, in the pamphlet already quoted, devotes a chapter to his memory, compares him favorably with Leibnitz and Newton, and says, "John Law is justly regarded as one of the most profound thinkers of his age, in that he originated the first fundamental principle of this proposed absolute money." The ad-

mirers of "father" Yarranton should see to it that the outdoer of the Dutch is not robbed of his honors by the great Scotsman.

English history is being hunted through to find some comfort for the new doctrines in the writings of that small minority who resisted the Bullion Report of 1810 and the resumption of cash payments in 1819, and continued to denounce them afterwards. History must be rewritten. We must learn that Mathias Attwood (who?), not Lord Liverpool, Huskisson, or Peel, was the fountain of financial wisdom. Doubleday, whom no English writer has thought it worth while to answer, is much quoted by the new school, and they have lately come to feel the profoundest respect for Sir Archibald Alison, because of his extravagant assault upon the Resumption Act of 1819. Alison holds a place in English literature chiefly because he wrote a work which fills a gap in English history not otherwise filled.

In 1845 he wrote a pamphlet entitled "England in 1815 and 1845; or, a Sufficient and a Contracted Currency," which the subsequent financial and commercial events in his country have so fully refuted that it has slept for a generation in the limbo of things forgotten. It is now unearthed, and finds an honored place in the new literature.

As a specimen of Alison's financial wisdom, we quote the following (pages 2, 3): "The eighteen years of war between 1797 and 1815 were, as all the world knows, the most glorious and, taken as a whole, the most prosperous that Great Britain has ever known. . . . Never has a prosperity so universal and unheard-of pervaded every department of the empire." He then enumerates the evidences of this prosperity, and prominent among them is this: "While the revenue raised by taxation was but £21,000,000 in 1796, it had reached £72,000,000 in 1815; and the total expenditures from taxes and loans had reached £117,000,000 in 1815." Happy people, whose burdens of taxation were quadrupled in eighteen years, and whose expenses, consumed in war, exceeded

their revenues by the sum of \$225,000,-000 in gold!

The inflationists have not been so fortunate in augmenting their literary store from the writings and speeches of our early American statesmen. Still, they have made vigorous efforts to draft into their service any isolated paragraph that can be made useful for their purpose. So far as I have seen, they have found no comfort in this search except in very short extracts from three of the great leaders of public thought. The first is from a juvenile essay in defense of paper money, written by Benjamin Franklin in 1729, when he was twenty-two years of age. This has been frequently quoted during the last four years. They are not so fond of quoting Franklin the statesman and philosopher, who after a lifelong experience wrote, in 1783, these memorable words:—

“I lament with you the many mischiefs, the injustice, the corruption of manners, etc., that attend a depreciated currency. It is some consolation to me that I washed my hands of that evil by predicting it in Congress, and proposing means that would have been effectual to prevent it if they had been adopted. ‘Subsequent operations that I have executed demonstrate that my plan was practicable; but it was unfortunately rejected.’” (Works, x. 9.)

A serious attempt has been made to capture Thomas Jefferson and bring him into the service. The following passage from one of his letters to John W. Eppes (Works, vi. 140) has been paraded through this discussion with all the emphasis of italics, thus:—

“*Bank paper must be suppressed, and the circulating medium must be restored to the nation, to whom it belongs.* It is the only fund on which they can rely for loans; it is the only resource which can never fail them, and it is an abundant one for every necessary purpose. *Treasury bills bottomed on taxes, bearing or not bearing interest, as may be found necessary, thrown into circulation, will take the place of so much gold or silver,* which last, when crowded, will find an efflux

into other countries, and thus keep the quantum of medium at its salutary level.”

This passage was quoted as a strong point for the soft-money men in their campaign documents in Ohio, last fall. They did not find it convenient to quote the great Virginian more fully. When this letter was written, the United States was at war with England, with no friendly nation from whom to obtain loans. The demand for revenue was urgent, and the treasury was empty. Mr. Jefferson had long been opposed to the state banks, and he saw that by suppressing them and issuing treasury notes, with or without interest, the government could accomplish two things: destroy state bank currency, and obtain a forced loan, in the form of circulating notes. In enforcing this view, he wrote from Monticello to Mr. Eppes, June 24, 1813: “I am sorry to see our loans begin at so exorbitant an interest. And yet, even at that, you will soon be at the bottom of the loan-bag. Ours is an agricultural nation. . . . In such a nation there is one and only one resource for loans, sufficient to carry them through the expense of a war; and that will always be sufficient, and in the power of an honest government, punctual in the preservation of its faith. The fund I mean is *the mass of circulating coin.* Every one knows that, although not literally, it is nearly true that every paper dollar emitted banishes a silver one from the circulation. A nation, therefore, making its purchases and payments with bills fitted for circulation, thrusts an equal sum of coin out of circulation. This is equivalent to borrowing that sum; and yet the vendor, receiving payment in a medium as effectual as coin for his purchases or payments, has no claim to interest. . . . In this way I am not without a hope that this great, this sole resource for loans in an agricultural country might yet be recovered for the use of the nation during war; and, if obtained *in perpetuum*, it would always be sufficient to carry us through any war, provided that in the interval between war and war all the outstand-

ing paper should be called in, coin be permitted to flow in again, and to hold the field of circulation until another war should require its yielding place again to the national medium."

From this it appears that Jefferson favored the issue of treasury notes to help us through a war: but he insisted that they should be wholly retired on the return of peace. His three long letters to Eppes are full of powerful and eloquent denunciations of paper money. The soft-money men appeal to Jefferson. We answer them in his own words: "The truth is that capital may be produced by industry, and accumulated by economy; but jugglers only will propose to create it by legerdemain tricks of paper money." (Letter to Eppes, Works, vi. 239.)

Their third attempt to elect some eminent statesman as an honorary member of the new school affords a striking illustration of a method too often adopted in our politics. It was very confidently stated by several advocates of soft money that John C. Calhoun had suggested that a paper money, issued directly by the government and made receivable for all public dues, would be as good a currency as gold and silver. Mr. Hill finally claimed Calhoun's authority in support of his absolute money, and printed on pages 56, 57 of his pamphlet a passage from a speech of Calhoun's. This extract was used in the Ohio campaign with much effect, until it was shown that there had been omitted from the passage quoted these important words: "*leaving its creditors to take it [treasury note circulation] or gold and silver at their option.*" After this exposure, the great nullifier was left out of the canvass.

Thus far we have attempted no more than to exhibit the state of public opinion in regard to the currency in 1861-62, the changes that have since occurred, and the leading doctrines now held by the soft-money men.

Most of these dogmas are old, and have long ago been exploded. All are directly opposed to principles as well established as the theorems of Euclid.

THE DOCTRINE OF HARD MONEY.

Believing that this generation of Americans is not willing to ignore all past experience, and to decide so great an issue as though it were now raised for the first time, we shall attempt to state, in brief compass, the grounds on which the doctrine of hard money rests.

Hard money is not to be understood as implying a currency consisting of coin alone (though many have held, with Benton, that no other is safe), but that coin of ascertained weight and fineness, duly stamped and authenticated by the government, is the only safe standard of money; and that no form of credit-currency is safe unless it be convertible into coin at the will of the holder.

MONEY AS AN INSTRUMENT OF EXCHANGE.

As preliminary to this discussion, it is necessary to determine the functions which money performs as an instrument of exchange. As barter was the oldest form of exchange, so it was and still is the ultimate object and result of all exchanges. For example: I wish to exchange my commodities or services for commodities or services of a different kind. I find no one at hand who has what I want, and wants what I have. I therefore exchange, or, as we say, sell, my commodities for money, which I hold until I find some one who wishes to sell what I want to buy. I then make the purchase. The two transactions have, in fact, resulted in a barter. It amounts to the same thing as though, at the start, I had found a man who wanted my commodities, and was willing to give me in exchange the commodities I desired. By a sale and a purchase I have accomplished my object. Money was the instrument by which the transactions were made. The great French economist, J. B. Say, has justly described a sale as half a barter, for we see, in the case above stated, that two sales were equivalent, in effect, to one act of simple bar-

ter. But some time may elapse between my sale and the subsequent purchase. How are my rights of property secured during the interval? That which I sold carried its value in itself as an exchangeable commodity; when I had exchanged it for money, and was waiting to make my purchase, the security for my property rested wholly in the money resulting from the sale. If that money be a perfect instrument of exchange, it must not only be the lawful measure of that which I sold, but it must, of itself, be the actual *equivalent* in value. If its value depends upon the arbitrary acts of government or of individuals, the results of my transaction depend not upon the value of that which I sold nor of that which I bought, nor upon my prudence and skill, but upon an element wholly beyond my control — a medium of exchange which varies in value from day to day.

Such being the nature of exchanges, we should expect to find that so soon as man begins to emerge from the most primitive condition of society and the narrowest circle of family life, he will seek a measure and an instrument of exchange among his first necessities. And in fact it is a matter of history that in the hunting state skins were used as money, because they were the product of chief value. In the pastoral state — the next advance in civilization — sheep and cattle, being the most valuable and negotiable form of property, were used as money. This appears in the earliest literature. In the Homeric poems oxen are repeatedly mentioned as the standard by which wealth was measured. The arms of Diomed were declared to be worth nine oxen, as compared with those of Glaucos, worth one hundred. A tripod, the first prize for wrestlers, in the twenty-third book of the *Iliad* was valued at twelve oxen, and a female captive, skilled in industry, at four.¹

In many languages the name for money is identical with that for some kind of cattle. Even our word "fee" is said to be the Anglo-Saxon "feoh,"

¹ Jevons's *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange*, page 21.

meaning both money and cattle. Sir H. S. Maine, speaking of the primitive state of society, says, "Being counted by the head, the kine was called *capitale*, whence the economic term *capital*, the law term *chattel*, and our common name *cattle*."

In the agricultural and manufacturing stage of civilization, many forms of vegetable and manufactured products were used as money, such as corn, wheat, tobacco, cacao nuts, cubes of tea, colored feathers, shells, nails, etc.

All these species of wealth were made instruments of exchange because they were easily transferable, and their value was the best known and least fluctuating. But the use of each as money was not universal; in fact, was but little known beyond the bounds of a single nation. Most of them were non-exportable; and though that fact would have commended them to the favor of some of our modern economists, yet the mass of mankind have entertained a different opinion, and have sought to find a medium whose value and fitness to be used as money would be universally acknowledged.

It is not possible to ascertain when and by whom the precious metals were first adopted as money; but for more than three thousand years they have been acknowledged as the forms of material wealth best fitted to be the measure and instrument of exchange. Each nation and tribe, as it has emerged from barbarism, has abandoned its local, non-exportable medium, and adopted what is justly called "the money of the world."

Coinage was a later device, employed for the sole purpose of fashioning into a convenient shape the metal to be used as money, and of ascertaining and certifying officially the weight and fineness of each piece.

And here has arisen the chief error in reference to the nature of money. Because the government coins it, names its denomination, and declares its value, many have been led to imagine that the government creates it, that its value is a gift of the law.

The analogy of other standards will aid us at this point. Our constitution empowers Congress to fix the standard of weights and measures, as well as of values. But Congress cannot create extension, or weight, or value. It can measure that which has extension; it can weigh that which is ponderable; it can declare and subdivide and name a standard; but it cannot make length of that which has no length; it cannot make weight of that which is imponderable; it cannot make value of that which has no value. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*. The power of Congress to make anything it pleases receivable for taxes is a matter wholly distinct from the subject now under discussion. Legislation cannot make that a measure of value which neither possesses nor represents any definitely ascertained value.

COIN AN INSTRUMENT OF UNIVERSAL CREDIT.

Now apply to the operations of exchange a given coin, whose weight and fineness are certified by public authority. We cannot do this better than by borrowing the language of Frederic Bastiat, found in his treatise entitled *Maudit Argent*. He says, —

“You have a crown. What does it signify in your hands? It is the testimony and the proof that you have at some time performed a work; and, instead of profiting by it yourself, you have allowed the community to enjoy it, in the person of your client. This crown is the evidence that you have rendered a service to society; and it states the value of that service. Moreover, it is the evidence that you have not drawn from the community the real equivalent, as was your right. In order to enable you to exercise that right when and as you please, society, by the hand of your client, has given you a *recognition, a title, a bond of the commonwealth, a token, in short a crown*, which differs from other fiduciary titles only in this, that it carries its value in itself; and if you can read with the eyes of the mind

the inscription which it bears, you will distinctly decipher these words: ‘*Render to the bearer a service equivalent to that which he has rendered to society; a value received, stated, proved, and measured by that which is in me.*’ . . . If you now give that crown to me as the price of a service, this is the result: your account with society for real services is found regular, is balanced and closed, . . . and I am justly in the position where you were before.”

Edmund Burke expressed the same opinion when he said, “Gold and silver are the two great, recognized species that represent the lasting, conventional credit of mankind.”

Three thousand years of experience have proved that the precious metals are the best materials of which to make the standard of value, the instrument of exchange. They are themselves a store of value; they are durable, divisible, easily transported, and more constant in value than any other known substances. In the form of dust and bars, as merchandise, their value is precisely equal to their declared value as money, less the very small cost of coinage. Coin made of these metals measures wealth, because it represents wealth in itself, just as the yard-stick measures length, and the standard pound measures weight, because each has, in itself, that which it represents.

Again, the precious metals are products of labor, and their value, like that of all other merchandise, depends upon the cost of production. A coin represents and measures the labor required to produce it; it may be called an embodiment of labor. Of course this statement refers to the average cost of production throughout the world, and that average has varied but little for many centuries. It is a flat absurdity to assert that such a reality as labor can be measured and really represented by that which costs little or no labor. For these reasons the precious metals have been adopted by the common law of the world as the best materials in which to embody the unit of money.

STATUTES CANNOT REPEAL THE LAWS
OF VALUE.

The oldest and perhaps the most dangerous delusion in reference to money is the notion that it is a creation of law; that its value can be fixed and maintained by authority. Yet no error has been more frequently refuted by experience. Every debasement of the coin, and every attempt to force its circulation at a higher rate than the market value of the metal it contains, has been punished by the inevitable disasters that always follow the violation of economic laws.

The great parliamentary debate of 1695, on the recoinage of English money, affords an absolute demonstration of the truth that legislatures cannot repeal the laws of value. Mr. Lowndes, the secretary of the treasury, though he held that a debasement of the coinage should be rejected as "dangerous and dishonorable," really believed, as did a large number of members of Parliament, that if, by law, they raised the name of the coin, they would raise its value as money. As Macaulay puts it, "He was not in the least aware that a piece of metal with the king's head on it was a commodity of which the price was governed by the same law which governs the price of a piece of metal fashioned into a spoon or a buckle; and that it was no more in the power of Parliament to make the kingdom richer by calling a crown a pound than to make the kingdom larger by calling a furlong a mile. He seriously believed, incredible as it may seem, that if the ounce of silver were divided into seven shillings instead of five, foreign nations would sell us their wines and their silks for a smaller number of ounces. He had a considerable following, composed partly of dull men who really believed what he told them, and partly of shrewd men who were perfectly willing to be authorized by law to pay a hundred pounds with eighty." (*History of England*, chapter xxi.)

It was this debate that called forth those masterly essays of John Locke

on the nature of money and coin, which still remain as a monument to his genius and an unanswerable demonstration that money obeys the laws of value and is not the creature of arbitrary edicts. At the same time, Sir Isaac Newton was called from those sublime discoveries in science which made his name immortal, to aid the king and Parliament in ascertaining the true basis of money. After the most thorough examination, this great thinker reached the same conclusions. The genius of these two men, aided by the enlightened statesmanship of Montague and Somers, gave the victory to honest money, and preserved the commercial honor of England for a century.

PAPER MONEY AN INSTRUMENT OF
CREDIT.

In discussing the use of paper as a representative of actual money, we enter a new branch of political science, namely, the general theory of credit. We shall go astray at once if we fail to perceive the character of this element. Credit is not capital. It is the permission given to one man to use the capital of another. It is not an increase of capital; for the same property cannot be used as capital by both the owner and the borrower of it, at the same time. But credit, if not abused, is a great and beneficent power. By its use the productiveness of capital is greatly increased. A large amount of capital is owned by people who do not desire to employ it in the actual production of wealth. There are many others who are ready and willing to engage in productive enterprise, but have not the necessary capital. Now, if the owners of unemployed capital have confidence in the honesty and skill of the latter class, they lend their capital at a fair rate of interest, and thus the production of wealth will be greatly increased. Frequently, however, the capital loaned is not actually transferred to the borrower, but a written evidence of his title to it is given instead. If this title is transferable it may be used as a substitute for money; for, within cer-

tain limits, it has the same purchasing power. When these evidences of credit are in the form of checks and drafts, bills of exchange and promissory notes, they are largely used as substitutes for money, and very greatly facilitate exchanges. But all are based upon confidence, upon the belief that they represent truly what they profess to represent — actual capital, measured by real money, to be delivered on demand.

These evidences of credit have become, in modern times, the chief instruments of exchange. The bank has become as indispensable to the exchange of values as the railroad is to the transportation of merchandise. It is the institution of credit by means of which these various substitutes for money are made available. It has been shown that not less than ninety per cent. of all the exchanges in the United States are accomplished by means of bank credits. The per cent. in England is not less than ninety-five. Money is now the small change of commerce. It is perhaps owing to this fact that many are so dazzled by the brilliant achievements of credit as to forget that it is the shadow of capital, not its substance; that it is the sign, the brilliant sign, but not the thing signified. Let it be constantly borne in mind that the check, the draft, the bill of exchange, the promissory note, are all evidences of debt, of money to be paid. If not, they are fictitious and fraudulent. If the real capital on which they are based be destroyed, they fall with it, and become utterly worthless. If confidence in their prompt payment be impaired, they immediately depreciate in proportion to the distrust.

We have mentioned among these instruments of credit the promissory note. Its character as an evidence of debt is not changed when it comes to us illuminated by the art and mystery of plate-printing. Name it national bank-note, greenback, Bank of England note, or what you will; let it be signed by banker, president, or king, it is none the less an evidence of debt, a promise to pay. It is not money, and no power on earth can make it money. But it is a title to

money, a deed for money, and can be made equal to money only when the debtor performs the promise — delivers the property which the deed calls for, pays the debt. When that is done, and when the community knows, by actual test, that it will continue to be done, then, and not till then, this credit-currency will in fact be the honest equivalent of money. Then it will, in large measure, be used in preference to coin, because of its greater convenience, and because the cost of issuing new notes in place of those which are worn and mutilated is much less than the loss which the community suffers by abrasion of the coin. To the extent, therefore, that paper will circulate in place of coin, as a substitute and an equivalent, such circulation is safe, convenient, and economical. And what is the limit of such safe circulation? Economic science has demonstrated, and the uniform experience of nations has proved, that the term which marks that limit, the sole and supreme test of safety, is the exchangeability of such paper for coin, dollar for dollar, at the will of the holder. The smallest increase in volume beyond that limit produces depreciation in the value of each paper dollar. It then requires more of such depreciated dollars to purchase a given quantity of gold or of merchandise than it did before depreciation began. In other words, prices rise in comparison with such currency. The fact that it is made a legal tender for taxes and private debts does not free it from the inexorable law that increase of volume decreases the value of every part.

It is equally true that an increase of the precious metals, coined or uncoined, decreases their value in comparison with other commodities; but these metals are of such universal currency, on account of their intrinsic value, that they flow to all parts of the civilized world, and the increase is so widely distributed that it produces but a small increase of prices in any one country. Not so with an inconvertible paper money. It is not of universal currency. It is national, not international. It is non-exportable. The

whole effect of its depreciation is felt at home. The level of Salt Lake has risen ten feet during the last thirty years, because it has no outlet. But all the floods of the world have made no perceptible change in the general level of the sea.

The character of inconvertible paper money, the relation of its quantity to its value, and its inevitable depreciation by an increase of volume were demonstrated in the Bullion Report of 1810 by facts and arguments whose force and conclusiveness have never been shaken. In the great debate that followed, in Parliament and through the press, may be found the counterpart of almost every doctrine and argument which has been advanced in our own country since the suspension of specie payments. Then, as now, there were statesmen, doctrinaires, and business men who insisted that the bank-notes were not depreciated, but that gold had risen in value; who denied that gold coin was any longer the standard of value, and declared that a bank-note was "abstract currency." Castlereagh announced in the House of Commons that the money standard was "*a sense of value, in reference to currency as compared with commodities.*" Another soft-money man of that day said: "The standard is neither gold nor silver, but *something set up in the imagination, to be regulated by public opinion.*" Though the doctrines of the Bullion Report were at first voted down in Parliament, they could not be suppressed. With the dogged persistency which characterizes our British neighbors, the debate was kept up for ten years. Every proposition and counter proposition was sifted, the intelligence and conscience of the nation were invoked; the soft-money men were driven from every position they occupied in 1811, and at last the ancient standard was restored. When the bank redeemed its notes, the difference between the mint price and the market price of bullion disappeared, and the volume of paper money was reduced in the ratio of its former depreciation. During the last half century few Englishmen have risked their reputation

for intelligence by denying the doctrines thus established.

These lessons of history cannot be wholly forgotten. It is too late to set up again the doctrines of Lowndes and Vansittart. They may disturb and distract public opinion, but can never again triumph before an intelligent tribunal. I commend to the soft-money men of our time the study of this great debate and that of 1695. When they have overturned the doctrines of Locke and Newton and of the Bullion Report, it will be time for them to invite us to follow their new theories.

But we need not go abroad to obtain illustrations of the truth that the only cure for depreciation of the currency is convertibility into coin. Our American colonies, our Continental Congress, and our state and national governments have demonstrated its truth by repeated and calamitous experiments. The fathers who drafted our constitution believed they had "shut and bolted the door against irredeemable paper money;" and, since then, no president, no secretary of the treasury, has proposed or sanctioned a paper currency, in time of peace, not redeemable in coin at the will of the holder. Search our records from 1787 to 1861, and select from any decade twenty of our most illustrious statesmen, and it will be found that not less than nineteen of them have left on record, in the most energetic language, their solemn protest and warning against the very doctrines we are opposing.

The limits of this article will allow only the briefest statement of the evils that flow from a depreciated currency, evils both to the government and to the people, which overbalance, a thousand to one, all its real or supposed benefits. The word "dollar" is the substantive word, the fundamental condition, of every contract, of every sale, of every payment, whether at the treasury or at the stand of the apple-woman in the street. The dollar is the gauge that measures every blow of the hammer, every article of merchandise, every exchange of property. Forced by the necessities of war, we substituted for this dollar the printed prom-

ise of the government to pay a dollar. That promise we have not kept. We have suspended payment, and have compelled the citizen to receive dishonored paper in place of money. The representative value of that paper has passed, by thousands of fluctuations, from one hundred cents down to thirty-eight, and back again to ninety. At every change, millions of men have suffered loss. In the midst of war, with rising prices and enormous gains, these losses were tolerable. But now when we are slowly and painfully making our way back to the level of peace, now when the pressure of hard times is upon us, and industry and trade depend for their gains upon small margins of profit, the uncertainty is an intolerable evil. That uncertainty is increased by doubts as to what Congress will do. Men hesitate to invest their capital in business, when a vote in Congress may shrink it by half its value. Still more striking are the evils of such a currency in its effects upon international commerce. Our purchases from and sales to foreign nations amount in the aggregate to one billion two hundred million dollars per annum, every dollar of which is measured in coin. Those who export our products buy with paper and sell for gold. Our importers buy with gold and sell for paper. Thus the aggregate value of our international exchanges is measured, successively, by the two standards. The loss occasioned by the fluctuation of these currencies in reference to each other falls wholly on us. We, alone, use paper as a standard. And who, among us, bears the loss? The importer, knowing the risk he runs, adds to his prices a sufficient per cent. to insure himself against loss. This addition is charged over from importer to jobber, from jobber to retailer, until its dead weight falls, at last, upon the laborer who consumes the goods. In the same way, the exporter insures himself against loss by marking down the prices he will pay for products to be sent abroad. In all such transactions capital is usually able to take care of itself. The laborer has but one commodity for sale, his day's

work. It is his sole reliance. He must sell it to-day or it is lost forever. What he buys must be bought to-day. He cannot wait till prices fall. He is at the mercy of the market. Buying or selling, the waves of its fluctuations beat against him. Daniel Webster never uttered a more striking truth than when he said: "Of all the contrivances for cheating the laboring classes of mankind, none has been more effectual than that which deludes them with paper money. This is the most effectual of inventions to fertilize the rich man's field by the sweat of the poor man's face."

But here we are met by the interconvertible-bond-and-currency men, who offer to emancipate us from the tyranny of gold and secure a more perfect standard than coin has ever been. Let us see. Our five per cent. bonds are now on a par with gold. Any actuary will testify that in the same market a 3.65 bond, payable, principal and interest, in gold, and having the same time to run, is worth but seventy-five cents in gold; that is, thirteen cents less than the present greenback. How much less the bond will be worth if its interest be made payable in the proposed interconvertible currency, no mortal can calculate. It is proposed, then, to make the new currency equivalent to a bond which, at its birth, is thirteen cents below the greenback of to-day. We are to take a long leap downward at the first bound. But "interconvertibility" is the charm, the "subtle principle," the great "regulator of finance" which will adjust everything. The alternate ebb and flow of bond into paper dollar, and paper dollar into bond, will preserve an equilibrium, an equipoise; and this level of equipoise is the base line that will measure the new standard of value. The lad who sold his two-dollar dog for fifty dollars, and took his pay in pups at ten dollars each, never doubted that he had made a profit of forty-eight dollars until he found how small a sum the whole litter would sell for in the market.

Undoubtedly the beam will lie level that is weighted with the bond at one end and the paper money at the other. But

what will be the relation of that level to the level of real values? Both the bond and the currency are instruments of credit, evidences of debt. They cannot escape the dominion of those universal laws that regulate prices. If made by law the only legal tender, such a currency would doubtless occupy the field. But what would be the result? To a certain extent the bonds themselves would be used as currency. The clearing-house banks of New York would doubtless be glad to get interest-bearing bonds instead of the government certificates of indebtedness, bearing no interest, which, for convenience, they now use in the settlement of their balances. The reserves of public and private banks, which now amount to more than two hundred million dollars, would largely be held in these interest-bearing bonds. Thus the first step would result in compelling the government to pay interest on a large portion of the reserves of all the banks, public and private. It will hardly be claimed, however, that anybody will part with his property for bonds of this description, to hold as a permanent investment. Capital in this country is worth more than 3.65 per cent. How then will the new currency be set afloat? The treasury can pay it out only in exchange for the new bonds or in payment of public dues. Shall we violate public faith by paying the gold bonds already outstanding in this new and greatly depreciated paper? Or shall we, as some of the soft-money men have proposed, enter upon a vast system of public works in order to put the new currency in circulation? No doubt means would be found to push it into circulation, so long as enterprise or speculation should offer a hope of greater profits than 3.65 per cent. Once out, it would inevitably prove a repetition of the old story: an artificial stimulation of business and of speculation; large issues of currency; inflation of prices, depreciation of paper, delirium, prostration; "up like a rocket, then down like a stick." They tell us that this cannot happen, because as the volume of paper increases, the rate of interest will fall, and when it reaches 3.65 per cent. the currency will be ex-

changed for bonds. But all experience is against them. Inflation has never brought down the rate of interest. In fact, the rate is always highest in countries afflicted with irredeemable paper money. For all practical purposes, the proposed currency would be unredeemed and irredeemable; and this is what its advocates desire. General Butler sees "no more reason for redeeming the measure of value than for redeeming the yard-stick or the quart pot." This shows the utmost confusion of ideas. We do not *redeem* the yard-stick or the quart pot. They are, in reality, what they profess to be. There is nothing better for measuring yards than a yard-stick. But, in regard to the yard-stick, we do what is strictly analogous to redemption when applied to currency. We preserve our yard-stick undiminished and unchanged; and, by the solemn sanction of penal law, we require that it shall be applied to the purchase and sale of all commodities that can be measured by the standard of length. The citizen who buys by a longer yard-stick or sells by a shorter one than our standard, is punished as a felon. Common honesty requires that we restore, and with equal care preserve from diminution or change, our standard of value.

It has been already shown that the soft-money men desire a vast increase of currency above the present volume. The assumed necessity for such an increase was a leading topic in the debates that preceded the late elections.

The argument, often repeated, ran substantially thus:—

"Fellow-citizens! You are in great distress. The smoke of your furnaces no longer ascends to the sky; the clang of your mills and workshops is no longer heard. Your workers in metal and miners in coal are out of employment. Stagnation of trade, depression of business, and public distress are seen on every hand. What has caused these disasters? Manifestly, a lack of money. Is there any man among you who has money enough? If there be, let him stand forth and declare it. Is there one who does not need more money to carry

on his business? [Cries of No! No!] The hard-money men have brought you to this distress, by contracting the volume of the currency, by destroying the people's money, your money. And they propose to complete your ruin by forcing the country to resume specie payments. We come to save you from this ruin. We insist that you shall have more money, not less. We are resolved to make and keep the volume of currency 'equal to the wants of trade.' "

These assumptions were answered by undeniable facts. It was shown that our large volume of paper currency had helped to bring on the crisis of 1873, and had greatly aggravated its effects; but that the main cause was speculation, over-trading, and, in some branches of business, an over-production beyond the demands of the market.

A striking illustration of the effect of over-production was drawn from the history of one of the interior counties of Northern Ohio. In the midst of a wilderness, far away from the centres of trade, the pioneers commenced the settlement of the county at the beginning of the present century. Year by year their number was augmented. Each new settler was compelled to buy provisions for his family until he could raise his first crop. For several years this demand afforded a ready market, at good prices, for all the products of the farm. But in 1818, the supply greatly exceeded the demand. The wheat market was so glutted that twenty bushels were frequently offered for one pound of tea, and often refused, because tea could be bought only for money, and wheat could hardly be sold at all.

If the soft-money men of our time had been among those farmers, they would have insisted that more money would raise the price of their wheat and set the plowboys at work. But the pioneers knew that until the stock on hand was reduced, the production of another bushel to be sold would be labor wasted. The cry for more currency shows that soft-money men have confounded credit with capital, and vaguely imagine that if more paper dollars

were printed they could be borrowed without security.

In whatever form the new currency be proposed, whether in the so-called absolute money or in the "interconvertible paper money tokens," as a relief from distress it is a delusion and a snare. All these schemes are reckless attempts to cut loose from real money, — the money known and recognized throughout the world, — and to adopt for our standard that which a great gold gambler of Wall Street aptly called "phantom gold." Their authors propose a radical and dangerous innovation in our political system. They desire to make the National Treasury a bank of issue, and to place in the control of Congress the vast money power of the nation, to be handled as the whim, the caprice, the necessities, of political parties may dictate. Federalist as Hamilton was, he held that such a power was too great to be centralized in the hands of one body. This goes a hundred leagues beyond any measure of centralization that has yet been adopted or suggested.

In view of the doctrines herein advocated, what shall be said of the present condition of our currency? It is depreciated. Its purchasing power is less than that of real money, by about fourteen per cent. Our notes are at a discount; not because the ability of the nation to redeem them is questioned, but partly because its good faith is doubted, and partly because the volume of these notes is too great to circulate at par. What that volume ought to be, no man can tell. Convertibility into coin is a perfect test, and is the only test.

NECESSITY OF RESUMPTION.

The duty of the government to make its currency equal to real money is undeniable and imperative. First, because the public faith is most solemnly pledged, and this alone is a conclusive and unanswerable reason why it should be done. The perfidy of one man, or of a million men, is as nothing compared with the perfidy of a nation. The public faith was the talisman that

brought to the treasury thirty - five hundred million dollars in loans, to save the life of the nation, which was not worth saving if its honor be not also saved. The public faith is our only hope of safety from the dangers that may assail us in the future. The public faith was pledged to redeem these notes in the very act which created them, and the pledge was repeated when each additional issue was ordered. It was again repeated in the act of 1869, known as the "act to strengthen the public credit," and yet again in the act of 1875, promising redemption in 1879.

Second. The government should make its currency equal to gold because the material prosperity of its people demands it. Honest dealing between man and man requires it. Just and equal legislation for the people, safety in trade, domestic and foreign, security in business, just distribution of the rewards of labor, — none of these are possible until the present false and uncertain standard of value, has given place to the real, the certain, the universal standard. Its restoration will hasten the revival of commercial confidence, which is the basis of all sound credit.

Third. Public morality demands the reëstablishment of our ancient standard. The fever of speculation which our fluctuating currency has engendered cannot be allayed till its cause is destroyed. A majority of all the crimes relating to money, that have been committed in public and private life since the war, have grown out of the innumerable opportunities for sudden and inordinate gains which this fluctuation has offered.

The gold panic of 1869, which overwhelmed thousands of business men in ruin, and the desperate gambling in gold which is to-day absorbing so many millions of capital that ought to be employed in producing wealth, were made possible only by the difference between paper and gold. Resumption will destroy all that at a blow. It will enable all men to see the real situation of their affairs, and will do much toward dissipating those unreal and fas-

cinating visions of wealth to be won without industry, which have broken the fortunes and ruined the morals of so many active and brilliant citizens.

My limits will not allow a discussion of the hardship and evils which it is feared will accompany the restoration of the old standard. Whatever they may be, they will be light and transient in comparison with those we shall endure if the doctrines of soft money prevail. I am not able to see why the approach to specie may not be made so gradual that the fluctuation in any one month will be less than that which we have suffered from month to month since 1869. We have traveled more than half the distance which then separated us from the gold standard.

A scale of appreciation like that by which England resumed in 1821 would greatly mitigate the hardships arising from the movement. Those who believe that the volume of our currency is but little above its normal level need not fear that there will be much contraction; for, with free banking, they may be sure that all the paper which can be an actual substitute for money will remain in circulation. No other ought to circulate.

The advocates of soft money are loud in their denunciation of the English resumption act of 1819, and parade the distorted views of that small and malignant minority of English writers who have arraigned the act as the cause of the agricultural distress of 1822, and the financial crash which followed, in 1825. The charge is absolutely unjust and unfounded. In 1822 a committee of the House of Commons, having investigated the causes of the agricultural distress of that and the preceding year, found that it was due to the operation of the corn laws, and to the enormous wheat crops of the two preceding seasons. Their report makes no reference to the resumption act as a cause of the distress. In both that and the following year, a few of the old opponents of hard money offered resolutions in the House of Commons, declaring that the resumption act was one of the causes of the public distress. The resolution of 1822 was de-

feated by a vote of one hundred and forty-one to twenty-seven, and that of 1823 was defeated by the still more decisive vote of one hundred and ninety-two to thirty. An overwhelming majority of intelligent Englishmen look back with pride and satisfaction upon the act of resumption as a just and beneficent measure.

But methods and details of management are of slight importance in comparison with the central purpose so often expressed by the nation. From that purpose there should be no retreat. To postpone its fulfillment beyond the day already fixed is both dangerous and useless. It will make the task harder than ever. Resumption could have been accomplished in 1867 with less difficulty than it can be in 1879. It can be accomplished more easily in 1879 than at any later date. It is said that we ought to wait until the vast mass of private debts can be adjusted. But when will that be done? Horace has told us of a rustic traveler who stood on the bank of a river, waiting for its waters to flow by, that he might cross over in safety. "*At ille labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.*" The succession of debts and debtors will be as perpetual as the flow of the river.

We ought to be inspired by the recent brilliant example of France. Suffering unparalleled disasters, she was compelled to issue a vast volume of legal-tender

notes in order to meet her obligations. But so soon as the great indemnity was paid, she addressed herself resolutely to the work of bringing her currency up to the standard of gold. During the last two years she has reduced her paper currency nearly seven hundred and fifty million francs; and now it is substantially at par.

Amidst all her disasters she has kept her financial credit untarnished. And this has been her strength and her safety. To meet the great indemnity, she asked her people for a loan of three billion francs; and twelve and a half times the amount was subscribed. In August, 1874, the American Minister at Paris said, in one of his dispatches, "Though immense amounts were taken abroad, yet it seems they are all coming back to France, and are now being absorbed in small sums by the common people. The result will be, in the end, that almost the entire loan will be held in France. Every person in the whole country is wishing to invest a few hundred francs in the new loan, and it has reached a premium of four and one half to five per cent."

Our public faith is the symbol of our honor and the pledge of our future safety. By every consideration of national honor, of public justice, and of sound policy, let us stand fast in the resolution to restore our currency to the standard of gold.

James A. Garfield.

RECENT LITERATURE.

IN re-reading Mr. James's novel,¹ we have been curiously impressed with the after-wave of strongly agreeable sensation which must inevitably follow the study of such a story, when it has suffered the delays of serial issue and attained its normal identity as a volume. We think that even those who most admired the work while it was appearing in *The Atlantic* will be surprised to find how much still remains in its pages to impress, attract, and satisfy them; how much also which deserves renewed and careful consideration. It is of course precisely this quality of endurance in a book, this possibility of often-recurring pleasure in it, which determines the position of an author; and in classing Mr. James — as we must now naturally begin to do — this alone allows us to accord him a high place among the keenest literary artists in English and American fields; indeed, it is difficult to see how so excellent a piece of writing should fail to attract the attention of the better reading public for many years to come. The texture of Mr. James's language has a certain indestructibility about it, a clear sparkle which betokens crystalline organization. He gives us the large outlines and broad surfaces of a fresco, along with a finish which we discover to be that of a mosaic: there is no mere illusion of style, but a given space is filled with a given number of polished and colored words that have their full effect. Yet there is one reason, as it seems to us, why Roderick Hudson will not keep so firm a hold on the memory of readers as we could wish for it; and this is its manifest and at times even offensive want of compression.

The plot of the book is one which would easily have admitted of greater conciseness; and this, by the way, is one of the reasons why the novel gains so much by being read in book form. But grant Mr. James his chosen area, and it must be admitted that he conducts the movement of his narrative with great discretion and skill. There is no obvious mystery, no ostentatious covering up of tracks, yet the suspense excited is extremely acute and continues up to the catastrophe, which after all comes upon

us with no strain, and appears the most natural thing in the world. At first the reader is led to suspect that Rowland's sentiment for Cecilia is to prove an important element; but this is thrown aside as soon as it has served its purpose of masking the affair of Roderick with Mary Garland. The next important supposition is that Christina is to unseat Miss Garland from her place in the young sculptor's heart, and that Roderick and she are somehow to come out of the *mêlée* hand in hand; but this in turn is lightly abandoned just as we have seen our way most clearly to the outcome, and the theme of Rowland's bravely subdued attachment to Mary, which has up to this point been carried along in the bass, rises to a controlling position, and forms the closing strain of the whole. All this is very simple but excellent art. And we must also give unqualified praise to the boldly broken ending of the story, which so completely lends it the air of a detached piece of life, without injuring its individual completeness.

Undoubtedly the main triumph of the book, so far as the representation of persons is concerned, is in the picture of Christina Light — whose name, it should be said in passing, is an inspiration of aptness in its application to the character, and of curious suggestiveness in general. Her total avoidance of conventional demeanor is carried out with remarkable grace, and she is everywhere the prism from which the other persons get their most brilliant refraction. Very fine is the indication of those internal struggles of her singular nature, throughout, and to our mind nothing in the book is more moving than her scene with Rowland, in the tenth chapter. Rowland, although in his passive position an equal interest would be out of place, has struck us as on the whole needlessly monotonous. But on the other hand Roderick is perhaps the most abundantly vigorous creature Mr. James has yet introduced to us. We have before spoken² of the sometimes undue violence of his characters, and it would seem that in the case of Roderick the author had chosen to wreak his utmost

¹ *Roderick Hudson*. By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1876.

² *Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1874, page 498.

impulse toward this sort of thing. Roderick is an epitome of emotional extravagance in certain directions. But the result is very picturesque, and frequently highly entertaining. Nothing more appropriately eccentric could have been devised, either, than his conduct on hearing that Christina has broken her engagement with Prince Casamassima, when in the extremity of his delight he writes to his mother and his *fiancée* that they are not to see him for a week, and then arranges himself in a white dressing-gown on his divan, with roses and violets scattered about the floor of his studio and a white rose in his hand, to give himself up to his rapture. The final circumstance of Roderick's death, too, is managed with much fitness. "He had fallen from a great height, but he was singularly little disfigured. The rain had spent its torrents upon him, and his clothes and hair were as wet as if the billows of the ocean had flung him upon the strand. An attempt to move him would show some hideous fracture, some horrible physical dishonor; but what Rowland saw on first looking at him was only a strangely serene expression of life. The eyes were dead, but in a short time, when Rowland had closed them, the whole face seemed to awake. The rain had washed away all blood; it was as if Violence, having done her work, had stolen away in shame. Roderick's face might have shamed her; it looked admirably handsome." Yet it is noticeable how little this result plays upon one's sympathies. There is a certain chilliness in the aesthetic perfection of the event which represses any grief the reader might feel at its sombreness. Possibly it is desirable to have it so in such a case; but to us it seems not desirable, and we may here suggest that this coldness is probably connected with the excessive activity alluded to above, which is a thing in some danger of becoming a substitute for deeper imaginings, more truly effective by reason of their repose. There is the same want of pathos about Mary Garland, however, who is the acme of quietude, and for the rest an admirable study upon which Mr. James is to be congratulated.

One great merit remains always prominent in reading this novel, and that is its singularly perfect evenness of execution. There are no bare spots. All the details are treated with an equal dignity and completeness. Some of the portraits of persons

in a few words are exceptionally good, as this of the Cavaliere: "He was a grotesque-looking personage and might have passed for a gentleman of the old school, reduced by adversity to playing cicerone to foreigners of distinction. . . . He had a little black eye, which glittered like a diamond and rolled about like a ball of quicksilver, and a white mustache cut short and stiff, like a worn-out brush." Furthermore, the book is noteworthy as a success in giving general interest to a theme which at first seems to require too much detail, namely, the history of a developing genius. Though it is largely by virtue of his affinity with the French school of fiction that Mr. James has been able to do this, the circumstance is so much in his favor; for he still amply justifies his position as a unique and versatile writer of acute power and great brilliancy in performance.

—It is an unpleasant problem which Mr. De Forest has undertaken to deal with, in his latest novel,¹ — that of an adventurous and captivating widow who goes to Washington to engineer a disreputable claim for a barn burned in 1812, and already paid for. But he grapples with it bravely, and compensates the critic, at least, by the thorough work which he has put into his pages. The way in which Mrs. Josephine Murray "plays" her different congressmen is very distinctly and adroitly shown, and some of her repartee is exceedingly bright. Her adventures with the Hon. Mr. Hollowbread, in a lost hack during a rain-storm, in the opening chapters, are laughable in the last degree, and it is really an uncommon piece of exaggerative imagination which we find in the description of this old beau's elaborate costume, with its pads, straps, strings, and pulleys, and of his appearance when encased in it: "It seemed horribly possible that, if he should cough or sneeze violently, or swell his molecules by going too near a hot fire, he might suddenly split open and quadruple in size, like a popped grain of Indian corn." There is another singularly good touch of the author's *grotesquerie* in this, of General Bangs: "He beamed and strutted; one might say that his face was on the top of his head." And the broad comedy of that scene between Senator Pickens Rigdon and Hollowbread at the country tavern is very amusing. There is much in the book, however, that is downright disagreeable, and we have some doubts as to

from Secession to Loyalty, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

¹ *Playing the Mischief*. A Novel. By J. W. DE FOREST, author of *Miss Ravenel's Conversion*

the ultimate truth of a picture taking in so much of Washington society and yet showing so little of such refinement or real attraction as it may possess. Perhaps Mr. De Forest will answer us that this was the only course consistent with his aim; and in that case we can only say that we suspect him to have exposed himself to what must long remain a serious danger for the American novelist, when dealing with the vulgar phases of society in this country. These phases cover such a wide area, and there is something so shameless, defiant, and unpicturesque about them, that they must be treated cautiously, — in glimpses only; or, if broadly exhibited, they should be accompanied by redress in the form of pictures of something better. This is certainly essential to an artistic result, and probably it is so to the moral effect as well. But Mr. De Forest's intention in entering the field of social and political satire, with *Honest John Vane* and *Playing the Mischief*, is thoroughly good; and his bold rebukes are sustained, moreover, by acute and various insight into character, as well as by his habitual literary skill.

— Madame Craven's novel¹ is told in the form of an autobiography of a young Sicilian girl of rare and radiant beauty, who marries a graceful and elegant duke, Lorenzo by name. This Lorenzo is wealthy, a wonderful artist, brilliant and accomplished, but with a moral nature less lofty than that of his wife. Indeed, he is so sinful as to gamble away all his money and hers, and to conduct himself indecorously with other women. His wife, who "had not, however, the least inclination to attend" masked balls, because "the very thought of wearing a mask was repugnant to" her, and because she "never could understand what pleasure was to be found in a mystery of this kind, which always seemed childish and trivial, if not culpable and dangerous," finally let herself be persuaded to go to one; her husband, mistaking her for another woman, "spoke — yes, at once, and with vehemence, with passion! . . . But . . . it was not to me! . . . No, it was to her he expected to meet." At this time Gilbert de Kerzy, the man of intelligence whom she had already met in Paris in her husband's gambling days, comes to Naples, the scene of these darker doings, and takes the occasion of a visit to Mount Vesuvius in

eruption, to declare his love to the injured wife. She rebuffs him, and he marries her most intimate friend. When Lorenzo has run through his property, he supports his wife by hard work, and becomes an exemplary husband. The Italian war breaks out, and he is killed in the first battle. His widow is happy, — "happier than I ever imagined I could be on earth; and if life sometimes seems long, I have never found it sad." This is a rude synopsis of the incidents of the novel, which is in fact a tract with worldly scenes, in praise of the church of Rome. One chapter is devoted to an ardent description of confession and the receiving of absolution, which must make certain cooler heads of the church regret the fervor of this literary preacher of the faith, and no chance is let go by without its being put to use in this fashion. The reader is more impressed by the writer's fire than by any profound respect for her abilities as a writer. His feelings for the translator are likely to be even cooler; a few extracts will illustrate this: "I am not using the language of a religious, but simply that of truth and common sense;" "I had corresponded to this grace it is true;" "It is useless to say that I went to church alone, as on the preceding Sunday, but I was not as calm and recollected as I was then." The attentive reader will find similar awkward translations "in their plenitude," to borrow one of the phrases peculiar to the book.

— What especial need there was of raking up Mr. Henry Kingsley's *Stretton*² from its easily-won obscurity, it would be hard to say. A few years ago this novel appeared, was read, and then disappeared; and now that a new edition is sent into the world, there is but little chance of altering the verdict it received before. Mr. Kingsley's heroes are a scuffling, ill-mannered, rowdy set of youths, with heads resembling those of different members of the brute creation, whose perpetual horse-play is lugged in by the author as if it were delightful wit. That they are a set of unlicked cubs, and grossly impolite, in spite of all the praise Mr. Kingsley gives them, and as unattractive as possible, is only too plain. "*Going Berserk*" is the author's notion of what is gentlemanly on the part of the young, and these Berserkers stamp on one another's feet, and kick, and pinch, and fall madly in

¹ *Jettatrice; or The Veil Withdrawn*. By MADAME AUGUSTUS CRAVEN, author of *A Sister's Story*, *Fleurange*, etc. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1875.

² *Stretton*. By HENRY KINGSLEY, author of *Ravenshoe*, *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, *Hetty*, etc. With illustrations. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1875.

love, and never get over their rude ways, in a fashion that would have made them famous among their ancestors. Besides their frivolities, we find space devoted to the account of the not unsimilar doings of their elders. A certain aunt Eleanor and her long since rejected lover are brought in for our admiration, but they are not very unlike the others. Perhaps the following extract will serve as well as another to show the tone of the book. A colonel is talking to Roland, a leading Berserk, and says, "We have not got a single snob in the regiment, which is a great thing. . . . You see we have a way of getting rid of snobs; we all get so thundering polite and genteel (not gentlemanlike, we are always that) that they can't stand us, and exchange."

Another person who appears in the story a great deal more than is required by the exigencies of the task he has set himself, is Mr. Henry Kingsley, whose innocent pride in the creation of his brain is one of the most melancholy things in the book.

—Mr. Miller's new volume,¹ with its publishers' collection of critical plums at the end of the pudding, calls up anew the curious reflection that the English notice-writers have found nothing more searching to say of Mr. Miller's previous poetry than that, with all his faults, the writer has undeniable poetic power, or is a true poet. A French critic is now also quoted as saying much the same thing. It seems not to have occurred to these persons that being truly possessed of poetic faculty is not the same as being "a true poet." They use the phrases as synonymous. It will perhaps sound harsh, but we are much inclined to distinguish Mr. Miller as in some ways a very untrue poet, though truly gifted. We mean to say that he is constantly and most discouragingly untrue to the higher possibilities of his genius. What may be the reason of this we cannot here attempt to determine. It would appear that he has devoted himself with some assiduity to the study of certain models, in the hope of acquiring a better art; but this has too often resulted in reflections of Swinburne, Morris, and Byron. He has not absorbed principles and then reproduced them in an art of his own, but has caught mainly the mannerisms of others. Still Mr. Miller has a rude, instinctive effectiveness of his own,

¹ *The Ship in the Desert*. By JOAQUIN MILLER, author of *Songs of the Sierras*, and *Songs of the Sun-Lands*. Boston: Robert Brothers. 1875.

which, when he is thoroughly possessed by his theme, is very powerful; as for example, in the opening of his poem, where he makes several beginnings and breaks off abruptly after each with "Away, the tale is not of these," or "Nay, nay, the tale is not of that;" thus, by a sort of poetical aporia, nearing his theme with a fine air of mystery. His pictures in this introductory portion are extraordinarily vivid. At last, an Indian hunter brings to camp a plate of gold from the lost ship in the desert,

"And walls of warriors sat that night
In black, nor streak of battle red,
Around against the red camp light,
And told such wondrous tales as these
Of wealth within their dried-up seas.

"And one, girt well in tiger's skin,
Who stood, like Saul, above the rest,
With dangling claws about his breast,
A belt without, a blade within,
A warrior with a painted face
And lines that shadowed stern and grim,
Stood pointing east from his high place,
And hurling thought like cannon shot,
Stood high with visage flushed and hot."

Then comes a passage about some miners "by Arizona's sea of sand," who, delving

"the level salt-white sands
For gold, with bold and horned hands,"

come upon fragments of the ship; and so, finally, we are ushered into the story proper. All this, with the exception of some characteristic affectations, is really done with power; that image, "walls of warriors," is admirable; and there is much also that is large and effective about the romance which follows. But it is on the score of the carrying out of the plot that we find fault with Mr. Miller. The tale is weird and sad, though simple. An old man, Morgan, carries off the lady Ina from her Spanish lover, who pursues. Then there is a flight across country which takes in about a third of the continent; pursued and pursuers arrive at the desert. The description of the desert, and the ruin and wreck of "sea things" long since left there by returning oceans, is extremely strong; though how much of this is memory and observation and how much real imagination we do not know. There, near the ship, at night occurs the final encounter, when all who have not previously died of heat perish in fight, except the lonely old man and Ina. These two find an oasis, where they remain; and the sadness of Ina's solitary life there, bereft of love, is very feelingly described. Yet we doubt whether many readers would be able to make out, from a first reading, what the

poem is about. Mr. Miller affects indistinctness, and his persons have no individuality; we are left to solace ourselves with the simple poetry which we find by the way. There is a startling want of directness and of proportion in the narrative, and a very irritating interlude about Venice is inopportunistically thrown in, at one point. All this is quite destructive of good poetical design. We have also to complain that Mr. Miller frequently mars his best passages with foolish repetition of some favorite line, a device adding greatly to the reigning confusion, and that there are a vast number of verses in the poem which neither bear directly or indirectly on the story nor have any merit in themselves.

On some accounts, *The Ship in the Desert* is perhaps the best of Mr. Miller's works, thus far, and there is a great deal of enjoyment to be got out of it. The author, in his preface, seems to think that he has been badly treated by his countrymen; his ground for this is probably that American critics are less easily astounded by American products than the English critics are. But even at the risk of increasing this misunderstanding, we must urge that Mr. Miller's merits are no excuse for his shortcomings, which are often grievous; and that, although without his poetry we should lack one of the most curious literary results of the period, there can be no danger, if Mr. Miller desires the immortality that has been somewhat lavishly promised him, in his giving his work a more perfect and enduring structure.

— Mr. William Morris's version of the *Æneid*¹ has been looked for with great interest. The warm admirers of Jason and *The Earthly Paradise* have been apt to be also those who cherish peculiarly fond recollections of their Virgilian days, and to such it naturally seemed that the forthcoming translation of the Roman epic must be satisfying and ultimate. And there was reason in this faith. Nobody, it may be, supposes at present that the *Æneid* is a very great poem; but the impatient modern critic who pronounces it a very bad one, with no merit whatever except the exceeding melody of its Latin verse, and therefore unfit for translation, is certainly at fault. The *Æneid* is a poem with a charm; a charm which in the first six books is almost continuous, and which reappears at

intervals throughout the more tedious latter half of the work. It is not the charm of form alone, for it is felt by many who have never fully fathomed, and never will fully fathom, the structure of the original verse. It is not the charm of great deeds and fine character, for of these the poem contains but little. Dido indeed is original and tragically interesting,—the prototype, perhaps, of the modern heroine of romance; but we care not a straw for any of the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, unless it be old Evander and his son. It is a charm very rare, if not unique, in the works of antiquity, of *sentiment*, of pathos under polish, of an ever ready melancholy repressed beneath an ever vigilant and dignified urbanity; the languor which, when a civilization has attained its height, always attacks sensitive spirits a little in advance of the beginnings of its decay, *seu mollis violæ seu languentis hyacinthi*. Virgil was a Roman courtier, and he knew perfectly well how to give a polite little turn at intervals to the long story of his nation's tempestuous youth. He was a thorough artist and an experienced man of letters, and he knew when to use harsh words and when coarse words and when antiquated words,—and he used the former kinds with unfailing propriety and the latter very seldom,—but the *heart of him*, as Mr. Morris would say, was essentially refined and tender. The verses whose “dying fall” seizes the memory in school-days and haunts it ever after, “*volucris simillima somno*,” “*ripæ ulterioris amore*,” “*in ventos vita recessit*,” and the like, are affecting not merely by the music of their syllables, but because this is allied with a true and keen pathos of meaning.

Now who might have been supposed so fit to render all this into an alien tongue as the “idle singer of an empty day,” who entreats that he may sing of “days remembered,” and “build a little isle of bliss midst the beating of a stormy sea,” for the confessed reason that he feels unequal to coping with the “ravening monsters” of his own time? It also seemed that he, if any one, might properly determine the form of such a translation. The beauties of the Virgilian hexameter are wonderful, but is it certain that they are absolutely inimitable in English verse? May there not be found an equivalent for them, if not a parallel? For what are those beauties? Chiefly, a sweet and surging monotony, fluctuant and untiring to the reader as the monotony of the sea itself to the beholder; and especially a con-

¹ *The Æneids of Virgil*. Done into English Verse. By WILLIAM MORRIS, author of *The Earthly Paradise*. Boston: Robert Brothers.

stant change in the position of the principal pause of the verse; "no consecutive fifths," in short. The blank verse of the laureate answers this description, and the rhymed pentameter of Jason does not fall far short of it. An *Æneid* in rhymed pentameters might have been a trifle longer than the original; and it might not; for the late Professor Conington, whose accurate scholarship at least is indisputable, tells us, in the preface to his own *Metrical Æneid*, that he was surprised to find how often the whole of a hexameter could be put into one of his octosyllabic lines. And at all events, a few lines more or less in a long poem not divided into stanzas are of no real moment.

We therefore awaited Mr. Morris's *Æneid* with enthusiasm, and undoubtedly it has many admirable qualities. It is resolutely and almost exclusively Saxon; a wonderful feat indeed, in this regard. There can hardly be so much as one word of Latin derivation to each of the three hundred and eighty pages. It is full of vigor. It is close and accurate for the most part, and the ingenuity shown in making it correspond, line for line, with the original is very great, and very convenient also, because it makes comparison so easy. You may open the book almost at random, provided you avoid the most famous passages of all, and you will be very likely to light on something fine. Take this, for example, concerning the landing at Delos, from *Æneas's* narrative in the third book, *Inde ubi prima fides pelago*, etc., iii. 69.

"But now when we may trust the sea, and winds
the ocean keep
Unangered, and the South bids on, light-whisper-
ing o'er the deep,
Our fellows crowd the sea-beach o'er, and run
the ships adown;
And from the haven we are borne, and fadeth field
and town.
Amid the sea a land there lies, sweet over every-
thing,
Loved of the Nereids' mother, loved by that *Ægean*
king,
Great Neptune; this, a-wandering once all coasts
and shores around,
The Bow Lord good to Gyaros and high Myconos
bound,
And bade it fixed to cherish folk, nor fear the
winds again.
There come we; and that gentlest isle receives
us weary men."

Here also Mr. Morris comes as near as he ever comes — as near, surely, as may be — to overcoming the inherent vice of his measure, the fixed recurrence of the *cæsura* between the fourth and fifth feet of the verse.

The meeting of *Æneas* and Anchises in Hades is also well rendered, though not without a touch of mannerism, *At pater Anchises*, etc., vi. 679.

"But Sire Anchises deep adown in green-groven
valley lay,
And on the spirits prisoned there, but soon to
wend to day,
Was gazing with a fond desire: of all his coming
ones
There was he reckoning up the tale, and well-
loved sons of sons;
Their fate, their haps, their ways of life, their
deeds to come to pass.
But when he saw *Æneas* now draw nigh, athwart
the grass,
He stretched forth either palm to him, all eager,
and the tears
Poured o'er his cheeks, and speech withheld forth
from his mouth there fares.
'O come at last, and hath the love thy father hoped
for won
O'er the hard way, and may I now look on thy
face, O son,
And give and take with thee in talk, and hear
the words I know?
So verily my mind forebode; I deemed 't was
coming so,
And counted all the days thereto; nor was my
longing vain.
And now I have thee, son, borne o'er what lands,
how many a main!
How tossed about on every side by every peril
still!
Ah, how I feared lest Libyan land should bring
thee unto ill!
Then he: 'O father, thou it was, thine image
sad it was,
That coming o'er and o'er again drove me these
doors to pass;
My ships lie in the Tyrrhene salt — ah, give the
hand I lack!
Give it, my father, neither thus from my em-
brace draw back!
His face was wet with plenteous tears e'en as the
word he spake,
And thrice the neck of him beloved he strove in
arms to take;
And thrice away from out his hands the gathered
image streams,
E'en as the breathing of the wind or wingèd thing
of dreams."

The games in the fifth book, the picture of Camilla at the close of the seventh, the rich portrait of Ascanius in his armor in the tenth, and the episode of Nisus and Euryalus in the ninth, are all passages which we can recall with pleasure in Mr. Morris's version. And yet that version, as a whole, is disappointing, and much of it is positively displeasing. Let us look for the reasons.

In the first place, it is fanatically Saxon and unnecessarily grotesque. Look at the title-page: "The *Æneids* of Virgil, done into English Verse." Why *Æneids*? Why not, indeed, except that the version is for English readers, who hardly recognize the poem by

that name? And surely "done into" is not only a less elegant but a less precise and therefore less expressive phrase than "translated." The use of words is to convey ideas. Their source really matters little, provided they fulfill their end. The Saxon expression "done into" is rude and vague. It represents a wide, and, so to speak, unskilled aim at a meaning which came in the course of years to be much more finely conveyed by a word derived from a more literate tongue. And the same is true of a good many of those brief, blunt Saxon words in which Mr. Morris delights. They are rude and point-less instruments, compared with the Latin words of the first century or the largely Latinized English of the nineteenth. It is true that Virgil writes of a comparatively rude time, but the language in which he writes of it was urbane and modern to him and his hearers. He says *faxero* and *aulat* upon occasion, but only upon occasion, and by way of variety; feeling, probably, what every author of a poem in twelve cantos, in whatever land or language, must have been forced to feel, the need of an extensive chronological range. But Mr. Morris dotes on archaic words, and will have none other where these can be by any means pressed into his service. Where he uses them with a constant significance, as "burg" for *arx*, "bale" for *rogius*, we come soon to understand his dialect and receive his idea; but it is the simple truth that his language is in many passages so studiously quaint and inverted that we have to refer to the original to see what he means. And there is another class of antiquated words of which he seems to be extravagantly fond *per se*, and on these he lays multifarious duty. Take as an example the word "dight." There may be plausible reason for rendering by this once obsolete verb the words *paro* and *apparo*, although in many cases the obvious "provide" or "prepare" would doubtless be quite as exact and more generally intelligible. But he also uses it as follows: *sic volvere Parcæ*, "such web the Par-cæ dight;" *tu das epulis accumbere divom*, "thou givest me to lie with gods when heavenly feast is dight;" *dapibusque futuris*, "feast that was to dight;" *regali luxu instruitur*, "with kingly pomp is dight;" *restaurant epulas*, "feast they dight;" *præfigere puppibus arma*, "dight ships with war-like gear." And these are but specimens which might be almost indefinitely multiplied. Now this immoderate use of a single queer word indicates that the writer has

a theory, not to say a hobby; and a translator should beware of either. His duty is to deny himself and reflect his author.

Again, Mr. Morris is assuredly not happy in the metre which he has selected. Almost all that can be said in favor of this fourteen-syllabled verse is that it is the measure of Chapman's Homer, and that it is a little more suitable for Homer than for Virgil. It seems to have been chosen as the supposed quantitative equivalent of the hexameter; which indeed, at first sight and on a mere count of syllables, it appears to be. But it is longer to the ear, because it has seven accents where the hexameter has six; and it is tiresome where the hexameter is restful, because of the fixed recurrence of a cæsura between the fourth and fifth feet, which Dr. Holmes, in his curious paper on the Physiology of Versification, has shown to be a physical necessity of the iambic heptameter. It is at best a *jogging* measure, and Mr. Morris's passion for Saxon words of one syllable gives it an effect of a jog-trot over cobble-stones, which becomes quite maddening at times, and afflicts one with a vain longing for the "multitudinous sea incarnadine," and "inextricable error."

But the long line full of short words works curiously in another way. We are forced to conclude that the English undefiled which Mr. Morris most admires and affects—whether it be Chaucer's or no—is a more concise language than the Latin of Virgil. For, in order to preserve the exact number of his lines, the translator is obliged repeatedly, nay, continually, to fill them in with short words which are actually superfluous. Not only must he say "Troy-town" for *Troja*, "lamb-folk" for *agni*, "yore agone" for *quondam*, and "why thus wise" for *quianam* (why not "thusly" at once? The quantity is far better), but he translates *fatur* by "such words to tell he spoke," *vita* by "life and all," *effeta* by "moldy-dull," *adsensu* by "yea-saying," *tempora cingit* by "he did his brows about," and *totum cognovimus amnem*, "whereby we knew the river's uplong brim."

And finally, the combined effect of the curt phraseology and the sing-song movement of Mr. Morris's verse is well-nigh to extinguish, in the passages which we all remember best, that pathos which is the most endearing characteristic of the Augustan poet. Sobs and sighs chopped fine by the jolting of a cart lose something of their dignity. The great ghost of Hector arises in the second book in this alliterative fashion:

"Most sorrowful to see he was, and weeping plentifulous flood,
And e'en as torn, behind the car, black with the dust and blood,
His feet all swollen with the thong that pierced them through and through.
Woe worth the while for what he was! How changed from him we knew!"

But this is better than Creusa's touching farewell to Æneas, which is rendered thus:

"Sweet husband, wherefore needest thou with such mad sorrow play?
Without the dealing of the gods doth none of this betide,
And they, they will not have thee bear Creusa by thy side,
Nor will Olympus' highest king such fellowship allow;
Long exile is in store for thee, huge plain of sea to plow," etc.

Over the sharp sigh of sympathy, also, with which the fourth book ends,—

"Omnia et una
Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit,"

the translator skips as follows:—

"Then failed the life-heat spent,
And forth away into the winds the spirit of her went!"

Quantum mutatus ab illo who sang concerning the death of Paris that simple, poignant strain:—

"Then, as a man who in a failing fight
For a last onset gathers suddenly
All soul and strength, he faced the summer light,
And from his lips broke forth a mighty cry
Of 'Helen, Helen, Helen!' yet the sky
Changed not above his cast-back golden head,
And merry was the world, though he was dead."

As compared with the two other recent translations of the *Æneid*, that of the lamented Professor Conington in the ballad metre of Sir Walter Scott, and that of our countryman, Mr. Cranch, in blank verse, Mr. Morris's version, if not less scholarly than Professor Conington's, is less agreeable and intelligible reading; while it is both more spirited and more poetic than the conscientious work of Mr. Cranch.

—The last-named poet has lately given us a volume¹ of robust proportions, suitable to the period of time covered by the contents, which in the prefatory sonnet are called—

"The hoarded flasks of many a varying year."

The *ensemble* of the book, so far as the literary impression goes, would probably have been better had the selection been more exclusive; but it is not altogether fair to view it merely from that side. The

collection represents a long term of artistic life, with its successes and half-successes and its various endeavor in search of the ideal. The motive of the first poem, *The Bird and the Bell*, is excellent, being a conflict between the fresh, inspiring voice of a bird heard singing in Florence, and the doleful thoughts called up by the ringing of the Romish church bells. On the whole, however, it seems to us somewhat diffuse, a fault to which others of the meditative poems of Mr. Cranch must plead guilty. But there is resource enough in the book for a variety of tastes, and ground for differing judgments. The *Lay of Thrym*, which was first printed in *The Atlantic*, is perhaps the completest success in the list, being consistent and concise in execution, and in every way excellent. We wish, indeed, that Mr. Cranch had rated it high enough to think it deserving of some companion-pieces. Still, we have here *The Rose of Death*, a spirited ballad of our civil war, which serves very well to support the *Lay*; and *The Bobolinks* is a very lovely poem, full of an airy, musical fancy. The rest of the poems divide and subdivide themselves into various groups, of which the comic and grotesque group—*Cornucopia*, *The Dispute of the Seven Days*, and others similar to these—is more individual and distinctive than the others. Under this falls *My Old Palette*, in which the half-plaintive, half-jocular tone of reminiscence is admirably suited to the subject; it is a very happy reach of fancy which thus seizes the sense of that simple, color-stained bit of board. We cannot help again wondering, as we read the poem entitled *J. R. L. on his Fiftieth Birthday*, whether Mr. Cranch knows how good his best is:—

"At fifty, Time has picked our thickest locks;
Polished the outer, dulled the inner head;
Filtched golden dreams from many a knowledge-box,
And left dry facts instead."

Now in this stanza there is a neatness, an epigrammatic touch, which gives it a high place at once. Why has not the writer tried his tools at some of those dainty fret-work epigrams which in the tough hands of Ben Jonson, or under Goldsmith's deft fingers, used to get a grace that reminds one of Cellini? It is dangerous for the poet nowadays to be too various. The single-minded singer is not only more apt to find a style and a set of subjects peculiar to himself, but also he receives a more whole-souled appreciation than the one who ex-

¹ *The Bird and the Bell, with other Poems.* By CHRISTOPHER PHARSE CRANCH. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

presses himself in many moods and ways, and on many topics. So that Mr. Cranch might have won a fuller success, very likely, in confining himself to the line of epigram or the line of humor, or some one of the several that he moves upon in this volume. There are various poems that seem to us quite mistaken both in theme and in treatment; *Dream Life*, for example; and it would not be difficult to point out some rather exasperating instances of mixed metaphor and ludicrousness of image. But on the whole, Mr. Cranch's poems will stand as good testimony to his attachment for the poetic art, and to his real capacity for it, though he sometimes falls short in achievement.

— In approaching the completion of his arduous task, Mr. Bancroft shows no sign of weariness; he has accumulated his facts with as discreet profusion, and added his few words of useful criticism with as much deliberation, as at the beginning. The preceding volumes have set high the standard by which he is to be judged, and he nowhere falls below it. Every volume gives only new proofs of his untiring energy. In this, the fourth,¹ he gives a summary of all that is known about the antiquities of the lands whose early inhabitants he has already fully described, and by antiquities he means not merely the works of a people either extinct or known only by tradition, but, rather, all the works of aboriginal hands which it may be fair to suppose were executed before native intercourse with Europeans. For a long time reading the memorials of these vanished or vanishing races will be for the most part a matter of guess-work. Hitherto no real advance has been made in clearing away the obscurity which enshrouds so much of the past, but the archaeologist, who sees how much has been done in other lands where all seemed dark, possesses his soul in patience and hopes for the best.

In his enumeration of antiquities Mr. Bancroft begins at the south and goes northward; this he does simply from motives of convenience. The first memorials mentioned are the Chiriqué rock-sculptures, a high-sounding name for the carvings which seem to have been modeled on boys' earliest drawings on their slates. Pottery and small gold figures have also been found. Costa Rica has furnished but few things; perhaps the most important is an ax of

green quartz. Coming to Nicaragua we find more relics, including carvings and paintings on cliffs, of a most rudimentary sort. On the adjacent island of Zapatero various interesting idols, of comparative artistic merit, have been found, and are represented in a series of wood-cuts, as well as several found elsewhere in Nicaragua. Of Honduras there is but little to be noted, with the exception of the famous ruins of Copan, with the huge temple and the pyramids and the great number of richly-carved statues. Next comes an account of the antiquities of Guatemala, and following this a long chapter on the rich treasures of Yucatan. Here are "perhaps finer, and certainly more numerous specimens of ancient aboriginal architecture, sculpture, and painting, than have been discovered in any other section of America." Mr. Bancroft gives a full account of the ruins of Uxmal, Labuá, Chichen, Tuloom, so far as known, Mérida, etc., condensed from the records of the Comte de Waldeck, — who, it will be remembered, died a few months ago at Paris, in his one hundred and tenth year, — and from Stephens, to whom he gives great praise, Norman, and Charnay. In stating the conclusions based on these observations, Mr. Bancroft says, "It may then be accepted as a fact susceptible of no doubt, that the Yucatan structures were built by the Mayas, the direct ancestors of the people found in the peninsula at the conquest, and of the present native population. Respecting their age we only know the date of their abandonment, that is, the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. . . . The history of the Mayas indicates the building of some of the cities at various dates from the third to the tenth centuries. As I have said before, there is nothing in the buildings to indicate the date of their erection, that they were or were not standing at the commencement of the Christian era. We may see how, abandoned and uncared for, they have resisted the ravages of the elements for three or four centuries. How many centuries they may have stood guarded and kept in repair by the builders and their descendants, we can only conjecture." We next come to a full account of the interesting ruins of Palenque, of which the author says that their resemblance to the ruins in Yucatan shows that they must have been built by a people of the same race and language, "at widely different epochs, or by branches of the Maya race which had long been separated, or by branches which through the influence

¹ *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America*. By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT. Volume IV. Antiquities. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

of foreign tribes lived under greatly modified institutions."

The chapters devoted to the memorials of the Nahuatl nations follow. First among these are the ruins at and near Tehuantepec, while the most important are the palaces at Mitla, with their mosaic patterns. In the province of Vera Cruz a large variety of interesting relics has been discovered. In the central plateaux the most noteworthy antiquity is the pyramid of Cholula. In the valley and in the city of Mexico, very little has been left by the Spaniard. Doubtless, Mr. Bancroft says, thousands of interesting monuments lie buried beneath the town. Some of the idols which have been exhumed are of the most ghastly sort. In the northern states there is not so much that is remarkable. The Casas Grandes of Chihuahua is the most celebrated. In Arizona and New Mexico many relics have been discovered, for many of which Aztec builders are claimed, a supposition which Mr. Bancroft earnestly denounces. Then follows a brief account of what has been found in the rest of his territory. Besides this, we have a chapter devoted to the mound-builders, condensing the information about them, and a final chapter devoted to the antiquities of Peru, which goes to show how very faint is the likelihood of any connection between the Maya and Peruvian peoples.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

A book which concerns itself less with the fate of empires than Madame Geoffrin's letters, which we spoke of last month, is the correspondence of the Countess of Sabran with the Chevalier de Boufflers.² These letters are truly delightful reading. The Countess of Sabran was, at the time the book opens, in 1778, a widow, twenty-seven years old. She had married the Marquis de Sabran, a naval officer fifty years her senior, and by him she had two children, a son, Elzéar, and a daughter who married the Count de Custines in 1787. Of her own marriage she wrote as follows: "I married a feeble old man, and was more truly his nurse than his wife. . . . I then did not foresee the consequences. . . . Loving nothing, everything seemed to me equally

worthy of being loved, and I had for my good old husband the same feeling as for my father and grandfather, a very gentle sentiment which at the time quite satisfied my heart." In 1777 she made the acquaintance of the Chevalier de Boufflers, a colonel, thirty-nine years old. His life had been a singular one. He had been a student at the seminary of St. Sulpice, but he showed himself more suited for the gay world and for the camp than for the life of a priest, and hence it was that he entered the army, and "M. l'Abbé de Boufflers became M. le Chevalier de Boufflers," as Grimm put it in one of his letters. He was renowned for wit and elegance. Though the chevalier and Madame de Sabran were in love with one another, they did not marry for many years. The reason was because the chevalier was unwilling to take a wife until he should be able to support her, and by his marriage he would lose all claim to the property given him when a child by Stanislas, King of Poland, out of regard for his mother. Hence the poor countess led a tolerably unhappy life; she frequently met her lover, to be sure, who had the rights without the responsibilities of a husband, and she felt sure of his attachment for her even if she held him by no legal ties. But then, too, he was ambitious for wealth and an assured position, and it was in search of them that he accepted the office of governor of Senegal in 1785. In the course of the next year he returned for a visit of several months' duration, during which he was admitted to the Academy. He then went back to Africa, returning only immediately before the Revolution, and was elected to the États généraux from Nancy. He soon, however, was obliged to leave France, as was also Madame de Sabran, and not until 1797, at Breslau, twenty years after they had first met, were they married. They returned to Paris in 1800. The marquis received a pension from the emperor and lived until 1815; his widow survived him twelve years, dying in 1827. Such are the bare facts of their lives. The letters, it should perhaps be said, were preserved through the perils of the Revolution, and are now published in accordance with the formal request of the Count Elzéar, into whose hands they finally came.

Her letters are very charming reading.

*et du Chevalier de Boufflers. (1778-1788.) Recueil
lié et publiée par E. DE MAGNIEU et HENRI PRAT.
Paris: E. Plon & Cie. 1875.*

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

² *Correspondance inédite de la Comtesse de Sabran*

She had a fascinating, easy style, and whether she is telling the ordinary incidents of the last two or three days, or describing people or the events of her little journeys, or giving good advice to her lover, she has an arch, graceful manner of prattling that is very delightful. Here is part of one, taken almost at random: "Paris is horribly dull; there is really no one here; it is impossible to walk or breathe, even in the Champs Élysées; the dust drives every one away. From all I hear there has never been such a drought. Still, for several days they have been bringing out the reliquary of Sainte Geneviève; but now the saints no longer bring rain and fine weather, their day has gone by; and if they are treated with no more consideration in the other world than in this, I pity them for having taken so much trouble. I went yesterday to Ermenonville, to see the tomb of Jean-Jacques. I must say that if the day of the saints has gone by, that of *beaux esprits* has not. You cannot imagine the enthusiasm he has inspired in every one: Roucher has just written some charming verses in praise of his life and death; Robert has designed his tomb, and Claudion is making a statue of him. All the arts are rivals in paying him homage. I do not know whether you know Ermenonville; it is a charming place." Then she describes the tomb, and says a word about burying the dead, speaking of it unfavorably in comparison with burning them, and adds, "But then, I am lost among the graves and the dead, like poor Young. I am not as sad as he, but I am still sad; there are some dark days when one sees everything *en noir*," etc.

Soon afterwards she takes a little jaunt into Switzerland, and yearns to leave the gay world and live in a little *chalet* with her children, but she fears the place would be too lonely for her lover. Bâle she found even then full of English. She sends him bits of translation, the verses she has written, *bouts rimés* she has composed; in a word, her letters mirror her life with the utmost exactness. It cannot be denied that her earlier letters are the most cheerful ones. As time went on she felt the disadvantages of her position, and without wearying her lover with protestations she never forgets how dependent she is upon his generosity. But it is not often that she is depressed by this feeling. She is generally in good spirits, or, when sad, in such spirits that she is able by a jest to put herself into her nor-

mal state again. Here is another of her letters:—

"I could not read without being touched by what you said on your future blindness. If anything could lessen the grief which I should feel as keenly as you, it would be the fact that then I should be everything to you. I should be until my death your support and your guide, that is to say, your dog and your cane; we should make a community of interest in the two eyes left in the family. I have seen only through yours since I have known you, and then you would do the same for me. I am far from having the slightest disquiet on this subject. . . . The only thing you need do, and which would surely cure you, would be to wear a bandage over your eyes, by night I mean, of course, for your malice might suspect some interest on my part in this wise advice, and fancy that I had some reason for dreading the effect of your little bright eyes. No, my child, I have nothing to do with your illusion; our love has not needed it; it arose without it, and it will endure without it; for certainly it was not the effect of my charms, which had disappeared when you first knew me, that attached you to me; no more is it your manners of a Huron, your distracted air, your keen, true sallies of wit, your huge appetite, and your sound sleep when any one wants to talk to you, which have made me love you to madness. It is a certain indefinable something which unites our souls, a certain sympathy which makes me feel and think like you. For beneath your savage outside you hide the spirit of an angel and the heart of a woman. You combine all the contrasts, and there is no being in heaven or on the earth who is more lovable or more loved than you. Therefore come to see me as soon as possible."

For his part the Chevalier de Boufflers makes a creditable showing. He repined at the stern fate he had himself chosen, which kept him separated from the woman he loved, and yet at times with an air as if he was conscious of her unexpressed impatience at his determination. Unexpressed it may be called, for what she says about their enforced separation is very slight in comparison with what she felt. Here, for instance, is one of her few complaints; she has been speaking of the perplexed condition of Europe, and especially of France, at the time, 1787: "No one knows how it will all end. Some people seem to think that bankruptcy is impending, and my fear at present is that they will take even the

widow's mite. I confess I should mind that, for now that I am growing old I begin to feel as if money were an excellent thing; in spite of that, I would gladly give all I possess to live, grow old, and die with you, sure that you would never leave me again, that I should never have to hear again those cruel farewells which torture both my mind and my body, and every one of which costs me ten years of my life. What are all the goods of this world in comparison with the intimate union of two souls formed for one another, which purify each other in the fire of love, like gold in the crucible? How much strength and courage that gives to oppose to all the ills of life! How easy it is to do without everything when one possesses everything! . . . If you had only been willing to believe me, we should have possessed this treasure; but" — In comparison with

her the chevalier is a very simple character. Even when she is gloomiest, her liveliness bubbles out. He expresses his emotions much more frankly, and it is quite pathetic to read the record of his being becalmed on his way home from Senegal for the second time. His voyage was made double its usual length, and his wrath knew no bounds.

We may urge the reading of this entertaining volume on all persons who care for a very sincere record of the experience of two human beings, graced by the literary charm of a clever woman's wit. These letters, as well as Madame de Geoffrin's, bear testimony to the worldly elegance which was a characteristic of the time, and both books show the best side of it to the student. They may be said to have a sort of usefulness which not all text-books possess.

ART.

"At last on this side of the Atlantic an earnest, wide-spread activity in behalf of popular art education is beginning to manifest itself," says Mr. Stetson, in his energetic and interesting American preface to the translation of Professor Langl's report;¹ and, believing this activity to be not transient and spasmodic but "the beginning of a new era in art education," he throws into the scale a mass of useful information which conclusively shows our commercial and other interests to be seriously concerned in art education. Though manufactures in the United States have greatly advanced, or rather multiplied, in the last half-century, they are still rude in character, *i. e.*, they embody very little of the skill and taste which, by improving the quality of products add to their market value. Our skill has all been expended in labor-saving machinery, in appliances for increasing quantity. What we now need is skill in working up quality, and in raising the value added by manufacture above that of the raw material used. At present, the added value in this country is less than the cost

of raw material, while in England, for example, manufacturing actually adds to the price of goods considerably *more* than the sum first paid for the materials of those goods. The total cotton manufactures of England, in 1870, were \$447,096,000, while the value of the raw material used in them was only \$202,296,000; so that the value added was \$244,800,000. The prosperity of a country is manifestly proportioned to the degree of skill thus employed in increasing the value of materials; for while the labor of making goods tasteful is no greater than that of making them otherwise, the compensation for taste is enormous. Naturally, too, agriculture is stimulated by the immediate presence of an artisan population.

These facts have been only recently recognized. At the beginning of the century "it was the well-drilled soldier upon whom the nations of Europe counted for defense; the well-trained workman counted for nothing." Now, however, "the pencil is recognized as the most efficient ally of the needle-gun," as Mr. Stetson puts it, a trifle ecstatically. It was the discovery made by En-

Translated with notes by S. R. KOENLER. With an introduction by CHARLES B. STETSON. Boston: L. Prang & Company. 1875.

¹ *Modern Art Education: its Practical and Aesthetic Character educationally considered.* By PROFESSOR JOSEPH LANGL. Being part of the Austrian Official Report on the Vienna World's Fair of 1873.

gland at the first World's Fair, in 1851, that she was far behind the nations she had challenged, in industrial skill, which led to the active attention that has been given to art education in that country; and from England's aroused interest, the Continental powers in their turn were brought to study the subject afresh. What has resulted from this study may be gathered in great detail from Professor Langl's report, for the translation of which we are much indebted to Mr. Koehler. It should be carefully read by all who wish well to art education in this country. England, France, Germany, and Austria stand at the head of the nations as rivals in improved art education and industrial skill. Among the great powers, the United States come last, in this respect, as they came in 1851, also. Professor Langl takes a discouraging view of us. "Industry" here, he says, "is bent upon usefulness rather than upon artistic beauty; and individuality of taste is yet out of the question. . . . Architecture might perhaps be expected to develop an independent character, . . . but even in this department only European motives are to be seen; and, as there is no lack of means, these motives are frequently used as a pompous decoration of the most daring constructions. The photographs from Chicago, Cincinnati, and Philadelphia furnished characteristic specimens." On some accounts it seems a pity that Boston did not burn in time to photograph its resuscitated business district for the Vienna Fair. But we see no reason why we should be denied "European motives." There is nothing to say against his criticism of our drawing system, however. The common schools of Cincinnati exhibited their work "in truly magnificent bindings, one subject having been drawn by the whole class, so that the same volume frequently showed *the same figure fifty to sixty times*" (!) "Among the work of the teachers', normal, and high schools, sins against everything like good taste were to be met with, that made one's hair stand on end." The teaching in Massachusetts is set down as the best, though in the continuation of Mr. Smith's instruction in ornament "there is a want of freshness," says Herr Langl, "and of definite style in the forms. This is followed up by heads, animals, flowers, and even whole human figures, arranged rather arbitrarily, and the whole executed in dry, cold outlines in pen-manner." The free industrial drawing classes of the State receive "full praise," however. These are the classes which in The Atlantic

we have constantly been obliged to praise at the expense of the schools. The other strictures agree with the impression of the present report in regard to English art education, namely, that as yet it has succeeded in advancing skill only in the decoration of flat surfaces. "Everybody," says the reporter, "perceives that the beneficial influence of the English art schools in the matter of form . . . has been of the greatest importance;" yet he thinks it very doubtful whether England will ever be able to attain to "the position of recognized leadership in art and art industry." It is worth while to lay up in the memory this criticism of so well-informed a person as Professor Langl; the more so, since there is some tendency in Massachusetts, at least, to become fettered by South Kensington methods. These methods have been copied in several countries of Europe, and they will be more or less urged upon the United States. But, along with many excellences, they are afflicted by a curious repugnance for the finer artistic spirit, which has thus far kept their results in England upon the level of mediocrity, and threatens us in this country with serious delays in true artistic development. It would be hard to find this repugnance more strikingly shown than in Mr. Stetson's preface to the translation under notice. He endeavors to give the impression that French art education has been quite thrown into confusion by the rise of the English system; though we all know that, whatever reforms have been introduced in France or are yet needed there, the French schools still produce by far the most skillful designers in the civilized world, and French industries accordingly hold their own above all others, in spite of bad traditions and wearisome frivolities of taste. The secret of this is that industry and art are in full accord in France. Mr. Stetson does not see this, because he is bent upon seeing that the flourishing fine arts of France have been based upon industrial art. One cannot flourish without the other; but industrial art in this country will most assuredly fail, if it refuses to receive inspiration and direct elevating influence from fine art, through the diffusion of that subtle and to many practical persons unsatisfactory and abhorrent thing, "artistic feeling." Mr. Stetson boldly sets forth that the "precise and teachable features" of artistic knowledge are all that is essential; he does not want "feeling" to interfere. He admits, to be sure, "that a knowledge of the pre-

cise and teachable features of art is far from enough for the making of a genuine artist ; but it is also true that there can be no genuine artist who has not this knowledge, *which is all that the greatest master can impart.*" How, then, are genuine artists made ? How did Cimabue develop Giotto ? How did Perugino teach Raphael ? On the other hand, who taught Michael Angelo to correct his master's drawing at the age of ten, before he had time to go through any of our modern drawing-books of geometric outlines ? Into these cases there enters the factor called genius, which Mr. Stetson considers utterly sterile in the production of new artists. By some inscrutable means a man may pass from being an average artisan to being a transcendent artist, according to Mr. Stetson ; but then he can never teach anybody anything more than he knew when he was an artisan. Why not cut down the running expenses of society, then, by doing away with the great artists altogether, and having none but those who are obedient to "art science," and want nothing more ? But although Mr. Stetson thinks that "there are probably thousands of primary teachers in this country who can teach the elements of drawing better than could Raphael," he is willing to let Raphaels exist. To what purpose ? He explains, thus : "As we increase our knowledge of the poetic art and our taste for poetry by reading Homer, Milton, Shakespeare, and do not care to have them further than this for teachers ; so the main advantage to be derived from great artists must come through a study of their works. . . . In this way they can teach, silently, the most invaluable lessons." Surely, then, they can teach something *vivâ voce*, one would say. We are to "increase our knowledge" by looking at their works ; but Mr. Stetson has said that they cannot impart any other knowledge than that which the primary teachers are better qualified to give. Thus it will be seen that he unconsciously admits that there is something else to be imparted. Now this something consists in that "feeling" which he so much dreads ; in the cultivation of a more trenchant and a finer vision than "art science" unaided can bestow ; in a thousand details of manipulation, and an artistic instinct, to be acquired only by empirical means. Of course such knowledge cannot at once be supplied by popular art schools, and it can never be furnished by them in other than an approximative way. But no system of art educa-

tion can lead to high results in industry, much less in fine art, which attempts to do away with reverence for the subtler and more vital qualities of artistic work, which should appear in even the simplest good ornament.

Mr. Stetson has high hopes for American art in the future. So have we. But he seems to dread every foreign influence (except that of South Kensington drawing methods), as threatening our originality. In this he, as well as Professor Langl, errs. All art is transmitted, and combined or developed from different sources. It is merely the impulse toward art which is indigenous. Imitation is natural, at the start ; and a course of *earnest* imitation would be far more beneficial in its results than the mental attitude which shuts our eyes to the beauty and strength of finished artistic work around us, while fixing them on geometric outlines and dreaming of a glorious future for national art. To balance these we shall have to urge an "art of art." If we are not run away with by "art science," and if at the Centennial Show, next year, a modest and patient effort be made to ascertain our true position in the field of industrial art, as well as the defects in our systems of training, we may yet date great advances in the arts from the hundredth anniversary of the nation's birth. A century is but a small space of time in the history of art, and we can well afford to wait for results. There is already, we think, ample proof of a strong artistic bias in American character ; and if the right course be pursued, this native instinct, backed by the resources of our vast country, is capable of bringing us into that leading position which Herr Langl thinks England unqualified for.

—Miss Mary Hallock's illustrations for *The Hanging of the Crane* and *Mabel Martin* have won her a reputation which is not without solid foundation. Fresh proof of this may be found in a small collection of her pencil-drawings, various in size and scope, now in the possession of Mr. A. V. S. Anthony, at Messrs. J. R. Osgood and Company's, in Boston. Nothing could show more decidedly the impress of a fresh and sincere contact with nature, than these studies, which treat landscape and figure alike with an accuracy, a spiritedness, and a shaping skill which would be remarkable anywhere, and are especially rare in America. Miss Hallock, of course, has her limitations, and the most decided one is that which confines her greatest successes to fem-

ine figures. These she renders with the most absolute charm. There is one drawing in this group which represents a girl spinning in a dark chamber, which is very bold in its light and shade, its indestructible reality; but those two are more graceful in one of which a lady is shown seated at an old-fashioned desk, writing, and has just turned as if to greet some one who has entered the room, while in the other a buxom young woman is taking a lesson in pie-baking, at one of those mysterious old brick ovens with which our fathers prepared themselves for adequate thanksgiving. The earnestness and absorbed truth-telling manifest in these pieces remind us once more that the real and enduring aim of graphic art is plainly to crown with a sort of primitive surprise the commonest scenes and incidents, and that this can best be reached by the most unaffected simplicity of regard. It is this direct look at things, and this confidence that the simple objects contain all that is desirable, if one can only see it and relate it, which give Miss Hallock's pieces their fascination. One of her groups of boys here is excellent, quite on a par with her women; and the large and elaborate skating-scene is extremely vigorous and well composed. There is also a great deal of notable truth in the glimpse of shad-fishermen on the Hudson, waiting for the tide to turn; their positive intention of reposing themselves unlimitedly is very happily conveyed. For pure landscape, one must look

to the view of a rough stone bridge in a dense little grove of bare trees, through whose tops a low hill curves its outline. The springiness of the wood, the multiplicity of its fine ramage, is a marvel of correctness and sympathy; and the general *gray* effect of the scene serves to emphasize that remarkable choice and management of color which appear in all the drawings. But our most emphatic approval must go to the large study of a negro girl sitting by a roofed well in an apple orchard. Not only is this a masterly drawing, in every particular, from the solid and well-detailed figure to the apple-tree growth and texture, and the subordinate softness of the grass, but it is also possessed by a very strong and pathetic sentiment. In the resting attitude and the patient yet hopeless longing of the face is concentrated the whole history of the sorrow of an unfortunate race. We have seen nothing from Miss Hallock, in any form, which could give so much hope of her winning triumphs in the larger zone of imagination and emotion. But a more general satisfaction is derivable from these finished and excellent studies, namely, that of seeing one artist, at least, pursuing the course of investing her genius in a permanent stock of faithful knowledge added to brilliant execution, while the majority of even our professed painters are neglecting the unseen sources of power by slurring over the art of drawing with such disastrous indifference.

MUSIC.

*Songs of our Youth*¹ is a very prettily gotten-up little volume of songs with piano-forte accompaniment, the best collection of pleasant little ditties, in fact, that we have seen since Elliot's never-too-much-to-be-praised setting of Mother Goose's Melodies. The words are by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman, and some of the music, if the initials D. M. M. and B. R. M. do not mislead us, by the authoress herself and some other members of her family. This music, if pleasing to a certain extent, is

¹ *Songs of our Youth*. By the author of John Halifax, Gentleman. Set to music. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1875.

flimsy and commonplace at best. But by far the larger part of the songs are set to most fascinating old Swedish, Irish, Welsh, and English airs that have the genuine, wholesome Volkslied smack. These little bits of pure melody come as a most grateful relief after the bilious sighings of our modern ballads of the Virginia Gabriel school, and the mock-dramatic "frenzy tempered by politeness" of Blumenthal and Arditì. Neither has the elegant Claribel, artlessly walking through country lanes and sporting in the new-mown hay with his delicate silk stockings and drawing-room simper, given us anything so

really genial and lovely as these songs. The simple, artless grace of Pretty Polly Oliver may well be the despair of any mere song-manufacturer. The accompaniments are for the most part treated with great skill and judgment.

—The collection of German part-songs for mixed voices¹ edited by N. H. Allen is the best of its sort that we have yet seen. There is far less poor music in it than is usual in similar compilations, and most of the songs have the advantage, if we mistake not, of being new to our public. The names of Schumann, Gade, Franz, Hiller, and Hauptmann are worthily represented

and are not pushed into a corner, as is too often the case. The songs are published in score, with the voice parts reduced to a piano-forte accompaniment, printed in small notes for the convenience of a conductor during practice.

—Love laid his Sleepless Head² is only a pretty good song by Arthur Sullivan. It shows marks of good musicianship and routine, but also of carelessness or want of inspiration in the composer. At best it is wholly unworthy of the words.

—Blumenthal's Yes³ is about as weak an offering as a sentimental public can well desire.

EDUCATION.

THE Western superintendents discuss the most important questions in American public-school education with great vigor. Scarcely any one, for example, has spoken so strenuously for moral training as Mr. Hopkins, of Indiana. According to him, "The leading object in the organization of any school system should be the moral culture of the children. . . . Did not the advocates of our free-school system promise the people that if they would take upon their shoulders the additional burden of taxation for its support, the same would be lightened by the diminution of crime? Is there any perceptible decrease of crime in Indiana? Is there any reasonable probability that there will be? It is becoming a grave question, among those who take comprehensive views of the subject of education, whether this intellectual culture without moral is not rather an injury than a benefit. Is it not giving teeth to the lion and fangs to the serpent? That is the true system of training which adapts itself to the entire complex nature of the child. No free government can safely ignore this grave subject, for nations that lose their virtue soon lose their freedom."

The superintendent of Missouri quotes from the superintendent of Ohio on the same subject. "Is it reasonable to suppose that the silent example, or 'unconscious

tuition,' of men and women teachers of unsullied character is all that is requisite to make the youth of our schools honest, industrious, law-abiding, patriotic, able to discern clearly the exact boundary between right and wrong? Most certainly not. Our youth must receive direct, positive instruction in moral science, and be trained to make the demands of moral rules govern them in the conduct of their lives. The lips of our teachers must not be sealed, even if they do now and then allude to the existence of other truths than those upon which, by the universal assent of the civilized world, a science of morals can be founded. . . . The child may be taught to respect the rights and feelings of others; to obey its parents and those placed in authority over it; to be kind, truthful, frank, unselfish, chaste, courteous, respectful. As its education advances, it may be instructed in the truth of that morality which concerns the family, society, and the state. It may be taught to love the true and the genuine, to hate all shams and humbugs, to have faith in whatever is right, to be honest in business transactions, to respect those principles of honor upon which all good citizenship rests, and to cherish and practice those virtues which are the glory and beauty of character. Such instruction as this is not sectarian, and every true patriot and philan-

¹ *German Four-Part Songs*. For mixed voices. With English words. Edited by N. H. ALLEN. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

² *Love laid his Sleepless Head*. Song. Words by

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE; music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

³ *Yes*. Song. Words by W. E. STEWART; music by J. BLUMENTHAL. Baltimore: George Willig & Co.

thropist will rejoice when it shall be required to be given in every school in the land."

The Hon. Newton Bateman, of Illinois, would have children trained to be "gentle and refined in speech and manner, docile in spirit and modest in deportment, truthful, ingenuous, and manly, obedient, respectful, and affectionate toward their parents and teachers, reverential toward God and to whatsoever things are sacred and holy. These things, it is true, are not so immediately within the control of teachers, but the influence, example, and precept of the school-room should all tend that way." Finally, from distant and problematical Utah comes the same or even stronger admonition: "Are we not apt to be narrow in our educational ideas, and to give undue weight to intellectual culture? It has been truthfully said that the exaltation of talent, as it is called, above virtue and religion is the curse of the age. Education is now chiefly a stimulus to learning, and thus men acquire power without the principles which alone make it good. Talent is worshiped; but if divorced from rectitude it will prove more of a demon than a god. . . . In teachers' institutes the importance of moral training should receive special attention."

Apropos of these teachers' institutes, which are held all over our country, and which our school authorities so steadfastly believe in, what the superintendent of Utah says on the subject will stand for what they all say: "An institute is a potent auxiliary in the aid of educational interests. It should develop the best methods of organizing, governing, and teaching the school, and elucidate the true order of mental development. It is needed to secure and maintain uniformity in school management and the conduct of school exercises, and is a current calendar by which the teachers throughout the Territory may be posted in relation to educational improvements. In one of the California school reports it is stated, 'In some counties the first real impulse to the cause of education dates from the first institutes held in them.'" The superintendent of Missouri thus refers to them: "I shall not be guilty of throwing a false color on the report if I assert that the teachers' institute is second to no instrumentality used in the State to promote the improvement of the teachers. Even in its lowest estate it is good. It is good as a social power. It is good as an intellectual stimulus. It is good as a cultivator of earnest, liberal thought and

discussion." Or in other and still plainer language, we may say that considered as a teachers' debating society the institute has its value; but whether it does the work so fondly hoped for it, *i. e.*, puts much real knowledge or many ideas that are good for anything into the empty heads of the young school-mistresses who attend it for a few days yearly, is another question. Quite as often they are treated to a temperance exhortation or to a third-class elocutionary recitation as to anything really relating to their profession.

Of course the want of trained teachers is the crying want of the West as it is of the rest of the country, and as it must be until male and female principals from our colleges and assistants from the high schools can be furnished in numbers sufficient to supply the majority of the schools. It is thought by many that severe systems of examinations will lighten the difficulty, but let us listen to the energetic protest of the superintendent of California upon this solution of the problem. "California," he says, "is justly held up as a bright example in first inaugurating the system of state examinations." Yet he admits that "it is not possible to insure even a modicum of literary culture on this system of examining teachers. Examinations are frequently dishonest. Not only the candidate resorts to dishonest means; the county superintendents themselves have been known to give candidates a few days' preliminary examinations on the questions upon which they are required to pass. Indeed, the evil became so notorious, so crying, that the state board of examinations saw itself compelled to send the examination questions securely sealed, and to insist that county superintendents do not open them until the regular meeting of the county board, and then in the presence of at least one member of the board!" This sounds disgraceful, but the truth is that where a State requires many thousands of teachers, and *must* take those who offer or none, all the examinations in the world will never put into the heads of those teachers what is not there. Inevitably, hundreds who cannot really "pass" will get certificates from the sheer necessity of the case. The only conclusion, then, is that the State *must* supply training agencies for its teachers, and there is no agency that can meet the case but the township high school system. In the immense majority of cases the teachers of a district are and must be from the inhabit-

ants of that district. The fact that they teach at all shows that their means are limited, and therefore their training must be brought home to them. They cannot afford to go to it.

Finally, the Hon. Newton Bateman, of Illinois, in the ablest report that we have reviewed, excepting those of St. Louis and New York city, discourses in a manner after our own heart upon the great subjects of what the common schools should do for the masses of their pupils, and what should be their course of study to this end. Respecting the latter he thus delivers himself: "Look at the facts as they have existed in this State from the beginning of the free-school system and for years before. What have been the studies prescribed by law? Spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and United States history. Who first marked out this course of study, or what considerations led to its original adoption and subsequent tenacious retention, does not appear. But if the author of this common-school curriculum is still living, a contemplation of its results will hardly induce him to come forth and claim the honor of his achievement. . . . If it were distinctly proposed to devise a scheme whereby the schools might be rendered the least profitable, that which compels the youth of the State to spend the whole period of their school-going life upon the famous seven branches of the old Illinois law, to the practical exclusion of everything else, must be regarded as a reasonably successful solution of the problem. . . . It is not to be denied that the confidence of our people in that great American institution, the public school, is in some danger of being disturbed, nor is this state of things peculiar to Illinois, but is substantially common to all the States and to the whole country. Doubts, questionings, murmurs of discontent, mingled with voices of direct opposition or appeals for reconstruction and improvement, are coming up from every quarter of the Union." And in illustration of his position Mr. Bateman gives extracts from an extensive correspondence with parents of different classes and occupations, in which are described the miserable failures of the public schooling as regards individual children of the individual writers.

Mr. Bateman finds the causes of these failures not alone, like so many others, in the incompetence of the teachers, but also in the inadequate public-school curriculum

and in the text-books in which this course of study is pursued. He endeavors to impress upon the citizens of Illinois the great fundamental truth: first, that the childish mind *can* take in the elements of every kind of knowledge; and second, that it can *not* take in *more* than the elements of anything. The belief in the converse of these two propositions is the great rock upon which public-school education in America has hitherto split in every successive generation. "The public schools must attempt only the elements of knowledge" has been the cry. Very good; but what are the "elements of knowledge"? To this question the New England *re-lagogue* replied, and the whole country has listened to his voice and followed upon his footsteps, that "the elements of knowledge are contained in imperfect reading and writing, and in arithmetic, geography, and grammar carried to the farthest and most complicated forms." But Mr. Bateman, in common with all the enlightened educators of Europe, demands that the public schools give the elements, and the elements only, of all the above studies, and along with them the rudiments of drawing and vocal music, and of the physical and natural sciences, together with sufficient knowledge of physiology and hygiene to "enable the learners to take proper care of their bodies and brains, and enough of American history and of information about their own neighborhood to make them good citizens, local as well as national." Thorough and exhaustive grounding in the elements was the very foundation-stone of Pestalozzi's teaching, but it was in *all* the elements that could educate "the head, the heart, or the hand."

Nearly all the Western superintendents agree with these views of Mr. Bateman, and in ten years the course of study he advocates will probably be adopted by law throughout the Western States as it already partially is in his own. He continues the discussion by asking, "How is the necessary time to be gained for the elements of natural science?" And he answers, "By discarding all superfluous matter from the text-book and thereby saving wasted time, and also by adopting improved methods of teaching. . . . With proper instruction every child of good health and fair natural abilities can and should, in four years or less, of six school months each, beginning in utter ignorance of the alphabet, acquire such a practical knowledge of reading and spelling in his native English, that he may

thereafter lay aside and dispense with both of those studies, so far as formal lessons and recitations are concerned, and devote his time to other things. . . . Much precious time is also wasted upon arithmetic. The average common-school text-book in that science contains double the amount of matter necessary or advisable, and hence half of the time spent thereon could be much more profitably devoted to other studies. . . . It is not by any means necessary that a text-book should be perfect, nor that it should contain everything belonging to the subject of which it treats. There are innumerable things appertaining to arithmetic, reading, grammar, natural philosophy, hygiene, etc., of much intrinsic interest and value, which nevertheless are wholly out of place in a book of rudimentary principles, and yet most text-books are burdened with these extraneous matters."

— The series of yearly lectures called "The Teachers' School of Science" originated from a donation made by Mr. John Cummings, at present second vice-president of the Boston Society of Natural History, to the council of that society in 1871. The gift, amounting at first to \$500 per annum, and subsequently much enlarged to meet the requirements of the lessons, was to be applied directly to the instruction of teachers in natural history. For the administration of this fund a committee was formed, of which Mr. John Cummings, Professor W. H. Niles, and Alpheus Hyatt were members, with full power to attend to all business which might arise.

This committee decided that no lecturing, in the ordinary sense of the word, should be permitted, but that in all cases lessons should be given, illustrated by specimens, which specimens should remain, if desired, in possession of the student or teacher after the close of the lesson.

Before publicly stating their intentions, the committee consulted with the leading teachers of the public schools, and submitted their plan to them.

This course was adopted in order to avoid the too common failure of similar efforts, a want of discrimination or due regard to suitability in the means of instruction employed. They also most distinctly stated that there was no desire on their part to bring about any sudden revolution in the present school system; but that all their efforts would be directed towards the instruction of the teachers themselves, with the ultimate object of influencing the pu-

pils of the common schools through their voluntary labors.

This idea was responded to with such enthusiasm that after the committee's circular was issued, over seven hundred applications were received, compelling a petition to the Institute of Technology for the use of its large hall, then just completed. This was most courteously granted, and the audience assembled there, numbering six hundred at the first meeting.

This enormous influx was largely due to the energy with which several of the masters of the public schools of Boston had seconded the movement, especially Mr. Page, master of the Dwight school, and the personal encouragement of Mr. Philbrick, then superintendent of the public schools of Boston. The first experiment was made by Professor Niles, whose system of teaching had been adopted by the committee, with no preliminary formalities except a slight sketch of the intentions of the committee, and a few remarks upon the value of natural history in the schools, not only as an aid in disciplining the mind, but as a means of assisting in the comprehensive study of other subjects. He then proceeded immediately to show by a practical lesson how much could be taught of the fundamental principles of physical geography without maps or charts, other than could be readily made on the blackboard; and without specimens, other than samples of earth, stone, or water, and the natural features of any country landscape.

In the last three of his six lessons Professor Niles taught the physical geography of Massachusetts in a masterly manner, and showed conclusively how this might not only be made the basis of a general knowledge of physical geography, but also be used to throw a strong light upon, and greatly facilitate, the future studies of the pupils in political geography and history.

These lessons were enthusiastically received, and exercised a wide-spread influence, besides causing an entire revolution in the modes of teaching geography in at least one of our public schools.

The first year was devoted to short experimental courses, and therefore physical geography was followed by lessons on mineralogy, by W. C. Greenough, master of the State Normal School, Providence, Rhode Island, on zoölogy, by Alpheus Hyatt, and on botany, by Dr. W. G. Farlow.

It was essential to the plan that specimens should be used and distributed in all

of these courses, and therefore the number of students was limited to those who could be comfortably seated in the lecture-room of the Boston Society of Natural History, and properly supplied with materials. The average attendance was, in consequence of these limitations, reduced to about fifty-five, but these were principally picked or representative teachers; persons who either as masters or sub-masters took an active interest in natural science on account of their official positions, or those who wished to qualify themselves to teach or were actually teaching the subjects treated of in the lessons.

The instruments used in these courses were of the simplest character: in mineralogy, for instance, a small paper tray containing the scale of hardness, another to hold the half-dozen specimens illustrating that lesson, a pen-knife, a hammer, a file, and a small horse-shoe magnet. The materials were laid in numbered compartments before the lesson began, and each person was requested to follow the instructor as he described any special part or characteristic, or made any particular experiment. Frequent questions were also asked of the audience and permitted in return.

The great fire of November, 1872, and other causes, interrupted the lessons for two successive winters, but they were resumed in the autumn of 1874. After the preliminary work of the first year, the teachers were prepared to reap the greatest possible advantage from special courses. The second year, therefore, was opened with a series of some thirty lectures on mineralogy by Mr. L. S. Burbank, principal of the Warren Academy, Woburn, Massachusetts; and these are now, in the third year of the existence of the school, being followed by a short course in lithology, also by Mr. Burbank.

Statistics of the second year's work showed an increase in the average attendance to eighty-four; that the specimens distributed had been in as many as fifty instances kept together, and were being actively used in the instruction of pupils. It was ascertained during the present year, through written questions addressed to the teachers, that fully seventy-five per cent. of those who applied for tickets to the lithological course had also been through the mineralogical course, and fully thirty per cent. had attended the preliminary courses of the first year.

Mr. Burbank has undertaken some excursions, in which the rocks were examined in the field, and observations made as to their mode of occurrence and characteristics in mass which could not be shown in the lecture room.

The courses are not simply practical; on the contrary, there is as much of the higher style of teaching as is compatible with the main object of the lessons, and frequently the entire hour has been devoted to the discussion of theoretical considerations and hypotheses of the origin, mode of occurrence, and classification of substances.

Besides the assistance of Mr. Page and Mr. Philbrick, the committee has received important aid from the facilities given them by Professor Asa Gray and Professor S. F. Baird, for the collection of botanical and zoological specimens, without which their work would have been rendered much more difficult.

The reasons for the unexpected success of these experiments are many, but a few of the most prominent will be sufficient for the limits of this brief review. Personal contact with the things described creates an eager desire to know something about them on the part of the audience, and the consciousness of this stimulates the lecturer to put forth his utmost strength. This attention is held throughout with unflagging interest by the necessity of continually searching for the characteristics treated of by the lecturer, and of occasionally answering the questions asked by him.

The acquirement of a collection which could be immediately used in the school-room was, however, found to be of the greatest importance. Teachers were prepared to admit the necessity of the study of natural history, but neither proper textbooks nor materials were obtainable, and they could not therefore see clearly the way in which another study could be introduced into their schools without seriously overloading the minds of their pupils.

Although we cannot claim to have solved the practical side of this question, we have endeavored, as far as the time would permit, to show that the difficulties were not unconquerable, and that natural history not only could be made useful in disciplining the powers of observation and minds of the pupils, but that it was really the proper ground-work for the intelligent comprehension of a large proportion of other subjects.